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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. III.
COMPLAINTS, ETC.

1590—91.

THE
COMPLETE WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE
OF

EDMUND SPENSER.

EDITED, WITH A NEW LIFE, BASED ON ORIGINAL RESEARCHES
AND A GLOSSARY EMBRACING NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE

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ETC.

ETC.

ETC.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

COMPLAINTS

1590—91.

ESSAY ON ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY. By E. W. GOSSE.
RIDER ON THE SAME
WHO WERE ROSALINDE AND MENALCAS? } BY THE EDITOR.
NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE

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ILLUSTRATIONS.

- In largest paper only, (steel) portrait of Alice Countess of Derby
to face title-page
- Fac-simile of title-page of 'Complaints' on largest paper and
 'Spenser Society' (4to) only *to face page 1*
- Fac-similes from "Theatre of Worldlings" (1569), in the "Visions"
 in all the impressions.

NOTE.

I cannot send out Vols. III. and IV.—completing the Minor Poems of SPENSER—without accentuating my sense of obligation to my friends EDMUND W. GOSSE, Esq., and FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE, Esq., LL.D., London, for their Essays. I believe that they will prove a right acceptable gift to all true Spenserians.

In the preparation of the Rider and of my paper 'Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?' and 'Notices' of Edward Kirke, I have to acknowledge—and which I do most cordially—my obligation respectively to my other friends, J. M. THOMSON, Esq., Edinburgh, W. A. ABRAM, Esq., Blackburn, the Rev. J. H. CLARK, M.A., West Dereham, Norfolk; F. W. COSENS, Esq., The Shelleys, Lewes, and GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq.

I have endeavoured to bring the same thoroughness and painstaking to the giving of the text of these Minor Poems of Spenser that I did to 'The Shepherds Calender.' 'To err is human,' but I cherish a hope that in these volumes—and throughout—a *minimum* margin of errors has been gained.

In the large paper (4to) the (steel) portraits of—

(a) Alice, countess of Derby,

(b) Sir Walter Raleigh,

have never before been engraved. The former is after an original oil painted by Frederick Zuccaro—brother of Thadeus Zuccaro, or Zuccherò—in 1598, which hangs in the dining-room of Knowsley. The late William Derby, who did the series of copies from authentic portraits for Lodge's 'Illustrious Persons,' made a miniature copy from Zuccaro. I am deeply indebted to the Earl of Derby for the loan of this portrait for engraving. The latter is after an original oil in the possession of the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, M.A., of Lew Trenchard, Devon—a companion picture to the Spenser engraved for Vol. II. I must repeat my warm thanks to him for his long loan of these two priceless hereditary-held portraits. I am also overjoyed to be able to cancel 'late' before his name in Vol. II. By an odd mistake I had confounded another's death of the name with my good friend.

The facsimiles of the woodcuts from Van der Noodt's 'Theatre of Worldlings' I furnish in all the four forms, as being indispensable to the full understanding of the "Visions." I wish to thank heartily the Trustees of the British Museum for allowing these facsimiles to be taken from the fine exemplar of Van der Noodt in their Library.

Anything else needing explanation will be found in the places.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



AN ESSAY
ON
ENGLISH PASTORAL POETRY.

BY EDMUND W. GOSSE.

THE ruling fashion of the day in literary criticism delights to bring whole groups of composition under its patronage or its ban. Certain forms of poetry are considered fit to be encouraged and imitated, while others are scouted as if in themselves immoral or anti-social ; and pastoral poetry undoubtedly comes under the latter denomination. It is cold, unnatural, artificial, and the humblest reviewer is free to cast a stone at its dishonoured grave. For my own part, I can see no meaning in these generic classifications of literature. A poem is a good or a bad poem. It is no business of the critic to condemn it because it is an eclogue or a pindaric ode, or to patronise it because it is a ballad or a moral idyl. We get sadly mystified with such terms as "exotic," "galvanized," "foreign to the genius of the English language," and the like phrasing. I do not know why we should

consider it wicked to love Russian violets because the lanes in May are blue with germander speedwell. There is a freshness of the hedgerow, a brilliance of the pasture, a perfume of the hothouse, and the wise man will try to attune his senses into an harmonious enjoyment of them all in turn. It seems to me exceedingly idle to ask from a work of poetic art more than it is its function to give us,—namely, a stimulus to the heart, a solace to the brain, a realisation of colour and odour and music in the actual absence of all these. It is not therefore necessary to one who holds this broader and more tranquil theory of poetic art to defend any one recognised branch of it, or to contend that the qualities of the wild-flower are all to be found in the conservatory. Pastoral poetry has indeed usually, in modern Europe, existed as an exotic, an art cultivated with the consciousness that it could scarcely hope to survive the neglect of its caretakers. It is native to Greece, or to the Greek colonies in Sicily, and as Mr. Andrew Lang has shown, it flourishes to-day in mountain districts where Greek is spoken. If we go still further back, it was in the little island of Cos that pastoral poetry, as we know it, first took root. The echoes are still ringing from that pleasant music which the poets made on a day far back in the world's history, when Eucritus and Theocritus were walking under the shadow of the Coan elms and poplars, and were met in the hush of the noontide heat by a certain Cydonian, "the best of men." The larks were silent in the stubble; the lizard was basking motionless on the glaring wall, while Lycidas sang of the goatherd in the miraculous cedarn chest, and the poet answered

in tender appeal to Pan to heal the heart-wounds of a learned and unhappy friend. The goddess who stood by smiling, when those songs were over, with her brown hands full of corn and poppies, was no other than the buxom muse of pastoral poetry.

There were no later eclogues so entirely fresh and natural as those of the Alexandrian Greeks ; for when Virgil came to imitate them, the pure gold of innocent rustic song was already mixed with such alloy as was needed to give it currency in Rome. It was no longer enough to sing in unaffected terms the loves and the wranglings of simple herdsmen. Lifted and broken by the wave of political revolution, it was not possible that Virgil should revert to his happy rural life without some bitter reflections and some personal excitement. The future of pastoral poetry might have been other than it is if the great Mantuan singer had not been born into so tragical an age. The vicissitudes of his fortune temper these beautiful and peaceful verses with a movement of specific and autobiographical allusion which is infinitely valuable to us in studying the career of Virgil, but which has destroyed the absolute truthfulness of his eclogues as studies of farm-life. This introduction of personal and allegorical figures offered so great an attraction to satirists, and so excellent a means of eulogy, that these soon overshadowed the genuine swains and herd-maidens. Calphurnius, who forms the principal link between Virgil and the modern writers of pastoral, frankly adopts the eclogue as a vehicle for the flattery of patrons. " Dic, age, dic, Corydon," how like the immortal gods a Domitian or a Carus can be! and we observe that almost without a struggle the

beautiful forms of bucolic poetry have fallen into the service of a fulsome and fluent parasite. At the Renaissance, this debased species of eclogue was revived by men like Petrarch, who gave to it more dignity and moral elevation, but who had as little idea as possible of transcribing in Latin verse the modes of life of actual Italian peasants. Finally, late in the fifteenth century, a writer whose very name is almost forgotten, but whose eclogues enjoyed the greatest possible success throughout Europe for at least a hundred years, contrived to fossilise bucolic dialogue in verse as a medium for moral and satirical teaching. This was a fellow-townsmen of Virgil, the once famous Mantuan, with references to whom the scenes of the Elizabethans are studded; and it is really through him, and not directly from Theocritus or Virgil, that the tradition of English pastoral poetry descends.

The dawnings of such poetry in England were certainly of a very dispiriting kind. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Alexander Barclay, who paraphrased *The Ship of Fools*, took upon himself to translate the aforesaid eclogues of Mantuan—more as a key or crib for schoolboys, one would fancy, than in any serious pursuit of literature. In these terrible performances the one excellence of the famous humanist, his superficial grace of style, has evaporated and left nothing but a coarse sediment of morality. Barnabe Goche, or Googe, who was probably still unborn when Barclay died, next essayed the bucolic vein, and with slightly better success. He began to write under the inspiration of *Tottel's Miscellany*, and with the aid of much study of the Italian poets of the generation before

him, yet too soon to have caught much of the fervent music of the age that was to dawn before he died. His note is feeble and faltering, yet he is not unworthy of attention as perhaps the most elegant of those who tried to blow, ere Spenser came, the trump of English song. Googe's *Eglogs*, *Epytaphes*, and *Sonnettes* were published in 1563, and it is therefore worthy of note that the word *eglog* or *aeglogue* was used for a collection of English verse sixteen years before the author of *The Shepherd's Calendar* professed to introduce it. Googe is not happy in straying far from the model of Mantuan, but he does contrive occasionally to chirp a few wood-notes of his own. The strong English instinct of revolt against literary eloquence makes itself timidly felt in such lines as the following :—

“ Fetch in the goat that goes astray,
And drive him to the fold ;
My years be great ; I will be gone,
For spring-time nights be cold ; ”

or in the simplicity of such a passage as this, although the landscape is not eminently English :—

“ Menalcas, lest we now depart,
My cottage us shall keep,
For there is room for thee and me,
And eke for all our sheep ;
Some chestnuts have I there in store,
With cheese and pleasant whey ;
God sends me victuals for my need,
And I drive care away.”

But the vices of contemporary style are more obvious in these *Eclogs* than the virtues. It is delightful to imagine a neatherd of Alvingham, in the county of Lincoln, addressing a vision of his head upon his bed with such a pedantic volubility as this :—

“O Lord! quoth I, what means this thing?
Is this Alexis’ sprite?
Or is it Daphnis’ soul that shows
To me this dreadful sight?
Or come some fiend of hell abroad
With fear men to torment?
Megera this, or Tisiphon,
Or is Alecto sent?”

It turns out to be the ghost of one of his fellow-villagers, a ploughboy lately deceased, who has returned from the nether regions to warn his friend to shun the dangerous passion of love. It requires more exquisite art than poor Barnabe Googe possessed to enable us to take much pleasure in such feeble imaginings as these.

Nor, indeed, except for purposes of historical accuracy, is it worth our while to linger at all over these or any other attempts to blow the bucolic flute in the middle of the sixteenth century. But with the romantic reign of Elizabeth there came over the English people an unextinguishable desire for expression of their highly wrought nervous excitement in verse. Like a man long dumb, who, in a moment of rapture, finds himself by a miracle restored to speech, nothing came at first but murmurings and broken sounds. It was in the midst of the pedantic, but sensitive and elegant circle which formed around Gabriel Harvey and young Sir Philip Sidney that the nightingale’s voice was first heard above the well-meaning tits and finches. It is no part of my business here to analyse *The Shepherd’s Calendar*, that momentous cycle of poems in which the peculiar genius of the great age was first revealed; but something must be said here of its relation to pastoral poetry in general, and to immediately preceding verse in particular.

Perhaps it is not too whimsical to say, though the proud muse of Spenser would have disdained the impeachment, that in the special form that these earliest writings of his adopted there was something vaguely borrowed from those early writers of the reign of Elizabeth, to whom the title of poet can scarcely be awarded. In Gascoigne, and still more in his friend and biographer, Whetstone, an ingenious reader may be inclined to discover some union of moral and satirical purpose with a setting of green pastoral valley and opulent hillside. In the phraseology more than in the imagery, in a tendency to such sweet names as "The Castle of Delight," or "The Garden of Unthriftness," or "The Arbour of Virtue," we seem to see the true Elizabethan love of melody and colour breaking through a very dry didactic purpose. At all events, whatever symbols of the dawn we may or may not be right in perceiving, 1579 is undoubtedly the date of complete sunrise, and the *Shepherd's Calendar*, on the whole, the most finished and successful pastoral in the language. It is a commonplace to say that it was founded on a foreign inspiration, and conducted upon exotic models. In the Cambridge of Spenser's youth "Petrarch and Boccace was in every man's mouth," and if the circle of Gabriel Harvey's friends boasted of their purer humanism, it was with a strong Italian accent that they mouthed their Greek and Latin.

It is, however, noticeable, and very characteristic of Spenser as an English poet, that when he followed his foreign model most closely, he was almost nervously anxious to be native. The "abuses and loose living of popish prelates" must not be chastised without

such extravagant and almost laughable rusticisms as—

“Diggon Davie ! I bid her god day,
Or Diggon her is, or I missay,”

which reminds one of the Gaelic dialogue in an Anglo-Scottish novel ; or without the employment of such homely words as “vetchie” and “frowye.” Thus we find Spenser at once taking his stand in one of the two great camps which were to divide English pastoral poetry ; namely, the school which endeavours to give to the landscape of the eclogue, and the pursuits of its personages, the actual character of English scenes and English peasants. It is left to another hand than mine to analyse these twelve pieces, so important in the history of our poetry, so refined and varied in their scope and style. But I must ask leave to dwell a little on this point, that Spenser, whether with much real knowledge of Theocritus or not it is hard to say, went back for the first time to the tradition of the great Sicilian, and attempted to bring upon his pastoral stage the actual rustics of his native country, using their own peasant dialect. That his attempt was a very faulty and partial one, that his shepherds were called upon to discuss themes of statecraft ludicrously foreign to their station, while the swains of Theocritus had strictly kept their tuneful talking within the limits of their personal experience, does not militate against the reality of the effort, which the very adoption of such names as Willie and Cuddie, instead of the usual Damon and Daphnis, is enough to prove. We shall see later on that an infinitely inferior poet, Gay, made another effort in the same direction, which was certainly more suc-

cessful. But the genuine pastoral of this class remains to be written, unless the very remarkable anonymous poem called *Dorothy* may be considered to belong to it. The poet who is to compete with Theocritus will have to be one utterly indifferent to the preaching of a political or didactic homily, and interested in nothing except the simple passions of the poor, the language they use, and the landscape they move in. If Mr. Thomas Hardy wrote in verse instead of prose, or if the surprising talent of Mr. Barnes included a faculty for dramatic verse, we might yet have eclogues of the genuine kind. In the meantime, Spenser dreamed of this, though the practice of his friends and the whole temper of the age thrust him far from a complete or consistent fulfilment of the dream.

To the Elizabethans there seemed little charm in the sordid and painful life of an English peasant. The principal patrons of poetry were the nobles, and it was natural that to men of letters in that perilous age, hanging between heaven and earth upon a patron's whim, and liable to all the strangest and saddest vicissitudes possible to existence, there should be something very desirable about an aristocratic paradise, out of space, out of time, where all the men were rich and stately and all the women beautiful and young, where the sun was always shining, yet never piercing umbrageous tracts of forest, through which sinuous paths, lined by strange and unfading flowers, led placidly up or down to some enchanted palace. It was an Italian who had first conceived this dream which was to fascinate for so long a time the imagination of every country in Europe. The noble Neapolitan, Messer

Giacomo Sannazaro, turned from the labours of a Latin epic on the Birth of Christ to walk in the cool glades of a fabulous pagan paradise, and with so great a measure of success, and with so obvious a sincerity, that to read his *Arcadia* is as agreeable as to read his *Partus Virginis* is difficult. The first-named book is the type and the original of a whole literature, and the glowing fancy of its creator set Saxon and even Batavian imaginations on fire for at least two hundred years. The *Arcadia* is written in rich but not laborious periods of musical prose, into which are inserted at quick intervals passages of verse, contests between shepherds on the "humile fistula di Coridone," or laments for the death of some beautiful virgin. The shepherds are not so unconscious of what goes on around them as to be incapable of paying a tribute to "the memory of the victorious King Alfonso of Aragon," or even of naively mentioning the excellent Sannazaro himself; but as a rule they are far too much occupied with their own stately wooings and magnificent intrigues to be troubled about mundane things. They move in a world of supernatural and beautiful beings; they commune without surprise with "i gloriosi spirti de gli boschi," and reflect with singular completeness their author's longing for an innocent voluptuous existence, with no hell or heaven in the background. That the book was instantly and excessively popular is a proof that the aching conscience of the sixteenth century was only too glad to forget its sorrows in such a dreamland. But it would be idle to speculate whether this imaginary country would ever have revealed itself to English eyes, if Sir Philip Sidney, himself strangely like one of its miraculous denizens, had

not walked through it for a season, and made himself master of its topography.

But when, in the heyday of his youth, Sidney set himself to emulate, in the untried field of English romance, the dreams of the great Neapolitan, he did so in no slavish spirit, but coloured the whole vein of pastoral with a chivalrous tincture of his own. When he wrote his *Apology for Poetry*, a few years later (for we have reason to conjecture that the *Arcadia* was written first), he specially named Theocritus, and Virgil, and Sannazaro, as beyond dispute the three first pastoral poets of the world. Of English eclogues he found "poetical sinews" only in the *Shepherd's Calendar*,—a book still anonymous, but already enjoying an unparalleled success. Sidney's own pastoral romance is too generally known to need analysis. That its digressions, its leisurely style, and its intricate plot, make it somewhat tedious to modern readers, demoralized with journalism, does not prevent it from being a noble work, full of solemn and dignified imagination, amorous and gentle, scholarly and chivalric. So far from attempting to sink to colloquial idiom, and adopt a realism in rustic dialect, the tenor of Sidney's narrative is even more grave and stately than it is conceivable that the conversation of the most serious nobles can ever have been. In these two remarkable books, then, we have two great contemporaries and friends, the leading men of letters of their generation, trying their earliest flights in the region of pastoral, and producing typical masterpieces in each of the two great branches of that species of poetry. Spenser carried on the Latin adaptation of the Greek

tradition. To write of shepherds and their loves merely for the love of them, and without *arrière pensée*, had become an art lost since Theocritus, and only to be recovered in very late times; but Spenser was as Sicilian as the authority of Virgil and Mantuan would allow him to be. He justified his rural theme by the introduction of satire and political reflection, and made his swains somewhat more learned than is the wont of a Cambridgeshire clodhopper. This "old rustic language" scandalised Sidney, and he almost simultaneously set himself to introduce an eclectic kind of pastoral, the unalloyed product of the Italy of Renaissance humanism.

Sidney and Spenser were universally admired, but not so easily imitated. A great impetus was given to the writing of Sidneian pastoral by a poet not precisely of the first class, yet possessing a delicate talent to which justice has scarcely yet been done. It is pretty certain that Robert Greene had become acquainted with the bucolic romances of the Italians while he was travelling in the south of Europe. He was in Italy in 1583, and certainly under foreign influence in the composition of his *Morando*; but Mr. Richard Simpson has conjectured that he made a second journey southward in 1586. If it were so, and if during that year he became acquainted with the *Arcadia* of Sannazaro, we can easily understand the change of tone, the mellow and sensuous romantic fervour of *Menaphon*, and still more of *Pandosto*, without forcing ourselves to invent any premature study by Greene of Sidney's posthumous romance. A native influence is more obvious than either of them. The prestige of Lyly's

Euphues in 1579 can scarcely have been without effect on the mind of no less a man than Shakespeare himself. It pervades the style of Sidney like a beautiful silver cobweb, and without it the novels of Greene and his successors would scarcely have existed. We reach the extreme confines of what may legitimately be termed pastoral in such treatises as *Penelope's Web* and *Ciceronis Amor*; we return to the heart of Arcadia in such purely bucolic stories as *Menaphon* and the two parts of *Never too Late*. Yet, even in these, there is noticeable a wider horizon, a more wandering fancy, than is customary in an eclogue, and the stories are pastoral only if the Greek novels of Longus and of Achilles Tatius can be so regarded. But if in the prose part of his works Greene belongs to the Sidneian class, in his verse he is curiously at one with the *Shepherd's Calendar*. He is not merely rustic, he is violently and coarsely realistic in some of these versified eclogues. Doron's dialogue with Carmela in *Menaphon* exceeds anything that Spenser wrote in country language, and it has had no rival since. We may be allowed to quote part of this extraordinary poem:—

“ Sit down Carmela, here are cubs for kings,
Sloes black as jet, or like my Christmas shoes,
Sweet cider which my leathern bottle brings ;
Sit down Carmela, let me kiss thy toes.

CARMELA.

Ah Doron, ah my heart, thou art as white
As is my mother's calf or brinded cow ;
Thine eyes are like the slowworms in the night,
Thine hairs resemble thickest of the snow.
The lines within thy face are deep and clear,
Like to the furrows of my father's wain :
Thy sweat upon thy face doth oft appear,
Like to my mother's fat and kitchen gain.



Ah leave my toe, and kiss my lips, my love,
My lips are thine, for I have given them thee :
Within thy cap 'tis thou shalt wear my glove.
At football sport, thou shalt my champion be.

DORON.

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes :
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal,
Thy breath is like the steam of apple pies.
Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair,
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine,
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air :
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine.

* * * * *

CARMELA.

Even with this kiss, as once my father did,
I seal the sweet indentures of delight :
Before I break my vow the Gods forbid,
No, not by day, nor yet by darksome night.

DORON.

Even with this garland made of holihoeks,
I cross thy brows from every shepherd's kiss.
Heigh ho, how glad am I to touch thy locks,
My frolick heart even now a free man is.

CARMELA.

I thank you Doron, and will think on you,
I love you Doron, and will wink on you.
I seal your charter patent with my thumbs,
Come kiss and part, for fear my mother comes."

This is curious, but not pretty. Some of 'Greene's pastoral lines, however, contain such beauties as were almost unique in their early sweetness. Such lines as these :—


"When tender ewes, brought home with evening sun,
Wend to their folds,
And to their holds
The shepherds trudge when light of day is done,"

were little short of a portent in 1587.

Inspired by Sidney and by Greene, but not at all by Spenser, Thomas Lodge joined the little band of pastoral poets in the "delectable sonnets" appended to his epic poem of *Scilla's Metamorphosis* in 1589. Lodge had been writing in a satirical and polemical vein for several years, but it was by this volume that he first asserted, as he afterwards fully sustained, his claim to be considered one of the most delicate and florid lyric poets of his age. The pastoral pieces that succeed the story of Glaucus and Scilla are but slight shadows of beauty :—

"Even such as erst the shepherd in the shade
Beheld, when he a poet once was made."

In *Rosalynde : Euphues' Golden Legacy*, 1590, Lodge made a much more important contribution to English literature in general, and to Arcadian poetry in particular. This beautiful and fantastic book is modelled more exactly upon the masterpiece of Sannazaro than any other in our language. The poet defined his romance as containing "perhaps some leaves of Venus' myrtle, but hewn down by a soldier with his curtle axe, not bought with the allurements of a filed tongue." He wrote it on board ship, while becalmed off Terceira in the Azores, and it retains not a little of the tropic environment of its composition. To us moderns the great interest of *Rosalynde* lies in the exquisite and varied lyrics that intersperse its pages in the Italian manner. The fair and beauteous shepherdess, Aliena, deprecates the amorous insanity of a muse-mad swain ; the forester, Rosader, excites the wonder of the page, Ganymede, by the melodious ecstasy of his praise of Rosalynde ; the



"gorgeous nymph," Phoebe, replies in lines of serious music to the passion of the love-lorn shepherd, Montanus, she being dressed in a scarlet petticoat, with a green mantle, and a wreath of roses to shield her wonderful eyes from the sun. All is courtly and elegant: the romance moves with a rhythmical swing, like the steps of some stately round, danced upon a smoothly shaven lawn. Without the passages of rhyme, perhaps, *Rosalynde* would have few readers now-a-days, but it is evident that it exactly struck the taste of the last decade of the sixteenth century, and was perhaps more instrumental than any other book in rendering this artificial kind of pastoral popular. There was no other propriety than this sudden popularity of the word in Lodge's "honouring" his *Phyllis* in 1593 with "pastoral sonnets," and the other book of his which might be included among the objects of our present inquiry, his *Margarite of America*, 1596, is Arcadian only in form, without any intermixture of shepherds and nymphs.

The next group of bucolic writers may be briefly dismissed. George Peele in 1593 praises

"Watson, worthy many Epitaphes
For his sweet Poesie, for Amintas teares
And joyes so well set downe."

Amyntas (1585) and *Amyntæ Gaudia* (1592) were Latin elegiacal eclogues. The former was translated into English by Abraham Fraunce in 1587. Watson also published in 1590 an eclogue entitled *Melibæus*, in English and Latin. An idea of the frigid allegory that pervades this poem may be given by the fact that England throughout is spoken of as Arcadia, Queen

Elizabeth as Diana, Sir Francis Walsingham as Melibœus, and Sir Philip Sidney as Astrophel. John Dickenson printed at a date unknown, but probably not later than 1592, a "passionate eclogue" called the *Shepherd's Complaint*, which begins with a harsh burst of hexameters, but which soon settles down into a harmonious prose story, with lyrical interludes. This closely imitates the styles of Sidney and of Greene, but still more of Lodge, of whose *Rosalynde* it seems to have been a prompt and pleasing imitation. In 1594 this ingenious but little-known writer published another work of the same kind, the romance of *Arisbas*. Drayton is the next pastoral poet in date of publication. His *Idea: Shepherd's Garland* bears the date 1593, but was probably written much earlier. In 1595 the same poet produced an *Endimion and Phæbe*, which was the least happy of his works, and Drayton turned his fluent pen to the other branches of poetic literature, all of which he learned to cultivate in the course of his active career. After more than thirty years, at the very close of his life, he returned to this early love, and published in 1627 two pastorals, *The Quest of Cinthia* and *The Shepherd's Sirena*. The general character of all these pieces is rich, vague, and unimpassioned. They are much more fervid in style than most of Drayton's work, but must on the whole be considered as uncharacteristic of his genius. *The Queen's Arcadia* of Daniel must be allowed to lie open to the same charge, and to have been written rather in accordance with a fashion, than in following of the author's predominant impulse. It may be added that the extremely bucolic title of Warner's first work, *Pan: his Syrinx*, is

misleading. These prose stories have nothing pastoral about them. The singular eclogue by Barnfield, *The Affectionate Shepherd*, printed in 1594, is an exercise on the theme "O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas," and in spite of its juvenility and indiscretion, takes rank as the first really poetical following of Spenser and Virgil, in distinction to Sidney and Sannazzaro.

In 1599, there first appeared in print anonymously in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, and in 1600 in *England's Helicon*, above the signature of "Chr. Marlowe," the pastoral lyric which is by universal admission the finest in the English language. But in 1599 Marlowe had been dead six years, and moreover two lines which read like a rough version of part of the song,

"Thou in these groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me, and be my love,"

occur in the fourth act of *The Jew of Malta*, a play which was written, according to the usual conjecture, in 1589. Marlowe must therefore be named as scarcely later than his friends Greene and Lodge, in adopting the new manner of writing, which he employed with a sweet and limpid simplicity, which puts their arduous Italianate style to the blush. Well known to everybody as this little poem is, it needs not that we quote it here.

The name of Breton has been vaguely mentioned as that of a rustic poet by most writers on English verse, but it is grave matter for doubt whether any of them have deeply studied his claims to that title. Until his rare and scattered works were collected in 1879, by the editor of these volumes, Breton was practically only

known by his beautiful contributions to *England's Helicon*. It was on the reputation of

"In the merry month of May
In a morn by break of day,"

or still more charming, the *Sweet Pastoral*,

"Good Muse, rock me to sleep,
With some sweet Harmonie;
This weary eye is not to keep
Thy wary company,"

that the name of Breton was preserved in the history of literature. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be taken for granted that all his voluminous poetry was written in the same style. But we now know that he had been publishing poetry for more than forty years before he so far gave way to the prevalent Jacobean taste as to print a pastoral volume. *The Passionate Shepherd*, which is only known to exist in a single exemplar, appeared in 1604, and is for the first time laid open to the public in Dr. Grosart's complete collection of his works in the Chertsey Worthies' Library. It proves to be an exquisite production, in my opinion distinctly the jewel of its author's repertory, and it gives Breton so high a place among bucolic writers, that I am fain to dwell upon it for a moment.

The opening by 'Pastor primus' is in itself a notable piece of fancy:—

"Tell me all ye Shepherd swains,
On Minerva's mountain plains:
Ye that only sit and keep
Flocks (but of the fairest sheep),
Did you see this blessed day,
Fair *Aglaia* walk this way?
If ye did, oh tell me then,
If ye be true meaning men,

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How she fareth with her health,
All the world of all your wealth :
Say a truth, and say no more :
Did ye ever see before,
Such a shepherdess as she ?
Can there such another be ?
Ever did your eyes behold
Pearls or precious stones in gold,
Or the stars in Phœbus skies,
Sparkle like her sunny eyes ?
Do but truth, and truth confess :
Is she not that shepherdess,
That in state of beauty's stay,
Carries all the prime away ?
Tell me truly, shepherd, tell,
On yon plains did ever dwell
Such a peerless paragon,
For fine eyes to look upon ?
Oh the chaste commanding kindness,
That dissuades affection's blindness !
Sets it not your hearts on fire ?
Yet forbids ye to aspire.
Doth it not conjure your senses,
That ye fall not in offences ?
Hath she not that wit divine,
That doth all your wits refine ?
And doth limit love his measure,
That he purchase no displeasure.
Hath she not your spirits wrought,
In obedience to her thought,
Where your hearts unto her eye,
In a kind of sympathy,
Frame the best conceited fashion
Of a blessed fancy's passion,
Which may never pass that ace,
That may keep you in her grace !
O ye truest hearted creatures !
In the truest kindest natures,
Who, when all your thoughts assemble,
Never do in one dissemble :
In love's, beauty's, honour's face,
Let Aglaia be your grace."

The book consists of four lyrical "passions" to the Shepherdess Aglaia, and of eleven "sweet sonnets"

which are not sonnets at all. The "passions" are written in octosyllabic verse, so fresh and light and leaping, that the sound of them is like the babble of a rivulet descending a sunny meadow. The knowledge of English landscape displayed, the gracious unaffected manner of its presentment, and the joyous laughing air of the speaker, are so delightful, and, even in that rich age, so rare, that one cannot but wish that this exquisite little volume might be presented to the general public.* As, however, this has not yet been done, we must find place for two extracts from it. The first is from the third "passion":—

"Who can live in heart so glad
As the merry country lad?
Who upon a fair green balk
May at pleasure sit and walk?
And amidst the azure skies
See the morning sun arise!
While he hears in every spring,
How the Birds do chirp and sing:
Or, before the hounds in cry,
See the Hare go stealing by:
Or along the shallow brook,
Angling with a baited hook,
See the fishes leap and play,
In a blessed sunny day:
Or to hear the Partridge call,
Till she have her covey all:
Or to see the subtle fox,
How the villain plies the box:
After feeding on his pray,
How he closely sneaks away,
Through the hedge and down the furrow,
Till he gets into his burrow.
Then the Bee to gather honey,
And the little black-haired Cony,

* Dr. Grosart hopes to do so ere long, together with other Pastoral' selections from Breton and others.

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On a bank or sunny place,
With her fore-feet wash her face :
Are not these with thousands more
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights ?”

The other, from the second “sonnet,” has a less peculiar grace, but displays to greater advantage the true qualities of English pastorals :—

“At shearing time she shall command
The finest fleece of all my wool ;
And if her pleasure but demand,
The fattest from the lean to cull.
She shall be mistress of my store ;
Let me alone to wake for more.

My cloak shall lie upon the ground,
From wet and dust to keep her feet ;
My pipe with his best measures sound,
Shall welcome her with music sweet.
And in my scrip some cates at least,
Shall bid her to a shepherd's feast.

My staff shall stay her in her walk,
My dog shall at her heels attend her ;
And I will hold her with such talk,
As I do hope shall not offend her ;
My ewes shall bleat, my lambs shall play,
To shew her all the sport they may.

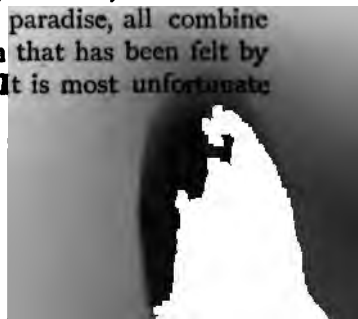
Then I will tell her twenty things,
That I have heard my mother tell ;
Of plucking of the buzzard's wings,
For calling of her cockerell,
And hunting Reynard to his den,
For fighting of her setting hen.”

(The description and fame of her fairest love. Sonnet 2.

From Breton the transition to Braithwaite is natural. We pass without surprise from the pensive and delicate poet to the vivacious poetaster that imitated him. If the one adopted pastoral late in life, the other opened

his literary career of sixty years with it. Whether *The Golden Fleece* of 1611 be pastoral or not, I cannot say, for I have never seen a copy of this rare pamphlet; but certainly Braithwaite's second production, *The Poet's Willow*, which in its sub-title impudently plagiarises from Breton, is as bucolic as heart can wish, and displays the first exercise of that truly remarkable feeling for metrical subtleties, which is, on the whole, its author's main claim to distinction. The three *Shepherd's Tales*, printed in 1621, are closely reminiscent of Spenser, though with nearly all the music and all the refinement omitted, except in the spinet-song, which is inspired by a genuine spirit of bucolic comedy. His later works, though adorned with such titles as *The Arcadian Princess*, do not lie within the limits of our present inquiry.

But in following the leisurely existence of Braithwaite, who was born before the death of Marlowe and lived to see the birth of Congreve, we have gone too far into the Restoration, and must return to the year 1610, a date memorable in the annals of pastoral poetry. *The Faithful Shepherdess* was the first pastoral play in our language, for the dramas of Lyly and Day scarcely come under this category, and it has remained the best. Its rich flow of blank verse, its larklike bursts of rhymed octosyllabics, rising from the body of the play as airs in an opera do from the recitative, the exact touches of natural description which startle us with their happy realism, the enthralling sweetness of this Arcadian paradise, all combine to give this poem that fascination that has been felt by all critics worthy of the name. It is most unfortunate



that the ethical faults of the piece are almost as marked as are the literary merits of its style. A nerveless resignation of the soul to the body, an indolent and voluptuous spirit, powerless against the riot of the pulses, a sort of melting and intoxicating fervour, pervade this beautiful poem, and render it really dangerous for those who may pass unscathed over all the rough places of Elizabethan literature. And, as in an atmosphere overladen with dissolving sweetness and the vapours of "the gum i' the fire," the physical nature will sicken and revolt, so at last the panting irresolution of these pretty little Cloes and Amarillides begins to irritate and disgust the reader, who finds at last that the poor Satyr is the only one individual who can return his sympathy.

English pastoral verse is of direct Italian parentage. If Spenser was inspired by Mantuan, and Sidney by Sannazaro, it is no less certain that Fletcher introduced in his *Faithful Shepherdess* the manner of Tasso in the *Aminta*, first published in 1581. In those days it took at least thirty years for a new literary influence to make itself felt across the continent of Europe; and in Fletcher's poem we find still no trace of *Pastor Fido*, of Guarini, printed in 1590. Tasso is still in the full stream of late Italian humanism; Guarini holds out a hand to Gongora on the one side, and to Racine on the other. Fletcher is, however, unconscious of any master except Tasso, and follows the *Aminta* almost with as much reverence as Ongaro is said to have done in his fisher-drama of *Alceo*. Nor do I think that it is pushing conjecture to any dangerous excess to say that we may find the delicate landscape

of Worcestershire concealed under the mythological Arcadia of *The Faithful Shepherdess* exactly as we may discover that of the neighbourhood of Ferrara under the disguise of Tasso's pagan paradise.

Two very illustrious and austere writers permitted themselves to be bewitched into imitation or emulation of *The Faithful Shepherdess*. There is, however, no other excuse for mentioning Milton's moral masque of *Comus*, acted in 1634, in an essay on English pastoral poetry. The *Arcades*, on the other hand, is a true bucolic ode in praise of a stately English lady. It begins rather stiffly and coldly, wakens to melody in the lips of the Genius, and proceeds in the first two songs with a kindling harmony, to close, in the third song, with a varied music, fully worthy of the great master of symphonies who wrote it. We miss, even in Fletcher, this stately movement of verse :—

“ Nymphs and shepherds, dance no more
By sandy Ladon's lilyed banks ;
On old Lycæus or Cyllene hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks ;
Though Erymanth your loss deplore,
A bitter soil shall give ye thanks.
From the stony Mænalus
Bring your flocks and live with us ;
Here ye shall have greater grace
To serve the Lady of this place.
Though Syrinx your Pan's mistress were,
Yet Syrinx well might wait on her.
Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.”

In the *Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson, and in his pastoral masques, we see another genius greater than Fletcher's not disdaining to follow along the track that the *Faithful Shepherdess* had marked out. The

Sad Shepherd has come down to us as a fragment, in the folio of 1641. The general aspect of the poem has suggested to some critics the idea that it was mutilated in one of those cataclysms which embittered the life of Jonson, but a phrase in the prologue,—

“He that hath feasted you these forty years,
And fitted fables for your finer ears,”

makes it almost certain that it is a work of 1635 or 1636, and therefore belonging to the extreme close of his career. However this may be, it is at least certain that its imperfection is a notable loss to our literature. What remains of it—that is to say, the first two acts and part of a third—contains more singular felicities and beauties of language than any other of its author's dramas, being as much richer in plot and character than the masques, as it is more lyrical than the tragedies and comedies. The scheme of the play is an exquisite one. I do not know whether the suggestion has already been made, that Jonson may have been fired to its composition by a vague rumour of Milton's *Comus*, acted at Ludlow at Michaelmas 1634. In any case, there is much in the *Sad Shepherd* that suggests the method of Milton. The story is charming: Robin Hood has invited all the shepherds of the valley of the Trent to attend a festival in Sherwood Forest. All come except Æglamour, who cannot be persuaded to break through the melancholy into which he has fallen since the disappearance of his love Earine, who is supposed to be drowned in the river Trent. Suspicion falls on Maudlin, the witch of Poplewick, from whom at last Robin Hood violently rends her magic

girdle. There is an ancient argument, from which it would appear, if this is genuine, that the piece did not long continue after this point, where it at present breaks off, but ceased at the conclusion of the third act.

A play which would be too inconsiderable to be mentioned on its own account claims notice because it is an early example of an English pastoral drama, not lyrical, and still more because Ben Jonson deigned to imitate closely its opening lines. This is the *Careless Shepherdess*, by the Rev. Thomas Goffe, written before his wife henpecked him to death in 1629. The scene of this clumsy drama is laid partly in Arcadia, partly in the gardens of Salisbury Court.

Two friends of Ben Jonson, under the names of Willie and Philarete, did much to make a certain form of poetry traditional in English, and combined to give a bucolic character to as much of their poetry as posterity has permitted to survive. There has never been a time when William Browne, the laureate of Devonshire, has failed to command a select body of admirers, but it was not until our own day that his place in English literature began to be defined. This amiable and beloved man, who carried "a great mind in a little body," sent out the first part of his famous *Britannia's Pastorals* from the Inner Temple when he was a youth of twenty-three. He had been exiled for several years from the tors and hurrying streams and bosky wildernesses in which his childhood had been spent, and the echo of the bubbling Tavy filled his ears in memory, and tuned his tongue. A sort of haunting nostalgia inspires these *Devonia's Pastorals*, and while Browne

thought that he was singing on the traditional oaten pipe, his strong love for the peculiar scenery of the slopes of Dartmoor was encouraging him to produce a new and essentially modern species of poetry. It is by a most curious superstition that Denham's insipid poem, *Cooper's Hill*, has so long received the credit due to the "linked sweetness long drawn out" of Browne's celebration of the valley of Tavistock. The latter is genuine, though far from unalloyed, topographical writing, and still more credit is due to Browne for being the first man to celebrate the minute details of country life, not as part of the setting of a poem on human passion, but as in themselves entirely worthy of occupying a considerable work. It is this curious quality in the imagination of Browne which has led his latest panegyrist, Mr. W. T. Arnold, to compare him to Wordsworth, a startling and apparently paradoxical criticism, to which, on reflection, we are bound to give in our adhesion. In 1614, Browne published a charming little volume, to which Wither, Christopher Brook, and John Davies of Hereford, contributed; a slender garland of loving friendship woven by a group of young men who temper the happiness of their pipings by the sad memory of the lad who too soon went from them, and took "wings to reach eternity." Browne's eclogue on the death of this youth, Thomas Manwood, forms a link between Shakespeare's *Sonnets* and *Lycidas* :—

"Then not for thee these briny tears are spent,
 But, as the nightingale against the brere,
 'Tis for myself I moan, and do lament
 Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me here."

And again, in the very tones of *In Memoriam* :—

“Cypress may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an elegy forgotten,
A hearse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
A tomb plucked down, or else through age be rotten ;
Yet shall my truest cause
Of sorrow firmly stay,
When these effects the wings of Time
Shall fan and sweep away.”

Wither's early efforts in pastoral seem to have been directly inspired by the companionship of Browne. He amused himself during his tedious imprisonment in the Marshalsea by composing the best-sustained of all his numerous works, the series of eclogues entitled *The Shepherd's Hunting*, printed in 1615. The fourth of these pieces, a dialogue on human vicissitude and the consolations of poetry, supposed to be told by the poet himself with his friend the author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, has been admired by every successive critic of Wither, and marks the highest level of his style. It is written in a bright rhyming measure of six syllables, and reminds the reader very pleasantly of various predecessors of its author, and of Breton and Barnfield in particular. This imaginary conversation might be taken as a typical specimen of Jacobean lyrical verse. But Wither's strongest flight in the pastoral direction, if pastoral it can be called, is the well-known song beginning, “Hence away, thou Syren, leave me.”

Phineas Fletcher, whose loyal enthusiasm for the memory of Spenser preserved the fine old notes in his song when they were already in the main neglected, struck out a somewhat new vein in pastoral by his *Piscatory Eclogues*, published in 1633. These seven poems introduce a pleasant variation on the conven-

tional flocks and herds and shepherd's pipe; the scene is laid by the banks of the Cam, and the conversations which compose the idyls are held by fishermen, who denounce the river, deplore the loss of their nets, or rejoice in a rich take of fish, in a graceful Spenserian style, of which this stanza is a fair example:—

“A fisher-lad,—no higher dares he look,—
Myrtill, sat down by silver Medway's shore;
His dangling nets, hung on the trembling oar,
Had leave to play, so had his idle hook,
While madding winds the madder ocean shook,
Of Camus had he learned to pipe and sing,
And frame low ditties to his humble string.”

Unfortunately the writer did not realize the value in literature of exact observation, and his stanzas, with all their delicacy, grace, and melody, lack those realistic touches that poetry needs to make it live. In this Phineas Fletcher stands far below John Dennys, whose little-known, but extremely clever poem, *The Secrets of Angling*, had been published twenty years earlier, but probably, if we may judge from the style of the two pieces, written about the same time. The artificiality of the *Piscatory Eclogues* may be indicated by the significant fact that throughout the work there is not a single mention of any one particular fish by name, nor the smallest reference to any of the modes of angling. The idyls are, in fact, a succession of more or less gorgeous dreams of passion, human or divine, with such a background of shaded winding river and cool meadow, starred by ruddy naked figures conventionally fishing, as an Italian painter of the fifteenth century might have chosen to devise. Here is a stanza which presents an exquisite picture to the mind's eye, but can scarcely be

said to be founded on actual reminiscence of a day's trout-fishing :—

“Scarce were the fishers set, but straight in sight
The fisher-boys came driving up the stream,
Themselves in blue, and twenty sea-nymphs bright
In curious robes, that well the waves might seem;
All dark below, the top like frothy cream;
The boats and masts with flowers and garlands dight,
And, round, the swans guard them in armies white;
Their skiffs by couples dance to sweetest sounds,
Which running cornets breath to full plain grounds,
That strike the river's face, and then more sweet rebounds.”

In Herrick our literature produced a pastoral lyricist, unrivalled as such by any modern author, if indeed antiquity itself produced a maker of brief homely melodies and harvest-songs, so deeply touched by rural beauty and so exquisitely master of his theme. No Italian Linus can be named who is worthy to contest with, or can plausibly be expected to conquer, our wonderful Devonian Lityerses, in whose sickle-songs, however, there is scarcely any trace of the antique haunting melancholy. The delicious flutings of Herrick are too familiar, and have been too often discussed, to call for analysis here, but on their technically pastoral side it may be noticed how exact and realistic they always are at their best, how justly they value and adopt those touches of exact portraiture, the absence of which in Phineas Fletcher we have just regretted, and how genuinely, under their pagan colouring, and in spite of the southern and wistful temper of their author, they reflect the features of genuine English life. They form a page of our poetic literature which is absolutely unique in character, and the priceless quality of which we are learning to appreciate more and more every

year of our lives. Among the other lyrists of that age of sunset, that dolphin-coloured decadence, more or less pastoral songs and dialogues may be found in Carew, Lovelace, and Cartwright; but none of these authors was a pastoral poet in the high sense in which Herrick demands the title.

During the Restoration all the fresher and more spontaneous branches of poetry languished, and among them none more than pastoral, which is nothing if not spontaneous and fresh. To judge fairly the extreme poverty of the close of the seventeenth century in this respect, it is only necessary to give our attention somewhat closely to that specimen of bucolic dialogue which attained most repute during its own age. No similar effort made during the reign of Charles II. attained so much success as the *Pastoral Dialogue between Thirsis and Strephon* of Sir Charles Sedley. Capable critics asserted that the hero of this piece might teach Ovid how to love, and asked why, with such a paragon before us, we should step back to Fletcher. The poem begins with a few lines in which the Jacobean richness is tolerably well simulated. Thirsis seeks to know why Strephon, once the jolliest lad, sits musing all alone, teaching the turtle yet a sadder moan. So far so good; then, with the insipidity of the age upon him, the unhappy poet cannot fail to spoil it all with the curious inquiry:—

“Swell'd with thy tears, why does the neighbouring brook
Bear to the ocean what it never took?”

A little further on the English shepherd makes the following statement with regard to the pursuits of his English rival:—

“ Ere the sun drank of the cold morning dew,
I’ve known thee early the tuskt Boar pursue ;
Then in the evening drive the Bear away,
And rescue from his jaws the trembling prey.
But now thy flocks creep feebly through the fields,
No purple grapes thy half-drest vineyard yields.”

This does not “ palpitate with actuality ”; on the contrary, there is a complete absence of literary sincerity. The poet does not realise the scene he sings ; he forms no new observation of nature ; he merely serves up again, in tolerable verse, the commonplaces which he learned when he read *Virgil* with his schoolmaster. Nor has he the slightest instinct to guide him in choosing what are and what are not suitable images to adorn his thoughts. He makes one of his rustic swains remark :—

“ Our hearts are paper, beauty is the pen
Which writes our loves, and blots ‘em out again.”

The piece takes, it must be confessed, an ingenious turn at the close, and, notwithstanding all its faults, is on the whole a careful and a graceful composition. But it is by far the best eclogue written during the Restoration ; and when the best is found to be so poor and strained and perfunctory, we need not examine the others, nor trouble ourselves to consider what Aphra Behn and Congreve perpetrated of a pastoral nature.

There are few books in literature at once so often mentioned and so seldom read as the *Pastorals* of Ambrose Philips. The controversy in the *Guardian*, the anger and rivalry of Pope, the famous critique, and the doubt which must always exist as to Steele’s share in the mystification, have given to the poor little poems

of Philips an historical importance vastly beyond their merits. Published in 1708, the *Pastorals* were an attempt to revive a form of writing in which Ambrose Philips admired the achievements of Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser. "It is strange," he says in his preface, "to think, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how pastoral poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon ; considering, especially, that it has always been accounted the most considerable of the smaller poems. Virgil and Spenser made it the prelude to heroic poetry, but I fear the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting at the present." Philips is full of errors and anachronisms ; Pope pointed out with great delight that he spoke about wolves, and produced the lily, rose, and daffodil at one season ; but he is by no means the worst of writers. There is a passage,—the best I can find, it is true,—at the beginning of the Fourth Pastoral, which distinctly shows an eye for some of the features of an English landscape :—

" This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
 So lovingly these elms unite their shade ;
 The ambitious woodbine, how it climbs, to breathe
 Its balmy sweets around on all beneath !
 The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread
 Through which the springing flower uprears its head.
 Lo ! here the king-cup of a golden hue,
 Medleyed with daisies white, and endive blue.
 Hark how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush
 With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush."

This calls for no very positive praise ; but it is one of the first signs extant of the reawakening of naturalistic poetry in England ; and it is at least far ahead of anything in the bucolics of Congreve or Sedley. Meanwhile, as we all know, the precocious Alexander

Pope had also been imitating Spenser in the production of pastorals, and to him it was an overwhelming misfortune that, although his eclogues were written three years sooner than Philips', he could not secure a precedence in publication. Pope succeeded in throwing ridicule on his predecessor in a most ingenious and, indeed, impudent way; and his own pastorals were greatly admired. For modern readers they have, however, no attraction, save that of their quick and flowing numbers. In avoiding anachronisms, Pope did not succeed in approaching nature; he is more chilly and faultless than Ambrosè Philips, but not one whit more genuinely bucolic.

When the frigid tunelessness of Philips and the puerile smartness of Pope clashed together with so loud a clatter, they produced, as if in spite of their own petty discordance, a very melodious and considerable echo. This was the *Shepherd's Week* of Gay, a work over which the writer of English pastoral poetry is tempted to linger only too long, and of which almost the sole fault is the burlesque taint which mars the verse wherever Pope persuaded Gay to try and annoy Ambrose Philips by parodying him. For the first time since the reign of Elizabeth, a serious attempt was made to throw to the winds the ridiculous Arcadian tradition of nymphs and swains, and to copy Theocritus in his simplicity. Gay's preface to the *Shepherd's Week*, in spite of its tiresome frivolity of tone, is exceedingly interesting on account of its tribute to the vigour of Theocritus, and of its warm recognition of Spenser, then all but forgotten by English readers. As a statement of Gay's own theory of pastoral writing, we may

quote this passage, addressed to the reader of his English eclogues :—

“Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray, driving them into their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields ; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as Master Spenser well observeth :—

‘Well is known, that, since the Saxon king,
Never was wolf seen, many or some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom.’

Forasmuch as I have mentioned Master Spenser, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memory.”

He goes on to point out the great defect of the *Shepherd's Calendar* as pure pastoral poetry—namely, that the idyllist permits his clowns to discuss ecclesiastical rules and affairs of State which are foreign to their low degree. But, in fine, Gay demands from us very special attention in this particular inquiry, on account of the direct way in which he imitates Spenser's plan :—

“Moreover, as he called his eclogues *The Shepherd's Calendar*, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen, peradventure not over rashly, to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be Christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship.”

Gay was a country man, and as full of memories of his rustic childhood in Devonshire, as Browne had been a century before. That he misses the delicacy and aerial melody of Browne it is needless to say, but it is an act of not unnecessary justice to point out that he excels his Elizabethan predecessor quite as much in concision and propriety, and in a sort of bright Dutch realism of style. *The Shepherd's Week*, as a purely

literary composition, is undoubtedly Gay's masterpiece, though his *Fables* and his *Trivia*, in each of which he is writing more for the public and less for himself, have always held a higher place in general estimation. The picturesque touches which adorn his pastorals are the best things of their kind produced in the early part of the eighteenth century, and leave all his competitors, except Lady Winchilsea, far behind. Here is a contention from the first eclogue :—

LOBBIN CLOUT.

“ My Blouzelinda is the sweetest lass,
Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass ;
Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
Fair is the daisy that beside her grows,
Fair is the gilliflower of gardens sweet,
Fair is the marigold, for pottage meet,
But Blouzelind's than gilliflower more fair,
Than daisy, marigold, or king-cup rare.

CUDDY.

My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
That e'er at wake delightful gambol played,
Clean as young lambkin or the goose's down,
And like a goldfinch in her Sunday gown."

From a passage intentionally comic in the third Pastoral, that eclogue which so wittily parodies or reproduces the second of Theocritus, we may extract a few lines in which the instinct of a faithful student escapes in a manner strangely non-Augustan :—

“ I've often seen my visage in the lake,
Nor are my features of the homeliest make ;
Though Clumsilis may boast a whiten dye,
Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye ;
And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
Her wan complexion's like the withered leek,
But Catherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.

Yet she, alas ! the witless lout hath won,
And by her gain, poor Sparabill's undone !
Let hares and hounds in coupling-straps unite,
The clucking hen make friendship with the kite,
Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,
Since love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,—
The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass !”

In Gay's other bucolic works the charm forsakes him. Those must criticise the solemn “pastoral tragedy” of *Dione* who have contrived to read it through, and if any one now turns the pages of *The What d'ye Call it*, it must surely be to search for the ballad of “’Twas when the seas were roaring.” But in spite of these failures, and the frivolous pieces in his later style, called *Eclogues*, Gay deserves a very high place in the history of English pastoral poetry on the score of his *Shepherd's Week*.

Swift proposed to Gay that he should write a Newgate pastoral, in which the swains and nymphs should talk and warble in slang. This Gay never did attempt; but a Northern admirer of his and Pope's achieved a veritable and lasting success in lowland Scotch, a dialect then considered no less beneath the dignity of verse. Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, published in 1725, was the last, and remains the most vertebrate and interesting bucolic drama produced in Great Britain. It is the one pastoral play which has enjoyed real popularity ; it is the only one which has actually reflected the genuine sentiments and expressions of the rural poor. The literary value of this unique piece has been exaggerated. Were it all written in so fine a style as are the opening lines of the second scene of Act I., it would demand for its author a place above Tasso and Guarini. But only Scottish patriotism can

hold that it is sustained at this high level of excellence. Its merits are those of simplicity, humour, an adroit handling of common sentiments, and a treatment of the natural affections which is not too refined to come home to every rustic reader. The drama is well-constructed, and in this respect stands alone among English dramatic pastorals. If the lyrics were as good as the dialogue the piece would have a greater charm for poetical students. It is a very clever essay; it is the masterpiece of its author, and the best proof of its success as a painting of bucolic life is that it is still a favourite, after a hundred and fifty years, among lowland reapers and milkmaids.

With the name of Ramsay our present field of investigation practically closes. Such later eighteenth century attempts as those of Byrom and Shenstone may possess greater or less interest as lyrical studies; they possess none of the characteristics of true pastoral poetry. When the romantic revival began with Gay, the doom of such artificial pieces was finally pronounced, and perhaps the last and worst eclogues in the language are those by which Collins and Chatterton first attempted to attract public attention. It would be purely fantastic to try to claim for Wordsworth a place among the pastoral poets; his was the influence which, more than any other, was fatal to the Virgilian tradition of piping swains and the artless rural fair. His method of considering rustic life was something quite new, modern, and exact, and if any future pastoral poet shall follow in the steps of Wordsworth, it will have to be at a great distance. So adverse was the sense of the time to anything artificial in poetry, that neither Coleridge nor Keats,

who were fitted by temperament to blow the oaten flute, made any attempt in that direction. In our own day Tennyson has occasionally, in his lyrics, approached the true idyllic vein; those narrative poems of his, which he names idyls, being as far removed as possible from the idyllic spirit of the Greeks. Two curious experiments, each of great power, yet neither entirely satisfactory—the *Bothie of Tober-na-vuolich*, and *Dorothy*—contain more of the genuine spirit of pastoral than any other poems of our century. The first of these is an ingenious and speculative disquisition of a political and religious nature, framed in a country setting; the other is more strictly an idyl, and does undoubtedly point in the direction from which we may perhaps yet expect to see the modern English pastoral proceed. If bucolic drama should ever revive with us, it will need to be strictly realistic and exact, full of nature, human and divine, and delicately balanced between a foolish stateliness on one side and a crude severity on the other. It will undoubtedly throw in its lot more with Theocritus than with Virgil, and more with Spenser than with Sidney; and will be a protest against what is artificial, not a stereotyped copy of tradition. However, as yet we see no signs of the revival of pastoral poetry in England, and we may content ourselves with the dispassioned examination of its developments in the past. It has never been more than a silver thread in the wide champaign of literary history, now flashing across the landscape, and now lost for many a mile of varied leafage.

RIDER ON MR. GOSSE'S ESSAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE preceding Essay of Mr. Gosse is so full and thorough, that it may seem presumptuous, on the first blush of it, to supplement it in any way. But my 'Rider' will I believe supply its own *raison d'être* and apology, and remove any (perhaps instinctive) first feeling of the sort indicated.

Primarily, I accentuate that Mr. Gosse keeps pretty close to the lines laid down by "E. K." in his "Epistle Dedicatory" and statement of the "General Argument of the Whole Book" of *The Shepherds Calender*. That is to say, Edward Kirke glances at certain prior and (in part) semi-contemporary Pastoral Poets,—from Theocritus and Virgil to Sanazarro,—and our present-day friend fills in admirably those characteristics and specialities of detail that alone enable us to master them in their relation to the "new Poet" Spenser. The capable Reader (*meo judicio*) will appreciate the light touch and brilliance of phrasing, with which Mr. Gosse presents earlier and later Poets of Pastoral—the later of course necessarily additional to those of the

original "Gloser." I know not that anywhere will be found a fuller or richer or more suggestive piece of literary criticism and discourse, than this Essay, within its self-chosen limits. But a little more is needed : and what I contemplate in my Rider is a brief pointing-out of so-to-say bye-paths from the main road travelled by Mr. Gosse. Into these, if the reader be tempted to turn, I can promise him kindred delights of the "singing of birds" and melody of running brooks and leafage, and many a dainty bloom and clustered fruit. Elsewhere, in another Essay,* I discuss critically and historically, wider relations and influences, acting and re-acting. Here and now, I propose to limit myself to a few leaves by way of interesting some readers, at any rate, in names passed over or subordinated by Mr. Gosse.

In limine, I venture to note that any close dealing with the *Shepherds Calender* suggests, as required, a distinct vision and a firm grasp of not merely the classical pastoral poetry, as represented by Theocritus and Virgil, but of the Sicilian shepherd-songs which gave birth to it. Materials for this have only very recently been worthily brought together. In England (I fear) those materials are only meagrely and at second-hand known. The Legends and Myths and Achievements of Sicily—all in a setting less or more "pastoral"—deserve and demand recognition by those who would get at many a secret of our own Elizabethan poets and prosaists, from Gower and Chaucer to Skelton and Spenser, Lyly and Greene, onward.

Equally vital to an adequate apprehension and com-

* "The Influence of Spenser on his Contemporaries, and onward;" Vol. I.

prehension of Spenser as a pastoral poet, is a like vision and grasp of the mediæval *pastourelle*, or courting of a shepherdess by a man of rank, with its kindred—the Latin *pastoralia*, where the assailant is a “scholar,” and the later dialogue between shepherd and shepherdess, of which Henryson’s *Robene and Makayne* and Breton’s *Corydon and Phillis* are good examples; while simultaneously, it is scarcely less important to emphasize the satirical use of the eclogue: * the last, fashioned not only on classical models, but coloured by some passages in the Hebrew prophets and “Sweet Singers” (or

* As subsidiarily illustrative, I place here two specimens of the *Pastoralia*—the one perhaps not quite proper, yet none the less characteristic. Doubtless these came from some of the vagabond scholars called ‘Goliardi.’

PASTORALIA.

I.

Exiit diluculo
rustica puella,
Cum grege, cum baculo,
cum lana novella.
Sunt in grege parvulo
lupus et asella,

Vitula cum vitulo
caper et capella.
Conspexit in cæspite
scolarem sedere :
Quid tu facis domine ?
i mecum ludere.

II.

Vere dulci mediante
Non in Maio, paulo ante,
Luce solis radiante
Virgo vultu elegante
Fronde stabat sub vernante
Canens cum cicuta.
Illic veni fato dante ;
Nympha non est formæ tantæ
Adquippollens ejus plantæ :
Quæ me viro festinante
Grege fuit cum balante
Meta dissoluta.
Clamans tendit ad ovile ;
Hanc sequendo precor “sile” :
Preces spernit et monile.

“Nihil timeas hostile.”
Quod ostendi, tenet vile
Virgo sic locuta :
“Munus vestrum, inquit, nolo,
Quia pleni estis dolo ;”
Ët se sic defendit colo.
Comprehensam jeci solo.
Clarior non est sub polo
Vilibus induta. * * *
“Si senserit meus pater
Vel Martinus major frater,
Erit mihi dies ater ;
Vel si sciret mea mater,
Cum sit angue pejor quater,
Virgis sum tributa.”

psalmists). And then, as a further element, not to be without loss ignored, there is the development of pastoral ROMANCE and Drama—both, I think, having started from the Eclogue—the first, in classical times, with *Daphnis and Chloe*, the second with the *Orfeo* of Poliziano: the former becoming the popular form of romance in Renaissance times, and developing gradually into the modern Novel, the latter culminating in Tasso's *Aminta*, and Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, and calling in the aid of music, which by slow yet sure steps threw the poetry into the shade and produced Italian Opera.

If these hints—and they are mere hints—be thought-out and practically utilized, three conclusions will be arrived at—at least, I have myself arrived at them.

1. That Spenser's introduction of political-ecclesiastical "talk" and debate into his *Shepherds Calender* was born not of the classical, but in a slight way of the mediæval *pastourelle* and largely of the "Satirical" eclogue.

2. That Spenser, as well as the mediæval and satirical poets, is true to the facts of "rustic" character and experience in turning the conversation on the highest affairs of State and Church. It betrays extreme ignorance of the 'commonalty' of any period to suppose that they did not "talk" of everything their titular "betters" did. I—for one—hold it in nicest keeping with "character," therefore, that Spenser worked into his *Shepherds Calender* as the talk of his rustics exactly what he did. Is it said that the charge made, or the fault found, is not so much that shepherds talk of the doings of their 'betters' as that they should allude to kings and queens, etc., in a far-fetched alle-

gorical way—as in calling the Queen a shepherdess, etc., etc.? I must urge, in reply to this, that the ‘far-fetched allegorical way’ is not one whit more incongruous in the mouths of the lower classes than in those of the higher. Besides, the fact is thus left untouched, only the form. That the ‘form’ is absurd, I do not for a moment gainsay. Contrariwise, I would accentuate the absurdity, and note here, that the climax is reached in an eclogue by Ronsard, where the Duchess of Savoy as *Margot*, the Duke of Guise as *Guisin*, the King of Navarre as *Navarre*, etc., sing against one another for wagers of fawns, he-goats, shepherds’ crooks, tame blackbirds, etc., and speak, *eg.*, of Henry II. as “berger Henriot.”

3. That the *Shepherds Calender*, being of the lineage named, must be studied less as Pastoral-proper than as Poetry framing itself in rural scenery and rural human experiences. This also widens—and on sure ground—the Nature-painting poetry of our language. For with this for golden key, just as in the portraits and other paintings of the great masters you have backgrounds of rock and tree and water and sky, showing penetrative insight into nature, so if once you be put on the alert in reading the early poetry of England, you come on *bits* of nature-painting and realism touched of imagination, all unsuspected—so much so, that to one who has thus open-eyed read our national poetry (and in part prose) it is the *grotesquerie* of nonsense to date so modernly the “seeing” of nature. Wordsworth was heir of all the ages.

Following up these observations and conclusions, I have now to furnish, as the substance of my Rider,

typical quotations from representative 'Pastoralists,' (if the name be allowable).

It will not (I hope) be held as provincial that I begin with a poet of Scotland, than whom none outside of the classics more absolutely deserves revival and critical and learned commentary—GEORGE BUCHANAN. I do not in these quotations adhere to chronology, but to kind and quality.

1. *Desiderium Lutetiae* (Buchanani Opera, 1714 : Poematum Pars Altera, pp. 51-2).

O quoties dixi Zephyris properantibus illuc,
 Felices pulchram visuri Amaryllida venti,
 Sic neque Pyrene duris in cotibus alas
 Atterat, et vestros non rumpant nubila cursus,
 Dicite vesanos Amaryllidi Daphnidos ignes.
 O quoties Euro levibus cum raderet alis
 Æquora, dicebam, Felix Amaryllide visa,
 Dic mihi, num meminit nostri? num mutua sentit
 Vulnera? num veteris vivunt vestigia flammæ?
 Ille ferox contra rauco cum murmure stridens,
 Avolat irato similis, mihi frigore pectus
 Congelat, exanimes torpor gravis alligat artus.
 Nec me pastorum recreant solamina, nec me
 Fistula, Nympharumque leves per prata choreæ,
 Nec quæ capripedes modulantur carmina Panes:
 Una meos sic est prædata Amaryllis amores.

Et me tympana docta ciere canora Lycisca,
 Et me blanda Melænis amavit, Iberides ambæ,
 Ambæ florentes annis, opibusque superbæ. * * *
 Sæpe suos vultus speculata Melænis in unda
 Composuit, pinxitque oculos, finxitque capillum,
 Et voluit simul et meruit formosa videri. * * *
 Sæpe choros festos me prætereunte, Lycisca,
 Cernere dissimulans, vultusque aversa canebat
 Hæc, pedibus terram, et manibus cava tympana, pulsans : * *
 Vidi ego dum leporem venator captat, echinum
 Spernere, post vanos redeuntem deinde labores
 Vespere nec retulisse domum leporem nec echinum.
 Vidi ego qui mullum peteret piscator, et arctis

Retibus implicitam tincam sprevisset opinam,
Vespere nec retulisse domum mullum neque tincam.
Vidi ego qui calamos crescentes ordine risit,
Pastor arundineos, dum torno rasile buxum
Frustra amat, (interea calamos quos riserat, alter
Pastor habet,) fragiles contentum inflare cicutas.
Sic solet immodicos Nemesis contundere fastus.

Hæc et plura Melænis, et hæc et plura Lycisca
Cantabant surdas frustra mihi semper ad aures.
Sed canis ante lupo, et taurus diligit ursas,
Et vulpem lepores, et amabit dama læænas,
Quam vel tympana docta ciere canora Lycisca
Mutabit nostros vel blanda Melænis amores.
Et prius æquoribus pisces, et montibus umbræ,
Et volucres deerunt silvis, et murmura ventis,
Quam mihi discedent formosæ Amaryllidos ignes :
Illa mihi rudibus succendit pectora flammis,
Finiet illa meos moriens morientis amores.

My next poet is also of Scotland—JOHN BARCLAY—
typically artificial, and reminding one of the celebrated
description of pastoral elegies in *The Guardian*.

II. From *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum* (Vol. i.).

(1) The Shepherd at Court.

Cur mihi, Phœbe parens, facies pulcherrima rerum
Qua renovas campos et das nova sæcula mundo,
Cur radii placuere tui ? cur pascua nostra
Deserui demens, et me spes vana fefellit ?
Tunc mihi præ sagæ frustra dixere volucres,
“ Quo properas Corydon ? cur regia tangit agrestem ?
Cur fugis hos saltus et concipis improbus aulam ? ”
Talia dicebant, nec me movere volucres,
Nec qui congemuit, liqui cum pascua, taurus.
Sed veni, et gemina cecini tibi lætus avena ;
Forsitan et placui ; certe tu vertice toto
Assensus, “ nostro ” dixisti “ in limine persta. ” * *
Sæpe mihi arridens, “ Corydon pete munera ” dicis.
Quid petat ah Corydon ? Corydoni delige munus
Ipse pater : nescit quæ poscat munera Pastor.
Sponte mea sanctas pendebit carmen ad aras ;
Sponte tuum nostræ resonabunt nomen avenæ ;
Sponte tua mihi dona feras. Non improba posco.
Thura Jovi ferimus : fecundos Jupiter imbres, etc., etc.

(2) The Same, after being rewarded.

Nunc mī spes lentæ, posito nunc cura tumultu,
Securusque timor placet et dilata voluptas.

(3) From an Eclogue on the death of James I.

Corydon. Tityre pone metum, placavimus æthera luctu.

Ecce redit cœlum vibratis lætius astris.

Daphnis habet cœlum, Daphnis tenet astra, nitetque

Ipse novum sidus (numera modo sidera) Daphnis.

Tityrus. Daphnis habet terras, novus en regit omnia Daphnis

Ille quidem parvoque pedo, fundaque minore,

Crescentique manu; genius tamen omnia major

Implet, et ô quantos illi jam destinat annos!

Ite pecus lætum, consuetaque carpite prata, etc.

I turn now to PETRARCH—little more than named by either Spenser or “E. K.,” but who unquestionably influenced the “new poet” profoundly. Regarded broadly, Petrarch in his native Italian seems really to grieve for the person, in Latin his grief is evidently for the loss of a subject to write upon.

I select his ‘pastoral’ Lament for Laura, as peculiarly and crucially typical:—

III. *Death of Laura* (Ecl. x.).

Ipse ego (quid longus, quid non valet improbus usus?)

Edidici variare modos, ac multa per herbam,

Sed non magna, canens, demum me frondibus isdem

Exorno; celso poteram nec prendere ramos,

Ni sublatum humeris tenuisset maximus Argus.

Hinc mihi primus honor, dulcis labor, otia leta

Pastorumque favor multus; collesque per omnes

Illicet agnosci incipio, digitoque notari.

Laurea cognomen tribuit mihi, laurea famam,

Laurea divitias; fueram qui pauper in arvis

Dives eram in silvis, nec me felicior alter;

Sed letum fortuna oculo conspexit iniquo. * * *

Hei mihi quo nunc fessus eam? quibus anxius umbris

Recreer? aut ubi jam senior nova carmina cantem?

Illic notus eram; quo nunc vagus orbe requirar?

Quæ me terra capit? Potes ad tua damna reverti,

Infelix, sparsasque solo conquirere frondes,
Et laceros ramos et jam sine cortice truncum
Amplecti, lacrimisque arentia membra rigare.
Ibis, an ignotas fugies moriturus in oras?
Infaustum vivaxque caput ! dulcissima rerum
Spes abiit : quid vita manes invisa fruanti ?

The inevitable successor to Petrarch is MANTUAN. I give representative passages, the first being often alluded to in Elizabethan books.

IV. (1) Ecl. 4. *On Women.*

Femineum servile genus, crudele, superbum,
Lege, mode, ratione caret, confinia recti
Negligit, extremis gaudet, facit omnia voto
Præcipiti, vel lenta jacet, vel concita currit
Femina, semper hiems atque intractabile frigus,
Aut canis ardentes contristat sidere terras ;
Temperiem nunquam, nunquam mediocria curat. * * *
Credite pastores, per rustica numina juro,
Pascua si gregibus vestris innoxia vultis,
Si vobis ovium cura est, si denique vobis
Grata quies, pax, vita, leves prohibete puellas
Pellanturque procul vestris ab ovilibus omnes
Thestylis et Phyllis, Galatea, Neæra, Lycoris. * * *
Est in eis pietas crocodili, astutia hyenæ ;
Cum flet et appellat te blandius, insidiatur.
Femineos pastor fugito (sunt retia) vultus. * * *
Monstra peremerunt multi, domuere gigantes,
Evertere urbes, legem imposuere marinis
Fluctibus, impetui fluviorum, et montibus aspris.
Sacra coronarunt multos certamina, sed qui
Cuncta subegerunt, sunt a muliere subacti.

(2) Ecl. 9. *The Court of Rome.*

Hoc est Roma viris, avibus quod noctua, trunco
Insidet, et tanquam volucrum regina superbis
Nutibus a longe plebem vocat ; inscia fraudis
Turba coit ; grandes oculos mirantur et aures,
Turpe caput, rostrique minacis acumen aduncum ;
Dumque super virgulta agili levitate feruntur,
Nunc huc, nunc illuc, aliis vestigia flum
Illaqueat, retinent alias lita vimina visco ;
Prædaque sunt omnes verubus torrenda salignis.

Perhaps I ought earlier to have quoted CLEMENT MAROT. More of him in the sequel from one pre-eminently qualified : and meantime I reproduce passages from the eclogue avowedly imitated by Spenser—partly to show the likeness and partly to show the contrast. A second quotation illustrates the religious use of the Pastoral. It has qualities ample to defend it from any charge of profaneness :—

1. *Eclogue on the death of Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I.*
(This is the Eclogue imitated in the 11th eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar*.)

THENOT.

Le rossignol de chanter est le maistre :
Taire convient devant lui les pivers :
Aussi, estant là où tu pourras estre,
Taire feray mes chalumeaux divers.
Mais si tu veulx chanter dix foyz dix vers,
En deplorant la bergere Loyse,
Des coignz auras six jaunes et six vertz,
Des mieulx sentans qu'on veit depuis Moyse.
Et si tes vers son d'aussi bonne mise
Que les derniers que tu feis d'Ysabeau,
Tu n'auras pas la chose qu'ay promise,
Ains beaucoup plus, et meilleur et plus beau. * * *

COLIN.

Tu me requiers de ce dont j'ay envie :
Sus donc, mes vers, chantez chantz douloureux,
Puis que la mort a Loyse ravie,
Qui tant tenoit noz courttilz vigoureux. * * *
Dès que la mort ce grand coup eut donné,
Tous les plaisirs champestres s'assoupirent ;
Les petits ventz alors n'ont allené,
Mais les forts ventz encores en souspirent. * * *
Terre en ce temps devint nue et debile ;
Plusieurs ruyseaux tous à sec demourerent ;
La mer en fut troublée et mal tranquille,
Et les daulphins bien jeunes y pleurerent.

Biches et cerfs estonnez s'arrestèrent ;
Bestes de proye et bestes de pasture,
Tous animaux Loyse regretterent
Excepté loups de mauvaise nature.

Tant en effect griefve fut la poincture,
Et de malheur l'avanture si pleine,
Que le beau lys en print noire taincture,
Et les troupeaux en portent noire laine.

Sur l'arbre sec s'en complainct Philomene ;
L'aronde en faict cris piteux et trenchans ;
La tourterelle en gemit et en meine
Semblable dueil, et j'accorde à leurs chants. * * *

D'où vient cela qu'on voit l'herbe sechante
Retourner vive alors que l'esté vient,
Et la personne au tumbeau trebuschante,
Tant grande soit, jamais plus ne revient ? * * *

Chantez, mes vers, fresche douleur conceue.
Non, taisez-vous, c'est assez deploré :
Elle est aux champs Elisiens receue
Hors des travaux de ce monde exploré.

Là où elle est n'y a rien defloré ;
Jamais le jour et les plaisirs n'y meurent ;
Jamais n'y meurt le vert bien coloré,
Ne ceulx avec qui là dedans demeurent.

Car toute odeur ambrosienne y fleuront,
Et n'ont jamais ne deux ne trois saisons,
Mais un printemps, et jamais ilz ne pleurent
Perte d'amys, ainsi que nous faisons.

En ces beaulx champs et nayfves maisons
Loyse vit, sans peur, peine ou mesaise ;
Et nous ça bas, pleins d'humaiques raisons,
Sommes marrys (ce semble) de son aise.

Là ne veoit rien qui en rien luy desplaise ;
Là mange fruict d'ineestimable prix ;
Là boyt liqueur qui toute soif appaise ;
Là congnoistra mille nobles esprits.

Tous animaux playsans y sont compris,
Et mille oyseaulx y font joye immortelle,
Entre lesquels vole par le pourpris
Son papegay, qui partit avant elle.

Là elle veoit une lumière telle
Que pour la veoir mourir devrions vouloir.
Puis qu'elle a donc tant de joye eternelle,
Cessez, mes vers, cessez de vous douloir.

Mettez vos montz et pins en nonchaloir,
Venez en France, ô Nymphes de Savoye. * * *

Portez rameaux parvenuz à croissance :
 Laurier, lyerre et lys blancs honorez,
 Romarin vert, roses en abondance,
 Jaune soucie et bassinetz dorez,
 Passeveloux de pourpre colorez
 Lavende franche, œillets de couleur vive,
 Aubepins blancs, aubepins azurez,
 Et toutes fleurs de grand' beauté nayfve
 Chascune soit d'en porter attentive,
 Puis sur la tumbé en jectez bien espais,
 Et n'oubliez force branches d'olive,
 Car elle estoit la bergere de paix.

II. From *La Complainte d'un Pastoureau Chrestien*.

J'ay veu le temps, ô Pan, que je soulois
 Aller louant ton grand nom par les bois ;
 J'ay veu le temps que ma joyeuse muse
 Me provoquoit sus douce cornemuse
 Dire tes loz et tes bontez aussi ;
 Mais à present tant plein suis de soucy,
 De tant d'ennuys, de travaux et d'encumbre,
 Que je ne puis t'en reciter le nombre,
 Tant que de dueil je laisse ma houlette,
 Et en un coing je jette ma musette.
 Mais dessus tout accroist ma passion
 Le dur regret que j'ay de Marion,
 Qui est, ô Pan, ton humble bergerette,
 Et du petit bergeret qu'elle alaïcte.
 O Pan, grand dieu, j'ay solide memoire
 Que quand nous deux voulions manger ou boire
 Ou que la nuit estondoit son manteau
 Dessus Phebus, qui rend l'air cler et beau,
 Je l'enseignois, et toute sa mesgnie
 Disant ainsi : " O chere compaignie,
 Exaltons Pan, qui par vertu divine
 Par tous les lieux de ce monde domine,
 Et lequel fait par ses divines graces
 Que nous ayons en tous temps brebis grasses ;
 Lequel de nous a toujours un tel soing,
 Que de nos parcz tout danger met au loing."
 Puis, par souhait a Marion disois :
 " Pleust or à Pan que mon filz de six moys,
 Ton bergeret que tu vas nourrissant,
 Fust pour porter la musette puissant !

Certes, en luy tel labeur je prendrois,
Que bon joueur de fleutes le rendrois,
Ou de haultbois et musette rustique,
Pour au grand Pan faire loz et cantique."

Of pastoral songs I wish Mr. Gosse had said a good deal more. As his editor I may be partial, but I have a feeling that his estimate of Robert Greene is strangely inadequate and the quotations equally so. Let the reader possess himself of Samela's song in *Menaphon*, and his "O what is love" in the *Mourning Garment*, and his simply delicious (so-called) *Odes*. Constable's *Diaphenia*, and Nicholas Breton's *Phyllida and Corydon*, and many exquisite snatches in *England's Helicon*, one might linger over long.

I can only now ask attention to a very well known Italian pastoral song assigned to SACCHETTI (1335-1400): but I give the current version ascribed to Poliziano. It is surely a bright, pleasant thing. The — mark the changes of speakers.

Dialogue between Town-girls and Shepherdesses.

Vaghe le montanine, e pastorelle,
Donde venite sì leggiadre e belle?—
Vegnam dall' alpe presso ad un boschetto ;
Piccola capannella è il nostro sito ;
Col padre e colla madre in picciol tetto,
Dove natura ci ha sempre nutrito
Torniam la sera dal prato fiorito
Ch' abbiām pasciute nostre pecorelle.—
Qual' è il paese dove nate siete,
Che sì bel frutto sovra ogni altro adduce?
Creature d' Amor voi mi parete,
Tanta è la vostra faccia, che riluce.
Nè oro nè argento in voi non luce,
E mal vestite, e parete angiolelle.
Ben si posson doler vostre bellezze
Poiche tra valli e monti le mostrate,
Che non è terra di sì grandi altezze
Che voi non foste degne ed onorate.

Ora mi dite, si vi contentate
 Di star nell' alpe così poverelle?—
 Più si contenta ciascuna di noi
 Gire alla mandria, dietro alla pastura,
 Più che non fate ciascuna di voi
 Gire a danzare dentro a vostre mura ;
 Ricchezza non cerchiam, nè più ventura,
 Se non be' fiori, e facciam ghirlandelle.

I know not that I can better or more *ad rem* point the significance of former passages from Mantuan than by kindred (and yet having their own distinctive touch) from AMALTEI. I shall here recall to living eyes a good specimen of Italian (through Latin) 16th century pastoral poetry. The hastiest glance can scarcely fail to reveal the likeness to some of our Elizabethans, Lodge and Greene especially :—

v. *Giovan Batista Amaltei (Delicia Poet, Italorum, Vol. i.).*

(1) Acon laments the sickness of Hyella.

O qui Dictæi statuat me in vertice montis,
 Aut fortunatos Erymanthi sistat ad amnes,
 Ut saturis panacem calathis, ut molle cyperum
 Dictamnnumque legam et fragrantia germina myrrhæ,
 Et relevem infirmos artus languentis Hyellæ.
 Illa quidem vix ægram animam sustentat anhelò
 Pectore, et indignis singultibus interrumpit ;
 Nec vis ulla potest sævum lenire dolorem.
 Illam etiam lacrymantem, etiam sua fata querentem,
 Stellarum vigiles ignes, et primus Eous,
 Et Sol Hesperias vidit devexus ad undas. * * *
 At vos quæ nemora et rorantia fontibus antra
 Incolitis Nymphæ, vestras si sæpius aras
 Verbena primisque rosis donavit Hyella,
 Et dedit aureolis insignia sarta corymbis,
 Vos ferte Eoos ditantia cinnama lucos,
 Felicemque Arabum messem, Assyriosque liquores ;
 Vos ægram refovet, et tristes pellite morbos. * * *
 Fons quoque desiliens prærupti tramite clivi
 Contraxit liquidas nunc terræ in viscera venas :
 Et desiderio formosæ accensus Hyellæ
 Vix fertur tenui per levia saxa susurro.

Abde caput miserande, et fracta turbidus urna
 Muscoso occultare situ cæcisque latebris :
 Non est quæ vitreis tecum colludat in undis.
 Abde caput miserande, cavoque inclusus in antro,
 Et lucem indignare et aperti lumina cœli :
 Non est quæ blando currentem carmine sistat ;
 Non est quæ dulces latices dulci hauriat ore.
 Crudeles morbi, vestro de semine labes
 Insedit roseisque genis roseisque labellis
 Dejecitque decorem oculis ; et sævior eheu
 Ingruit, et miseram silvis avertit Hyellam.

(2) Corydon to the Breezes.

Felices auræ quæ circum roscida culta,
 Mollibus incinctæ Zephyris et vere perenni,
 Æternos alitis flores et amæna vireta ;
 Vobis Idalia e myrto ac Peneide fronde
 Constituit lucum, viridique e cespite ponit
 Septem aras Corydon muscosi fontis ad undam :
 Vos lenite æstus, atque alludente susurro
 Mulcete ardentis radiantia lumina solis.
 Sic nunquam vestros obscurent nubila cursus,
 Sic tellus vobis, sic vobis rideat æquor.

* * * * *

Vos vero tenues animæ rorantibus alis
 Et cœlo regnate et iniquum arcete calore.
 Invideo vobis auræ : vos carmine blando
 Detinet et roseis exceptat Nisa papillis,
 Aut gremio herbarum aut vacuo projecta sub antro.
 Illic et nostros secum meditatur amores.
 Assurgunt silvæ et tacito stant gutture circum
 Intentæ volucres, et cursus flumina sistunt
 Dum canit ; arridet pleno tum lumine cœlum. * * *
 Invideo vobis auræ : lustratis opaca
 Silvarum hospitia, incustoditosque recessus ;
 Et nostis quo Nisa jugo, qua valle residat.

Finally, I cannot withhold the prologue to *Daphnis and Chloe*, which gives the spirit of pastoral Romance to the life :—

Ἐν Λέσβῳ θηρῶν ἐν ἄλσει Νυμφῶν θέαμα εἶδον κάλλιστόν ὦν
 εἶδον εἰκόνα, γραφήν, ἱστορίαν ἔρωτος. Καλὸν μὲν καὶ τὸ ἄλσος,

πολύδενδρον, ἀνθηρόν, κατάρρυτον· μία πηγὴ πάντα ἔτρεφε, καὶ τὰ ἄνθη καὶ τὰ δένδρα· ἀλλ' ἡ γραφὴ τερπνοτέρα καὶ τέχνην ἔχουσα περιττὴν καὶ τύχην ἐρωτικὴν· ὥστε πολλοὶ καὶ τῶν ἑξῶν κατὰ φήμην ἦσαν, τῶν μὲν Νυμφῶν ἱκέται, τῆς δὲ εἰκόνης θεαταί. Γυναῖκες ἐπ' αὐτῆς τίκτουσαι καὶ ἄλλαι σπαργάνους κοσμοῦσαι· παῖδιά ἐκκείμενα, ποίμνια τρέφοντα· ποιμένες ἀναιρούμενοι, νέοι συντιθέμενοι· ληστῶν καταδρομή, πολεμίων ἐμβολή. Πολλὰ ἄλλα καὶ πάντα ἐρωτικὰ ἰδόντα με καὶ θαυμάσαντα πόθος ἔσχεν ἀντιγράψαι τῇ γραφῇ· καὶ ἀναζητησάμενος ἐξηγητὴν τῆς εἰκόνης τέτταρας βίβλους ἐξεποιησάμην ἀνάθημα μὲν Ἑρωτι καὶ Νύμφαις καὶ Πανί, κτήμα δὲ τερπνὸν πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις, ὃ καὶ νοσοῦντα ἰάσεται, καὶ λυπούμενον παραμυθήσεται, τὸν ἐρασθέντα ἀναμνήσει, τὸν οἰκ ἐρασθέντα προπαυδεύσει. Πάντως γὰρ οὐδεὶς ἔρωτα ἔφηνεν ἢ φεύζεται, μέχρι ἂν κάλλος ἦ καὶ ὀφθαλμοὶ βλέπωσιν. Ἡμῖν δ' ὁ θεὸς παράσχοι σωφρονοῦσι τὰ τῶν ἄλλων γράφειν.

Turning back upon CLEMENT MAROT, and the French sources of Spenser in the *Shepheards Calender*, it is my privilege to introduce at this point a little paper communicated to me with many "good words" by GEORGE SAINTSBURY, Esq., whose *Short History of French Literature* is winning, as I write, praise from those whose praise is fame. I gladly and gratefully enrich my Rider with this short but really exhaustive criticism:—

"The question of the French originals which Spenser, writing in 1579, may or must have had before his eyes, is an exceedingly interesting one, but it could only be fully treated at very great length. The French pastoral poem has a longer ancestry than almost any similar growth of the kind in European literature. The charming mediæval *pastourelles*—innumerable and by no means monotonous variations on the general theme of a knight meeting by the roadside a beautiful shepherdess, and endeavouring, with or without success, to win her from her rustic love—form an important department of old French literature. The genius of Adam de la Halle (later thirteenth century) in dramatising the common form of these poems into the delightful operetta of the *Jeu de Robin et Marion* produced one of the epoch-making works of the middle ages. But

there is no sign that Spenser knew or followed any of this early work. The constituent parts of his pastoral, however, the liberal use of allegory, and the borrowing of a certain Theocritean or rather Virgilian mannerism, had been anticipated in French poetry, and the *Shepherds Calender* follows that anticipation so closely that there can be little doubt of the following being intentional. There are few things of the kind more amusing in old English literature than the spiteful reference to Marot in the notes to the first eclogue. The good 'E. K.' was evidently one of those persons—very numerous in literature—who must 'take a side.' At the time he wrote the Pleiade poetry was in full flourishing, and it was the proper thing for an admirer of the Pleiade to scorn Marot. So much so was this the case, that though the pastoral poetry of the Ronsardists is among the chief of their titles to fame, they studiously eschewed the eclogue form. Vauquelin de la Fresnaye, not the least happy of them in treating country subjects, deliberately and expressly rejects it in his *idylles*; and a moment's thought will remind those who know French sixteenth-century poetry that all the famous poems of the time—Ronsard's 'Mignonne, allons voir,' Du Bellay's 'Vanneur,' Belleau's 'Avril,' Passerat's 'First of May'—are lyrics of the style best known to English readers by Herrick's work nearly a century later. But Spenser was not of the same class as his faithful commentator. Between some, at least, of the great ones of literature there is freemasonry, and the translator of Du Bellay's glorious *Antiquités de Rome* could appreciate and imitate the different work of the man to whom Du Bellay and his school did scant justice. The resemblance to Marot's pastorals in the *Shepherds Calender* is exceedingly strong. There is the same variety of metre and the same alternation from the most serious to the most trivial subjects. The intrusion of controversial matter is almost certainly borrowed from Marot, and the very style of the dialogue often seems to be a reminiscence. This being so, some notice of the work of the unlucky poet who died thirty-five years before the date of the *Shepherds Calender* may not be improper. The sources of inspiration of that work have been already indicated. On the one hand Marot was a descendant, and in his youth a pupil, of the allegorizing *rhétoriciens*, who carried out for two centuries the tradition of the *Roman de la Rose* in a fashion very different from that of the original author of that charming poem. On the other hand, he was himself a man of the Renaissance, imbued with its classical culture, strongly tintured with its peculiar militant religiosity (a religiosity which did not exclude the freest of free living) and (representing as he did its earlier rather than its latter stage) animated with the curious buoyancy and childish playfulness which is at first as remarkable in it as the melancholy which ulti-

mately prevailed is remarkable later. Marot therefore took the Virgilian form (for of Theocritus he is not likely to have known much directly), and he carried it out in the spirit of the respectable authors of *Castles of Honour*, *Orchards of Chastity*, and so forth, in the fifteenth century. But he corrected that spirit partly by his own natural taste, partly by the gaiety of the time, and partly by the serious enthusiasm which so oddly accompanied that gaiety. His eclogues are not numerous, but they are remarkable. The *Dialogue des Deux Amoureux*, which seems, like most of the poems of this class, to have been the work of his later life, is a brisk poem in octosyllables, with occasional snatches of downright song, and some instances of the rather laboured wit (such as continued answers in monosyllables) of which the best known examples are to be found in Rabelais' contemporary and infinitely greater work. Then (the order of Jannet's edition being followed) comes the 'Eclogue to the King under the names of Pan and Robin,' which is narrated and not arranged dramatically.

"Another extremely characteristic piece which must be held to have influenced Spenser, and, either directly or through Spenser, Milton, is the *Sermon du Bon Pasteur et du Mauvais Pris et Extraict du Dixième Chapitre de Saint Jehan*. Of the same style is the 'Complaint of a Christian Shepherd addressed to God under the style of Pan, God of Shepherds, which was found after the death of Marot at Chambéry.' There is no need to insist on the unsuitableness of form and matter in these poems—that is clear enough. Marot has made it more prominent still by insisting upon dragging Marion, the old and decidedly Pagan heroine of the *pastourelles*, into his sacred eclogues, with an effect which is equally ludicrous and improper. Spenser—a greater poet than Marot, and master of the serious energy to which Marot seldom or never attained—did not fall into this mistake after his master's model. But that Marot was in a sense, and to a certain degree, his master there could be little doubt, even if 'E.K.' had not by implication admitted it. Of direct indebtedness to any French poet, except Marot, it is not very easy to discern traces. But it is well to remember that, in many of the details of his phraseology, Spenser is indebted to his predecessors from Chaucer downwards, all of whom, without exception, borrowed freely from the now forgotten French poets of the fifteenth century."

Of course Mr. Saintsbury must not be understood too literally when he states that the Ronsardists "studiously eschewed the eclogue form," seeing that regular eclogues are among the works of Ronsard,

Baif and Belleau, who were all members of the "Pleiade." Indeed, the *Bergerie* of the latter is a kind of pastoral romance after the manner of Sanazzaro, only Belleau was not careful to produce a homogeneous work, and contrived to find place for any poem of any class which he happened to have by him ready to print.

Before concluding these summary notices of the Pastoralists of Scotland, France, and Italy, a glance may be cast on Spain and Portugal.

But the Pastoral, in the sense of the others, can hardly claim at any time to have been spontaneous in either. In both it was clearly an importation from Italy, and may be traced to the influence of that "Sanazzaro" already repeatedly referred to, and whose family, curiously enough, had been carried from Spain to Naples by the political revolutions "in the early part of the fifteenth century."

Speaking from recollection mainly, we think in no Spanish or Portuguese Pastoral extant, can be found that intense admiration for sylvan scenery and flowers which is the characteristic of parts of Spenser's work. The Spanish and Portuguese poets were familiar enough with Virgil and Theocritus, but nowhere prior to the publication of the *Arcadia* of Sanazzaro (1504) do we find anything in print approaching the real pastoral. Umbrageous woods, golden-sanded rivers, shepherds and flocks, are common enough ; but beyond roses and violets, we find no flowers, nothing in the sense of

" The pincke and purple Cullambine :
Bring Coronations, and sops in wine
Worne of paramoures ;

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
 And Cowslips and Kingcups and loved Lillies.
 The prettie Pawnce
 And the Chevisaunce
 Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice."

The long and sanguinary struggle in Spain to expel the Moor necessitated the aggregation of the population in towns and "fenced cities," and was clearly inimical to the cultivation of Pastoral poetry after nature, if not after art.

It is only latterly that even landscape art has been cultivated in the Peninsula. Following on the works of Sanazzaro (within the limits of the Spenserian period) we have Saa de Miranda, 1495—1558), Montemayor (1561), Garcilasso (1536), Gil Polo (1564), Boscan (1540), Mendoza (1575), and some later down to Cervantes' *Galatea*. Of most of these it may be said, with the author of *Don Quixote*, alluding to Montemayor—

"He is no shepherd, said the priest,
 But an ingenious courtier."

These so-called Pastoral poets were mostly only belted knights and courtiers masquerading in a shepherd's dress.

"Oh, Sir," said the (Don Quixote's) niece, "pray order them to be burnt, for should my uncle be cured of this distemper of chivalry, he may possibly, by reading such books, take it into his head to turn shepherd, and wander through the woods and fields, singing and playing upon a pipe, and, what would be still worse, turn poet, which they say is an incurable and contagious disease."

Saa de Miranda forsook the law for poetry, visiting

both Spain and Italy. He died in 1558. No edition is quoted of his works earlier than 1614. The specimen given by Sismondi is elegant, but breathes none of those wood-notes wild which charm in Spenser:—

“ En ví ja por aqui, sombras et flores,
Vi agoas, et vi fontes, vi verdura,
As aves, vi cantar todas d'amores.
Mudo et seco he ja tudo, et de mistura,
Tambem fazendome, eu fuy d'outras cores.
E. tudo o mais renova, isto he sem cura.”

Translation.

“ Here amid this silent shade and flowers,
River, fountain, and soft greenwood bowers,
'Mid songs of birds, I pass the am'rous hours;
Now mute and barren—all their verdure fled.
Again shall bloom and blossom sweet spring fed.
Alone, alas! I grieve, till lingering life be sped.”

Of Sanazzaro Sismondi gives a translation (Roscoe: Colburn, 1823, vol. iv., p. 212):—

“ Thine, other hills, and other groves
And streams, and rivers never dry,
On whose fresh banks, thou pluck'st the amaranth flowers
While, following other loves
Through sunny glades, the Fauns glide by,
Surpassing the fond Nymphs in happier bowers,
Pressing the fragrant flowers.”

An English translation of the *Diana* of Montemayor was made by Bartholomew Yong (London, 1598, folio).

I have incidentally referred to English “Pastoral” plays. The first I know is Lyly's *Gallathea* (1584), and Peele's *Arraignement of Paris* (1584)—both professing at least to be pastoral dramas. The beauties of the first act of the latter play everybody knows through Lamb. There are also the *Maids Metamorphosis* (1600), recently reprinted by Mr. Bullen in his most welcome

volumes ; the *Faithful Shepherdess* (of which Mr. Gosse has written well) ; *Comus* and *Arcades* ; and Montagu's somnolent *Shepherd's Paradise* (1659).

There were at least two pastoral plays founded on Sidney's *Arcadia*—viz., Day's *Isle of Gulls* (1606), and Shirley's *Arcadia* (1640). Lodge's dry-as-Aaron's-rod *Rosalynd* blossomed and fruited into Shakespeare's *As You Like it* better than Aaron's almond-bearing rod. Greene's *Pandosto* was in recollection while Shakespeare was writing his *Winter's Tale*. Both have pastoral elements at least. Greene's *Menaphon* produced only Webster's (?) very bad *Thracian Wonder* (1661).

The *Shepherds Calender*, passing as it so (comparatively) rapidly did through five editions, certainly gave an impulse to pastoral poetry. In the *Stationers' Register*, in 1581, there is entered, *A shadow of Sannazar*. Munday's lost *Sweet Sobbes of Shepherds and Nymphs* came a year or two later. The often quoted Curan and Argentile episode in Warner's *Albion's England*, followed in 1586, and Watson's and Fraunce's imitations of Tasso soon after.

As stated in the outset, I elsewhere enter more fully into Spenser's relations to others and others to him. There is also Mr. Palgrave's matterful and brilliant Essay (in Vol. IV.) I content myself therefore now with a very few closing words. It must have been by mere oversight that Mr. Gosse left unnoticed the "pastoral" *bits* in ROBERT BURNS—perhaps the fineliest wrought of all his poetry (e.g., "Lament for Henderson")—and the inestimable *Shepherd's Calender* of JOHN CLARE—worthy to be placed on the same shelf with Spenser's. No one who knows both will gainsay this.

A page might also have been found for "*Hermas or the Acarian Shepherds* : a Poem in Sixteen Books. The Author John Spencer." (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 2 vols., 1772.) So too for Thomson and Cowper earlier, and Bloomfield later.

Summarily, in retrospect of the whole subject as presented in Mr. Gosse's Essay and this Rider to it, one is at no loss to understand the pathos of the Lament by Euterpe in the *Teares of the Muses* over the contemporary decline of pastoral poetry, or rather of taste for it. Spenser was hardly satisfied with the recognition given to his *Shepherds Calender*. By the date of the *Teares of the Muses* (1590-1), it had so far (though only temporarily) grown dry and antique. The original edition of 1579 was followed by another in 1581 ; but the next was not called for until 1586, and the next not until 1591 (and the next not until 1597).

WHO WERE ROSALINDE AND MENALCAS?

BY THE EDITOR.

THE "first love" and the later marriage of SPENSER—primary elements in his Life as a man and of his Poetry—will be found fully narrated and discussed in our new Life of him (Vol. I.) Thither, therefore, the Reader is referred alike for Facts and Criticism, and also for a detailed examination of the interchanging names and emotions in the *Minor Poems* and *Faerie Queene*. Here and now, my purpose is a limited one—viz., briefly to answer the question placed at the head of this little Paper. This seemed expedient *ad interim*, in order to meet inevitable inquiries started by the occurring and recurring names of "Rosalinde" and "Menalcas"—more especially in the *Minor Poems* now completed (Vols. III. and IV.), in the *Shepheards Calender*, and in the related "Glosse" of E. K.

It will clear our ground (so-to-say) to bring together in the outset, the scattered notices of Rosalinde and Menalcas referred to. They are as follows—exclusive of incidental and semi-anonymous allusions (which are also appended for the Reader's guidance and consultation "an' it please him").

I. *The Shepheards Calender*, IANUARIE: ARGUMENT.

In this first Aeglogue *Colin Clout* a shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, being but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a country lasse called *Rosalinde*: with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, he cōpareth his careful case

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to the sad season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.—pp. 45-6.

At this point it will reward, carefully to read the whole Eclogue of "Ianuarie." Specifically, let these descriptions be noted :—

A thousand sighs I curse that carefull houre,
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to seee:
And eke ten thousand sighes I blesse the stoure,
Wherein I saw so faire a sight as shée.
Yet all for nought: such sight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that loue should bréed both ioy and paine.

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plaine,
Albée my loue he seeke with dayly suit:
His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gifts béne vaine:
Colin them giues to *Rosalinde* againe.

I loue thilke lasse, (alas why do I loue?)
And am forlorne, (alas why am I lorne?)
Shée deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.
Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake:
And laughes the songs, that *Colin Clout* doth make.
pp. 49-50, ll. 50-67.

The relative "Glosse" on this first mention of "Rosalinde" thus runs :—

Rosalinde, is also a fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth. So as *Ouid* shadoweth his loue vnder the name of *Corynna*, which of some is supposed to be *Iulia* the Emperor *Augustus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*. So doth *Aruntius Stella*, euery where call his Ladie *Asteris* and *Ianthis*, albeit it is well knowne that her right name was *Violantilla*: as witnesseth *Statius* in his *Epithalamium*. And so the famous paragon of Italy *Madonna Celia*, in her letters enuelopeth her selfe vnder the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* vnder the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath bene a common custome of counterfaiting the names of secrete personages.—p. 54, ll. 50-63.

2. *Ibid*, APRILL.*Hobbinoll.*

Nor this, nor that, so much doth make me mourne,
 But for the lad, whom long I loued so deare,
 Now loues a lasse, that all his loue doth scorne :
 He plunged in paine, his tressed lockes doth teare.

Shepheards delights he doth them all forswear.
 His pleasant Pipe, which made vs meriment,
 He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His woonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

Thenot.

What is he for a Lad, you so lament ?
 Is loue such pinching paine to them, that proue ?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to bridle loue ?

Hobbinoll.

Colin, thou kenst, the Southerne shepheards boy :
 Him loue hath wounded with a deadly dart.
 Whilome on him was all my care and ioy,
 Forcing with gifts to winne his wanton heart.
 But now from me his madding minde is start,
 And wooes the widdowes daughter of the glenne :
 So now faire *Rosalinde* hath bred his smart,
 So now his friend is changed for a fren.—pp. 96-7, ll. 10-32.

The relative "Glosse" is as follows :—

Colin, thou kenst, knowest. Seemeth hereby that *Colin* pertaineth to some Southern noble man, and perhaps in Surrey or Kent, the rather because he so often nameth the Kentish downes, and before, As *lithe*, as lasse of Kent.

The widdowes, He calleth *Rosalinde* the widdowes daughter of the glenne, that is, of a countrey Hamlet or borough, which I thinke is rather said to colour and conceale the person, then simply spoken. For it is well knowne, euen in sight of *Colin* and *Hobbinoll*, that she is a gentlewoman of no meane house, nor endued with any vulgar and common giftes, both of nature and manners : but such in deede, as neede neither *Colin* be ashamed to haue her made knowne by his verses, nor *Hobbinoll* be greeued, that so she should be commended to immortality for her rare and singular vertues.—pp. 105-6, ll. 18-33.

3. *Ibid*, IUNE.*Colin.*

O happie *Hobbinoll*, I blesse thy state,
 That Paradise hast found, which *Adam* lost.
 Here wander may thy flocke early or late,
 Withouten dread of Wolues to bene ytost :
 Thy louely layes here maist thou fréely boste,
 But I vnhappie man, whom cruel fate,
 And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
 Can no where finde, to shroude my lucklesse pate.

Hobbinoll.

Then if by me thou list aduised be
 Forsake thy soyle, that so doth thée bewitch :
 Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to sée,
 Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witch.
 And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
 And fruitful flocks bene euery where to sée :
 Here no night Rauenes lodge more black then pitch,
 Nor eluish ghosts, nor gastly Owles do flée.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
 And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,
 With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
 Whilst sisters nyne, which dwel on *Parnasse* hight,
 Do make them musick, for their more delight :
 And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christal faces,
 Wil pype and daunce, when *Phæbe* shineth bright :
 Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.

Colin.

And I, whilst youth, and course of carelesse yéeres,
 Did let me walke withouten lincks of loue,
 In such delights did ioy amongst my péeres :
 But ryper age such pleasures doth reprooue,
 My fansie eke from former follies mooue
 To stayed steps, for time in passing weares
 (As garments doen, which wexen old aboue)
 And draweth new delights with hoarie haire.

Tho couth I sing of loue, and tune my pype
 Vnto my plaintiue pleas in verses made :
 Tho would I séeke for Quéene apples vnrype,
 To giue my *Rosalinde*, and in Sommer shade

Dight gaudie Girlonds, was my common trade,
 To crowne her golden locks : but yéeres more rype,
 And losse of her, whose loue as life I wayde,
 Those weary wanton toyes away did wype.

pp. 151-3, ll. 10-52.

Then should my plaints, causde of discourtesée,
 As messengers of all my painful plight,
 Fly to my loue, where euer that she bée,
 And pearce her heart with point of worthie wight :
 As shée deserues, that wrought so deadly spight.
 And thou *Menalcas*, that by trecherie
 Didst vnderfong my lasse, to waxe so light,
 Shoulddest wel be knowne for such thy villanie.

But since I am not, as I wish I were,
 Ye gentle shepheards, which your flocks do féede,
 Whether on hilles, or dales, or other where,
 Beare wnesse all of this so wicked déede :
 And tel the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a wéede,
 And faultlesse faith, is turned to faithlesse féere,
 That she the truest shepheards heart made bléede,
 That liues on earth, and loued her most déere.

Hobbinoll.

O careful *Colin*, I lament thy case,
 Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe.
 Ah faithlesse *Rosalinde*, and voyd of grace,
 That art the roote of all this ruthful woe.

pp. 156-7, ll. 103-23.

The relative "Glosses" are these :—

Forsake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of private affaires (as I haue beene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remouing out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeede aduised him priuately.

Those hilles, that is in the North countrey, where he dwelt.

Nis, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth, which though they be full of hilles and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called: for *Kantsh* in the Saxons toong, signifieth woody) yet in respect of the North parts they be called dales. For indeede the North is counted the higher countrey.

pp. 158-9, ll. 14-27.

Discurtesie: hee meaneth the falsenesse of his louer Rosalinde, who forsaking him had chosen another.

Point of worthie wite, the pricke of deserved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a shepheard in Virgil: but heere is meant a person vnknowne and secret, against whom he often bitterly inueyeth.

Vnderfong, vndermine and deceiue by false suggestion.

Embleme.

You remember, that in the first Aeglogue, Colins Posie was *Anchora speme*: for that as then there was hope of fauour to be found in time. But now being cleane forlorne and reiected of her, as whose hope, that was, is cleane extinguished and turned into dispaire, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodnesse to come, which is all the meaning of this Embleme.

p. 164, ll. 94-108.

4. *Ibid*, AUGUST.

Perigot. It fell vpon a holy eue,
Willy. hey ho holiday,
Per. When holy fathers wont to shriue :
Wil. now ginneth this round delay.
Per. Sitting vpon a hill so hie,
Wil. hey ho the high hill,
Per. The while my flocke did féed thereby,
Wil. the while the shepheard selfe did spill :
Per. I sawe the bouncing Bellibone :
Wil. hey ho Bonnibell,
Per. Tripping ouer the dale alone,
Wil. she can trip it verie well :
Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
Wil. hey ho gray is gréet,
Per. And in a Kirtle of gréen say,
Wil. the gréene is for maydens méet :
Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
Wil. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of swéet Violets therein was store,
Wil. she swéeter then the Violet.
Per. My shéepe did leaue their wonted food,
Wil. hey ho séely shéepe,
Per. And gazde on her, as they were wood,
Wil. Wood as he, that did them kéepe.
Per. As the bonilasse passed by,
Wil. hey ho bonilasse,
Per. She rou'de at me with glauncing eye,
Will. as cleare as the christal glasse:

Per. All as the Sunny beame so bright,
Will. hey ho the Sunne beame,
Per. Glaunceth from *Phæbus'* face forthright,
Will. so loue into my heart did streame :
Per. Or as the thunder cleaues the cloudes,
Will. hey ho the thunder,
Per. Wherein the lightsome leuin shroudes,
Will. so cleaues thy soule asunder :
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* siluer ray
Will. hey ho the Moone light,
Per. Vpon the glittering waue doth play :
Will. such play is a pitteous plight.
Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide,
Will. hey ho the glyder,
Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gride,
Will. such woundes soone wexen wider.
Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
Will. hey ho Perigot,
Per. I left the head in my heart root :
Will. it was a desperate shot.
Per. There it rancleth aye more and more,
Will. hey ho the arrow,
Per. Ne can I finde salue for my sore :
Will. loue is a curelesse sorrow.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Will. hey ho heaueie chéere,
Per. Yet should thilke lasse not from my though
Will. so you may buye golde too déere.
Per. But whether in painfull loue I pine,
Will. hey ho pinching paine,
Per. Or thriue in wealth, she shalbe mine.
Will. But if thou can her obtaine.
Per. And if for gracelesse grieve I dye,
Will. hey ho gracelesse grieve,
Per. Witnesse, she slue me with her eye :
Will. let thy folly be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shéepe,
Will. hey ho the faire flocke,
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall wéepe,
Will. and mone with many a mocke.
Per. So learnd I loue on a holy eue,
Will. hey ho holy day,
Per. That euer since my heart did greue.
Will. now endeth our roundelay.

5. *Ibid*, NOUEMBER.*Thenot. Colin.*

Colin my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou wert wont, songs of some iouisaunce?
 Thy Muse too long slumbreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled asleepe through loues misgouernance.
 Now somewhat sing, whose endlesse souenaunce,
 Among the shepheards swaines may aye remaine:
 Whether thee list thy loued lasse aduance,
 Or honour *Pan* with hymnes of higher vaine.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
 Nor *Pan* to herie, nor with loue to play:
 Sike mirth in May is méetest for to make,
 Or sommer shade vnder the cocked hay.
 But now sad winter welked hath the day,
 And *Phæbus* weary of his yearly taske:
 Ystabled hath his stéedes in lowly lay,
 And taken vp his ynne in Fishes has-ke.
 Thilke sullen season sadder plight doth as-ke,
 And loatheth sike delights, as thou doest praise:
 The mournfull Muse in mirth now list ne mas-ke,
 As she was wont in youngth and sommer dayes.

pp. 252-3, ll. 1-22.

6. *Fouvre Hymnes*: HYMNE IN HONOUR OF LOUE.

Loue, that long since hast to thy mighty powre,
 Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
 And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
 Doest tyrannize in euerie weaker part;
 Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
 By any seruice I might do to thee,
 Or ought that else might to thee pleasing be.

And now t'asswage the force of this new flame,
 And make thee more propitious in my need,
 I meane to sing the praises of thy name,
 And thy victorious conquests to areed:
 By which thou madest many harts to bleed
 Of mighty Victors, with wyde wounds embrewed,
 And by thy cruell darts to thee subdewed.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
 Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,

Should faint, and words should faile me, to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great godhed.

p. 149, ll. 1-21.

So hast thou often done (ay me the more)
To me thy vassall, whose yet bleeding hart,
With thousand wounds thou mangled hast so sore
That whole remaines scarce any little part,
Yet to augment the anguish of my smart,
Thou hast enfrosen her disdainfull brest,
That no one drop of pitie there doth rest.

Why then do I this honor vnto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Since thou doest shew no favour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to slacke the rigour of my flame?
Certes small glory doest thou winne hereby,
To let her liue thus free, and me to dy.

p. 154, ll. 144-57.

7. *Ibid*, HYMNE IN HONOUR OF BEAUTIE.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it most,
And eke to her, whose faire immortal beame,
Hath darted fyre into my feeble ghost,
That now it wasted is with woes extreame,
It may so please that she at length will streame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long sorrow and consuming smart.

p. 162, ll. 25-31.

In lieu whereof graunt, o great Soueraine,
That she whose conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue,
And this same life, which first fro me she reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

p. 171, ll. 277-83.

8. COLIN CLOUT'S COME HOME AGAIN.

So hauing said, *Melissa* spake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply hast diuyn'd:
Of loue and beautie and with wondrous skill,
Hast *Cupid* selfe depainted in his kynd.

To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That doest their cause so mightily defend :
But most, all wemen are thy debtors found,
That doest their bountie still so much commend.

That ill (said *Hobbinol*) they him requite,
For hauing loued euer one most deare :
He is repayd with scorne and foule despite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.

Indeed (said *Lucid*) I haue often heard
Faure *Rosalind* of diuers fowly blamed :
For being to that swaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie else hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cause had that faire Mayd
To vse him so that vsed her so well :

Or who with blame can iustly her vpbrayd,
For louing not ? for who can loue compell.
And sooth to say, it is foolhardie thing,
Rashly to wyten creatures so diuine,
For demigods they be, and first did spring
From heauen, though graft in frailnesse feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it spoken,
How one that fairest *Helene* did reuile :
Through iudgement of the Gods to been ywroken
Lost both his eyes and so remaynd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praise :
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How rashly blame of *Rosalind* ye raise.

Ah shepheards (then said *Colin*) ye ne weet
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw :
To make so bold a doome with words vnmeet,
Of thing celestially which ye neuer saw.
For she is not like as the other crew
Of shepheards daughters which emongst you bee,
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did see.
Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
But to my selfe the blame that lookt so hie :
So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eie.
Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
To simple swaine, sith her I may not loue :
Yet that I may her honour parauant,
And praise her worth, though far my wit aboue,
Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grieve
And long affliction which I haue endured :

Such grace sometimes shall giue me some reliefe,
 And ease of paine which cannot be recured.
 And ye my fellow shepheards which do see
 And hear the languours of my too long dying,
 Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying,
 This simple trophe of her great conquest.

Colin Clout's Come Home Again, pp. 65-67, ll. 897-953.

Turning back upon these various direct and indirect namings and allusive celebrations of "Rosalinde," one of E. K's "Glosses" stands out from all the others, and excites (as it invites) to a discovery of the love-secret: This must again be placed before us:—

"Rosalinde, is . . . a fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth." (*Shepheards Calender*, Ianuarie, p. 54.)

There have been differing interpretations of what E. K. meant by "well ordered." In my judgment, the prior word "fained" puts out of court an early solution by a supposititious "Rose" or Rosa Lind or Linde or Lynde (of Church—not the present Dean of St. Paul's, but an editor of Spenser [*Fairy Queen*, 1758])—and so any other actual name as distinguished from an actual name *anagrammatized*.

It is, therefore, in the "well-ordering" of "Rosalind" or "Rosalinde" or "Rosalynde" (the first is the spelling in *Shepheards Calender*, Q. 1, 2, 3, 4: the second of Q. 5: the third contemporaneously and onward), as an anagram or metagram, that we must find the solution of the small mystery.

We know from many authorities, and summarily from Camden (in his "Remaines"), that thus to play with names and words and letters was a favourite "sport of

wit" earlier and later. On this I gladly allow the late Rev. N. J. Halpin, of Dublin, to speak, in a discussion of which I shall have more to say in the sequel:—

"By 'well ordering' the 'feigned name' E. K. undoubtedly means disposing or arranging the letters of which it is composed in some form of anagram or metagram,—a species of wit much cultivated by the most celebrated poets of the time, Spenser included, and not deemed beneath the dignity of the learned Camden to expound.

"A few examples of this 'alchemy of wit,' as Camden calls it, will reconcile our modern notions of the τὸ πρῶτον with the puerile ingenuity thought graceful, at that unripe period of our literature, by some of the most accomplished writers and readers of the day. Let us take an extravagant instance. Sir Philip Sidney, having abridged his own name into *Phil. Sid.*, anagrammatized it into *Philisides*. Refining still further, he translated *Sid.*, the abridgment of *sidus*, into ἀστρον, and, retaining the *Phil.*, as derived from φίλος, he constructed for himself another pseudonym and adopted the poetical name of *Astrophil*. Feeling, moreover, that the Lady Rich, celebrated in his sonnets, was the loadstar of his affections, he designates her, in conformity with his own assumed name, *Stella*. Christopher Marlowe's name is transmuted into *Wormal*, and the royal Elizabetha is frequently addressed as *Ah-te-basile*! Doctor Thomas Lodge, author of 'Rosalinde; or Euphues, his Golden Legacy,' (which Shakespeare dramatized into *As you like it*), has anagrammatized his own name into *Golde*,—and that of Dering into *Ringde*. The author of *Dolarney's Primrose* was a Doctor *Raynolde*. John Hind, in his *Eliosto Libidinoso*, transmutes his own name into *Dinohin*. Matthew Roydon becomes *Donroy*. And Shakespeare, even, does not scruple to alchemize the Resolute John, or John Florio, into the pedantic *Holofernes of Love's Labour's Lost*. A thousand such fantastic instances of 'trifling with the letter' might be quoted; and even so late as the reign of Queen Anne we find this foolish wit indulged. The cynical Swift stoops to change Miss Waring into *Varina*; Esther (*quasi* Aster, a star) Johnson is known as *Stella*; Essy Van-homrigh figures as *Vanessa*; while Cadenus, by an easy change of syllables, is resolved into *Decanus*, or the Dean himself in *propria persona* and canonicals.

"In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, the very poem in which Spenser's unknown mistress figures as Rosalinde, the poet has alchemized Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, into *Algrind*, and made Ellmor [Aylmer], Bishop of London, *Morell*, (it is to be hoped

he was so before,) by merely transposing the letters. What wonder, then, if, complying with an art so general and convenient, he should be found contriving, in the case of both his mistresses, at once to reveal his passion and conceal the name of his enslaver from the public gaze?"

(p. 676, *Atlantic Monthly*, Nov. 1858.)

All this being so, I am not aware, on the other hand, of a single example of an actual name (such as "Rosa Lind" would be) having been employed as "Rosalinde" is in the *Shepherds Calender*. So much for the first point—to wit, that "Rosalinde" is a "fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the verie name of his loue and mistresse, whom by that name he coloureth."

A second point must next be looked at. It is—That another portion of E. K.'s "Glosse" furnishes a fundamental condition of any and every "well-ordering" of Rosalinde, viz., that whoever she were, she belonged to "the North." This, it is vital to keep in recollection: for solutions that have made a stir and been semi-accepted, are *instantly* destroyed by it. Professor Hales thus summarily puts it:—"Many solutions of this anagram have been essayed, mostly on the supposition that the lady lived in Kent; but Professor Craik is certainly right in insisting that she was of the North."* The Lines and relative "Glosse" place this beyond dispute, as thus:—

* Memoir prefixed to Dr. Morris's Globe edition of Spenser, p. xxii. Professor Craik's words, after giving Church's solution by "Rose Lynde" and Malone's of "Eliza Horden, the aspiration being omitted,"—both of Kent, are these:—"But it must have been in the north of England that Spenser saw and fell in love with Rosalind, as clearly appears from the sixth Eclogue, and from E. K.'s notes upon it." (*Spenser and his Poetry*, 3 vols. 12mo, 1871: vol. i., pp. 46-7.)

Hobbinoll.

Then if by me thou list aduised be
 Forsake thy soyle, that so doth thée bewitch :
 Leaue me those hilles, where harbrough nis to sée,
 Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witch.
 And to the dales resort, where shepheards ritch,
 And fruitful flocks bene euery where to sée :
 Here no night Rauenes lodge more black then pitch,
 Nor eluish ghosts, nor gastly Owles do flée.

But friendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
 And lightfoote Nymphs can chase the lingring night,
 With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
 Whilst sisters nyne, which dwel on *Parnasse* hight,
 Do make them musick, for their more delight :
 And *Pan* himselfe to kisse their christal faces,
 Will pype and daunce, when *Phæbe* shineth bright :
 Such pierlesse pleasures haue we in these places.
Shepheards Calender, p. 152, ll. 20-35.

Forsake the soyle. This is no Poeticall fiction, but vnfeynedly spoken of the Poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of priuate affaires (as I haue beene partly of himselfe informed) and for his more preferment, remouing out of the North partes, came into the South, as *Hobbinoll* indeed aduised him priuately.

Those hilles, that is in the North countrey, where he dwelt.

Nis, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth, which though they be full of hilles and woods (for Kent is very hilly and woody, and therefore so called : for *Kantsh* in the Saxons toong signifieth woody) yet in respect of the North parts they be called dales. For indeed the North is counted the higher countrey.

pp. 158-9, ll. 14-27.

Biographically it is now accepted that Lancashire was "the North" and "native soyle" of the Spensers ; while *historically and topographically*, the district dominated by famous Pendle, answers with nicest exactitude to Hobbinol's description of its "hills" and "wastes," "bogs" and "glens," and peculiarly and notoriously to his vivid recounting of its dark superstitions in contrast with the brighter and happier beliefs of the "sunny

South." Any one who has read these portions of the *Shepherds Calender*—as I have done—on Pendle, and acquainted himself with the FACTS, must have been struck with the aptness and realism of the touches wherein "the North," in this particular locality, is set forth. More of this onward. Nothing whatever of these desolate places and credulities belong to "the South," whether of Kent or Gloucestershire.

So much again for the second point—that it was in "the North," not "the South," Rosalind was found and loved.

Coming nearer to the "well-ordering" of "Rosalinde" of "the North," only two attempts at opening the secret call for notice and—refutation.

I. By the late Rev. N. J. Halpin, of Dublin.

Before "The Royal Irish Academy," on January 14th, 1850, this writer read a paper on "Certain passages in the life of Edmund Spenser," in which he discussed the entire problem.

I consulted the published "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy" (1847-50) in eager expectation of finding therein this Paper. I venture to assume that the reader will share my indignation with the "Royal Irish" Academicians, when I state that, though ample room was found for the merest trivialities and irrelevancies, in such "Proceedings," this Paper was so abridged and mutilated by those in authority as utterly to fail in placing the Facts and Conclusions before the public. Four meagrely-filled small octavo pages were all that could be spared for this Paper (three being occupied with a like consideration of "Spenser's Wife").

This unscholarly and unliterary treatment of a noticeable Paper, and a still more noticeable man, would have been more lamentable and culpable had the manuscript perished. Fortunately it did not. It fell into the possession of one of the sons of its author, and having been by him carried across the Atlantic, was printed *in extenso* in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November 1858 (Boston: Phillips, Sampson and Co.).

By a twofold error of judgment the Paper thus for the first time fully published, appeared anonymously, with the result that it has come to be regarded as an original American criticism and solution. Neither was there the slightest intimation of its prior appearance (*ut supra*) in the "Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy." One is surprised, and more, that neither Major C. G. Halpin (or Halpine as he spelt his name), who furnished the MS., nor the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, recognized the importance of a "certain sound" on the authorship of the Paper if its author was not to be robbed of any accruing honour belonging to such authorship.*

* I am indebted to Professor Child, of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A., for my first knowledge of the communication of the Paper to the *Atlantic Monthly* by Major Halpine; and since I have had the fact confirmed by a surviving son of the author (in Dublin). That the supposed American authorship is no fancy, let one out of numerous proofs show: viz., in Whipple's *The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth* (Boston: Osgood, 1876), p. 194: "Here he fell in love with a beautiful girl, whose real name he has concealed under the anagrammatic one of Rosalind, and who, after having tempted and baffled the curiosity of English critics, has by an American writer (in the *Atlantic Monthly* for November 1858), who has raised guessing into a science, been satisfactorily proved to be Rose Daniel, a sister of the poet Daniel."

The Paper is thus headed :—

“COLIN CLOUT AND THE FAËRY QUEEN.

“*Edmund Spenser in a Domestic Point of View. His Mistress [= lady-love] and his Wife.*” (pp. 674-88).

In limine, I must observe that Major Halpine has not “well-ordered” his father’s “Notes.” They are ill put together, and there are (self-evidently) insertions and phrasings that the author would hardly have countenanced. Still, I for one am thankful that so elaborate and interesting a Paper has reached us. I shall have to put it aside as being mistaken in its data, inferences, interpretations, etc., etc., and so worthless as an answer to our question “Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?” but none the less does it demand reproduction here.

I wish Mr. Halpin’s putting of his ‘solution’ to be in full possession of the reader. Hence I give every “jot and tittle” required to do so, as follows :—

“The prolific hint of ‘E. K.’ set the commentators at work,—but hitherto without success. The author of the life prefixed to Church’s edition conjectures Rose Linde,—forsooth, because it appears from Fuller’s *Worthies*, that in the reign of Henry the Sixth—only eight reigns too early for the birth of our rural beauty—there was one John Linde, a resident in the county of Kent! Not satisfied with this conjecture, Malone suggests that she may have been an Eliza Horden—the *z* changed, according to Camden’s rules, into *s*, and the aspirate sunk. Malone’s foundation for this theory is, that one Thomas Horden was a contemporary of John Linde, aforesaid, and resided in the same county! But these conjectures are absurd and unsupported by any collateral evidence. To have given them the remotest air of probability, the critics should have proved some acquaintance or connection between the parties respectively,—some courtship, or contiguity of residence, which might have brought the young people within the ordinary sphere of attraction. Wrong as they were in their conclusions, the search of these commentators was in the right direction. The anagram, ‘well-ordered,’ will undoubtedly bewray the secret. Let us try if we may not follow it with better success.

"*Rosalinde* reads anagrammatically into Rose Daniel; for, according to Camden, 'a letter may be doubled, or rejected, or contrariwise, if the sense fall aptly'; we thus get rid of the redundant *e*, and have a perfect anagram. Now, Spenser had an intimate and beloved friend and brother-poet, named Samuel Daniel, author of many tragedies and comedies, an eight-canto poem called 'The Civil Wars of England,' 'A Vision of Twelve Goddesses,' a prose history of England, and 'Musa,' a defence of rhyme. Spenser alludes to his poetic genius with high praise in his *Colin Clout*. This Daniel had a sister named Rose, who was married in due time to a friend of her brother's,—not, indeed, to Spenser, but to a scholar whose eccentricities have left such durable tracks behind them that we can trace his mark through many passages of Spenser's love complaints, otherwise unintelligible. The supposition that Rose Daniel was *Rosalinde* satisfies every requisite, and presents a solution of the mystery; the anagram is perfect; the poet's acquaintance with the brother naturally threw him into contact with the sister; while the circumstance of her marriage with another justifies the complaint of infidelity, and accounts for the 'insurmountable barrier,' that is, a living husband. Daniel was the early *protégé* of the Pembroke family, as was Spenser of the house of Leicester. The youthful poets must often have met in the company of their mutual friend Sir Philip Sidney,—for the Countess of Pembroke was the 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,' celebrated by Ben Jonson, and consequently niece, as Sir Philip was nephew, of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Rose and Edmund were thus thrown together under circumstances every way favourable to the development of love in a breast so susceptible as that of the 'passionate shepherd.'

"Other circumstances in the life of Rose Daniel correspond so strikingly with those attributed to *Rosalinde*, as strongly to corroborate the foregone conclusion.

"*Rosalinde*, after having given encouragement to her enamoured shepherd, faithlessly and finally deserted him in favour of a rival. This is evident throughout the *Shepherd's Calendar*. The first Eclogue reveals his passion:—

'I loue thilke lasse, (alas ! why do I loue ?)
And am forlorne, (alas ! why am I lorne ?)
Shée deignes not my good will, but doth reproue,
And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.'

Her scorn, however, may have meant no more than the natural coyness of a maiden whom the learned Upton somewhat drolly designates as 'a skittish female.'* Indeed, Spenser must have thought so himself, and with reason, for she continues to receive

* Upton's *Faëry Queen*, vol. I., xiv.

his presents, 'the kids, the cracknels, and the early fruit,' sent through his friend Hobbinol (Gabriel Harvey).

"We hear of no alteration of his circumstances until we reach the sixth Eclogue, in which the progress and utter disappointment of his suit are distinctly and bitterly complained of. 'This eclogue,' says the editorial 'E. K.,' 'is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colin's ill-success in love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured of a country lass, Rosalinde, and having (as it seemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend Hobbinol that he is now forsaken unfaithfully, and in his stead *Menalcas*, another shepherd, received disloyally: and this is the whole argument of the eclogue.' In fact, she broke her plighted vow to Colin Clout, transferred her heart to *Menalcas*, and let her hand accompany it.

"Now, from this and the preceding circumstances, the inference appears inevitable that, at or about the time of the composition of this sixth Eclogue, the Rosalinde therein celebrated was married, or engaged to be married, to the person denounced as *Menalcas*.

"Whether the ante-nuptial course of Rose Daniel corresponded with the faithlessness ascribed to Rosalinde we confess we have no documentary evidence to show: but this much is certain, that Rose was married to an intimate friend of her brother's; and from the characteristics recorded of him by Spenser, we shall presently prove that that friend, the husband of Rosalinde, is no other than the treacherous rival denounced as *Menalcas* in the *Shepherd's Calendar*. Who, then, is *Menalcas*?

"Amongst the distinguished friends of Samuel Daniel was a man of much celebrity in his day,—the redoubted, or, as he chose to call himself, the 'Resolute' John Florio (Shakespeare's *Holofernes*). This gentleman, an Italian by descent, was born in London in the same year with Spenser, and was a class-fellow with Daniel at Oxford. He was the author of many works, well received by the public,—as his *First Fruits*, *Second Fruits*, *Garden of Recreation*, and so forth; also, of an excellent Italian and English dictionary, styled *A World of Words*,—the basis of all Anglo-Italian dictionaries since published. He was a good French scholar, as is proved by his translation of Montaigne; and wrote some verses, highly prized by Elizabeth and her successor, James I. Indeed, his general learning and accomplishments recommended him to both courts; and on the accession of James he was appointed classical tutor to Prince Henry, and reader of French and Italian to the Royal Consort, Anne of Denmark; he was also a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and Clerk of the Closet to his Majesty; and finally, it was chiefly through his influence that Samuel Daniel was appointed Gentle-

man Extraordinary and Groom of the Privy Chamber to Queen Anne.

"Long prior to this prosperous estate, however, his skill as a linguist had recommended him to the patronage and intimacy of many of the chief nobility of Elizabeth's court; and at an early period of his life we find him engaged, as was his friend Daniel, as tutor to some of the most illustrious families,—such as Pembroke, Dudley, Essex, Southampton, etc.;* all which, together with his friendship for Daniel, must needs have brought him into the acquaintance of Edmund Spenser, the friend of Sidney and his relatives. He was also on the most friendly terms with Gabriel Harvey, and a warm admirer (as his works attest) of the genius of Daniel. We have thus gathered our *dramatis personæ*, the parties most essentially interested in Spenser's unlucky passion, into one familiar group.

"Of Rose Daniel's marriage with the 'Resolute John Florio' there is no manner of question. It is recorded by Anthony à-Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, acknowledged by Samuel Daniel in the commendatory verses prefixed to Florio's *World of Words*, and she is affectionately remembered in Florio's will as his 'beloved wife, Rose.'† Thus, if not Spenser's Rosalinde, she was undoubtedly a Rosalinde to John Florio.

"We shall now proceed to gather some further particles of evidence, to add their cumulative weight to the mass of slender probabilities with which we are endeavouring to sustain our conjectures.

"Spenser's Rosalinde had at least a smattering of the Italian. Samuel Daniel was an Italian scholar; for his whole system of versification is founded on that model. Spenser, too, was well acquainted with the language; for, long before any English version of Tasso's *Gerusalemme* had appeared, he had translated many passages which occur in the *Faëry Queen* from that poem, and—without any public acknowledgment that we can find trace of—appropriated them to himself.‡ What more natural than that Rose should have shared her brother's pleasant study, and, in company with him and Spenser, accepted the tuition of John Florio?

"The identity of Florio's wife and Rosalinde may be fairly inferred from some circumstances consequent upon the lady's marriage, and otherwise connected with her fortunes, which appear to be shadowed forth with great acrimony in the *Faëry Queen*, where the Rosalinde of the *Shepherd's Calendar* appears before us again under the assumed name of *Mirabella*. Lest the ascription of these circumstances to particular parties

* See Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

† See Hunter's *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. ii., p. 280.

‡ Book II., canto vi. etc.—See Black's *Life of Tasso*, vol. ii., p. 150.

may be imputed to prejudice or prepossession for a favourite theory, we shall state them on the authority of commentators and biographers who never even dreamed of the view of the case we are now endeavouring to establish.

"The learned Upton, in his preface to the *Faëry Queen*, was led to observe the striking coincidence, the absolute similarity of character, between Spenser's Rosalinde and his Mirabella. 'If the *Faëry Queen*,' quoth he, 'is a moral allegory with historical allusions to our poet's times, one might be apt to think that, in a poem written on so extensive a plan, the cruel Rosalinde would be in some way or other typically introduced; and methinks I see her plainly characterized in Mirabella. Perhaps, too, her expressions were the same that are given to Mirabella,—"the *free lady*," "she was born free,"' etc.*

"'We are now come,' says Mr. G. L. Craik, by far the most acute and sagacious of all the commentators on Spenser, 'to a very remarkable passage. Having thus disposed of Turpin, the poet suddenly addresses his readers, saying,—

"But turn we back now to that *lady free*
Whom late we left riding upon an ass
Led by a *carle* and *fool* which by her side did pass."

This is the "fair maiden clad in mourning weed," who, it may be remembered, was met, as related at the beginning of the preceding canto, by Timias and Serena. There, however, she was represented as attended only by a *fool*. What makes this episode especially interesting is the conjecture that has been thrown out, and which seems intrinsically probable, that the "lady" is Spenser's own Rosalinde, by whom he had been jilted, or at least rejected, more than a quarter of a century before. His unforgetting resentment is supposed to have taken this revenge.'

"So far with Mr. Upton and Mr. Craik we heartily concur as to the identity of Rosalinde and Mirabella; and feel confident that a perusal and comparison of the episode of Mirabella with the whole story of Rosalinde will leave every candid and intelligent reader no choice but to come to the same conclusion. We shall now collate the attributes assigned in common to those two impersonations in their maiden state, and note the correspondence.

"Both are of humble birth,—Rosalinde being described in the *Shepherd's Calendar* as 'the widow's daughter of the glen'; her low origin and present exalted position are frequently alluded to,—her beauty, her haughtiness, and love of liberty. Mirabella is thus described in Book VI., *Faëry Queen*, Canto vii. :—

* Upton, vol. i., p. 14.—*Faëry Queen*, Book VI., Canto vi., st. 16, 17.

'She was a lady of great dignity,
 And lifted up to honourable place;
 Famous through all the land of Faërie:
 Though of mean parentage and kindred base,
 Yet decked with wondrous gifts of Nature's grace. . . .
 'But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
 And scorned them all that love unto her meant. . . .
 'She was born free, not bound to any wight."

Of Rosalinde, we hear in *Colin Clout* that her ambition is

'So hie her thoughts as she her selfe haue place,'

and that she

'Loatheth each lowly thing with lofty eye.'

Her beauty, too, is dwelt upon as a 'thing celestial,'—her humble family alluded to,—the boasted freedom of her heart; and upon Rosalinde and Mirabella an affection of the demigoddess-ship, which turned their heads, is equally charged. In all essential characteristics they are 'twin cherries growing on one stalk.'

"Of Rose Daniel's life so little is known, particularly during her unmarried years, that we are unable to fasten upon her the unamiable qualities of the allegorical beauties we assume to be her representatives; but if we can identify her married fortune with theirs,—then, in addition to the congruities already mentioned, we can have no hesitation in imputing to *her* the disposition which brought down upon *them*, so bitterly and relentlessly, the poetic justice of the disappointed shepherd. We may thus dispose of them in brief.

"Mirabella's lot was severe. She was married (if we rightly interpret the language of the allegory) to a '*fool*,'—that is to say, to a very absurd and ridiculous person, under whose conduct she was exposed to the 'whips and scorns,' the disdain and bitter retaliation, natural to the union of a beautiful and accomplished, though vain and haughty woman, with a very eccentric, irritable, and bombastic humourist.

"Rosalinde was married—with no better fate, we fear—to the vain and treacherous Menalcas.

"And Rose Daniel became the wife of the 'Resolute John Florio.'

"We shall commence with the substantial characters, and see how their histories fall in with the fortunes attributed to the allegorical. Rose Daniel's husband, maugre his celebrity and places of dignity and profit, was beset with tempers and oddities which exposed him, more perhaps than any man of his time, to the ridicule of contemporary wits and poets. He was, at least in his literary career, jealous, envious, irritable, vain, pedantic and

bombastical, petulant and quarrelsome,—ever on the watch for an affront, and always in the attitude of a fretful porcupine with a quill pointed in every direction against real or supposititious enemies. In such a state of mental alarm and physical vapouring did he live, that he seems to have proclaimed a promiscuous war against all gainsayers,—that is, the literary world; and for the better assurance to them of his indomitable valour, and to himself of indemnity from disturbance, he adopted a formidable prefix to his name; and to ‘any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation,’ to every address, prelude, preface,* introduction, or farewell, accompanying any of his numerous works, he subscribed himself the Resolute,—‘Resolute John Florio.’

“Conduct so absurd, coupled with some personal defects, and a character so petulantly vainglorious, exposed the ‘Resolute’ to the bitter sarcasm of contemporary writers. Accordingly we find him through life encompassed by a host of tormentors, and presenting his *chevaux-de-frise* of quills against them at all and every point. In the Epistle Dedicatory to the second edition of his Dictionary, we find him engaged *morsu et unguibus* with a swarm of literary hornets, against whom he inveighs as ‘sea-dogs,—land-critics,—monsters of men, if not beasts rather than men,—whose teeth are cannibals’,—‘their tongues adders’ forks,—‘their lips asps’ poison,—‘their eyes basilisks’,—‘their breath the breath of a grave,—‘their words like swords of Turks, which strive which shall dive deepest into the Christian lying before them.’ Of a verity we may say that John Florio was sadly exercised when he penned this pungent paragraph. He then falls foul of the players, who—to use the technical phrase of the day—‘staged’ him with no small success. With this ‘common cry of curs’ in general, and with *one poet* and *one piece* of said poet’s handiwork in particular, he enters into mortal combat with such vehement individuality as enables us at a glance to detect the offence and the offender. He says, ‘Let Aristophanes and his comedians make plays and scour their mouths on Socrates, these very mouths they make to vilify shall be the means to amplify his virtues,’ etc. ‘And here,’ says Dr. Warburton, ‘Shakespeare is so clearly marked out as not to be mistaken.’ This opinion is fortified by the concurrence of Farmer, Steevens, Reid, Malone, Knight, Collier, and Hunter; and, from the additional lights thrown upon this subject by their combined intelligence, no doubt seems to exist that Holofernes, the pedantic schoolmaster in *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, had his prototype in John Florio, the Resolute.

“‘Florio,’ according to Farmer, ‘gave the first affront by

* *Vide* that to Queen Anne.

asserting that "the plays they play in England are neither right comedies nor tragedies, but representations of histories without any decorum." We know that Shakespeare must, of his own personal knowledge of the man, have been qualified to paint his character; for while the great dramatist was the early and intimate friend of the Earl of Southampton, the petulant lexicographer boasts of having for years been domesticated in the pay and patronage of that munificent patron of letters. Warburton thinks 'it was from the ferocity of his temper that Shakespeare chose for him the name which Rabelais gives to his pedant of Thubal Holoferne.' Were the matter worth arguing, we should say it was rather from the proclivity with which (according to Camden's rules) the abbreviated Latin name *Joh. nes Florio* or *Floreo* falls into *Holofernes*. Rabelais and anagrammatism may divide the slender glory of the product between them.

"But neither Shakespeare's satire nor Florio's absurdities are comprehended within this single character. Subsequent examination of the text of *Love's Labour's Lost* has enabled the critics to satisfy themselves that the part of Don Adriano de Armado, the 'phantastical courtier,' was devised to exhibit another phase in the character of the Resolute Italian. In *Holofernes* we have the pedantic tutor; in Don Adriano a lively picture of a ridiculous lover and pompous retainer of the court.

"By a fine dramatic touch, Shakespeare has made each describe the other, in such a way that the portrait might stand for the speaker himself, and thus establishes a dual-identity. Thus, Armado, describing *Holofernes*, says, 'That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for I protest the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical,—too, too vain,—too, too vain; but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*;'—whilst *Holofernes*, not behind his counterpart in self-esteem, sees in the other the defects which he cannot detect in himself. '*Novi hominem tanquam te*,' quoth he;—'his humour is lofty; his discourse peremptory; his tongue filed; his eye ambitious; his gait majestic; and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were; too peregrinate, as I may call it; he draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms,' etc.

"Should further proof be needed that Florio, *Holofernes*, and Armado form a dramatic trinity in unity, we can find it in the personal appearance of the Italian. There was something amiss with the *face* of the Resolute, which could not escape the observation of his friends, much less his enemies. A friend and former pupil of his own,—Sir Wm. Cornwallis,—speaking in high praise of Florio's translation of Montaigne, observes,—'It is done by a

fellow less beholding to Nature for his fortune than to wit; yet lesser for his *face* than his fortune. The truth is, he looks more like a good fellow than a wise man; and yet he is wise beyond either his fortune or education.* It is certain, then, that, behaving like a fool in some things, he looked very like a fool in others.

"Is it not a remarkable coincidence, that both his supposed dramatic counterparts have the same peculiarity? When Armado tells the 'country lass' he is wooing that he will 'tell her wonders,' she exclaims,—'skittish female' that she is,—'What, with that *face*?' And when Holofernes, nettled with the ridicule showered on his abortive impersonation of Judas Maccabæus, says, 'I will not be put out of countenance,'—Byron replies, 'Because thou hast no face.' The indignant pedant justifies, and, pointing to his physiognomy, inquires, 'What is this?' Whereupon the waggish courtiers proceed to define it: it is 'a cittern-head,' 'the head of a bodkin,' 'a death's-face in a ring,' 'the face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen,' and so forth.

"The satire here embodied is of a nature too personal to be considered the mere work of a riotous fancy. It is a trait individualizing and particularizing the person at whom the more general satire is aimed; and, coupled with the infirmities of the victim's moral nature, it fastens upon poor Florio identity with 'the brace of coxcombs.' Such satire may be censured as ungenerous; we cannot help that,—*litera scripta manet*,—and we cannot rail the seal from the bond. Such attacks were the general, if not universal, practice of the age in which Shakespeare flourished; and we have no right to blame him for not being as far in advance of his age, morally, as he was intellectually. A notorious instance of a personal attack under various characters in one play is to be found in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, wherein he boasts of having, under the characters of Lanthorn, Leatherhead, the Puppet-showman, and Adam Overdo, satirized the celebrated Inigo Jones,—

'By all his titles and whole style at once
Of tireman, mountebank, and Justice Jones.'

"It was probably to confront and outface 'Aristophanes and his comedians,' and to 'abrogate the scurrility' of the 'sea-dogs' and 'land-critics,' that our Resolute lexicographer prefixed to the Enlarged Edition of his Dictionary, and to his translation of Montaigne, his portrait or effigies, engraved by Hole. This portrait would, to a person unapprised of any peculiarity in the original, present apparently little or nothing to justify the remark of Cornwallis. But making due allowance for the address, if not the

* Cornwallis's *Essays*, p. 99.

flattery, of a skilful painter, it were hardly possible for the observer, aware of the blemish, not to detect in the short and close-curved fell of hair, the wild, staring eyes, the contour of the visage, —which, expanding from the narrow and wrinkled forehead into cheek-bones of more than Scottish amplitude, suddenly contracts to a pointed chin, rendered still more acute by a short, peaked beard,—not to detect in this lozenge-shaped visnomy and its air, at once haggard and grotesque, traits that not only bear out the remark of his pupil, but the raillery also of the court wits in Shakespeare's dramatic satire.

"Whatever happiness Rose Daniel may have had in the domestic virtues of her lord, his relations with the world, his temper, eccentricities, and personal appearance could have given her little. That he was an attached and affectionate husband his last will and testament gives touching *post-mortem* evidence.

"Let us return to the fortunes of the faithless Rosalinde. It appears she married Menalcas,—the treacherous friend and rival of the 'passionate shepherd.' Who, then, was Menalcas? or why was this name specially selected by our poet to designate the man he disliked?

"The pastoral nome *Menalcas* is obviously and pointedly enough adopted from the Eclogues of Virgil; in which, by comparing the fifteenth line of the second with the sixty-sixth of the third, we shall find he was the rival who (to use the expression of Spenser) 'by treachery did underfong' the affections of the beautiful Alexis from his enamoured master. In this respect the name would well fit Florio, who, from his intimacy with the Daniels and their friends, could not but have known the passion of the poet, and the encouragement at one time given him by his fickle mistress.

"Again, there was at this time prevalent a French conceit,—'imported,' as Camden tells us, 'from Calais, and so well liked by the English, although most ridiculous, that, learned or unlearned, he was nobody that could not hammer out of his name an invention by this wit-craft, and *picture* it accordingly. Whereupon,' he adds, 'who did not busy his braine to hammer his devise out of this forge?'" This wit-craft was the *rebus*.

"Florio's rebus or device, then, was a Flower. We have specimens of his fondness for this nomenclative punning subscribed to his portrait:—

'Floret adhuc, et adhuc florebit: floreat ultra
Florius hac specie floridus,—optat amans.'

And it was with evident allusion to this conceit that he named his several works his *First Fruits*, *Second Fruits*, *Garden of*

* *Camden's Remains*, folio, 1614, p. 164.

Recreation, and so forth. Spenser did not miss the occasion of reducing this figurative flower to a worthless weed :—

'Go tell the lass her Flower hath wox a weed.'

In the preceding stanza we find this weed distinctly identified as Menalcas :—

'And thou, Menalcas ! that by treachery
Didst underfong my lass to wax so light.'

"Another reason for dubbing Florio *Menalcas* may be found in the character and qualities ascribed to the treacherous shepherd by Virgil. He was not without talent, for in one of the *Eclogues* he bears his part in the poetical contention with credit; but he was unfaithful and fraudulent in his amours, envious, quarrelsome, scurrilous, and a braggart; and his *face* was remarkable for its dark, Italian hue,—'*quamvis ille fuscus*,' etc. Compared with the undoubted character of John Florio, as already exhibited, that of Menalcas so corresponds as to justify its appropriation to the rival of Spenser.

"There is a further peculiarity in the name itself, which renders its application to John Florio at once pointed and pregnant with the happiest ridicule. Florio rejoiced in the absurd prefix of Resolute. Now, Menalcas is a compound of two Greek words (*μένος* and *ἀλκή*) fully expressive of this idea, and frequently used together in the sense of RESOLUTION by the best classical authorities,—thus, *μενεος δ' ἀλκῆς τε λάθωμαι*.* Again, in Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon *μένος* in composition is said to 'bear always a collateral notion of *resolve* and firmness.' And here we have the very *notion* expressed by the very word we want. Menalcas is the appropriate and expressive *nom de guerre* of the 'Resolute.'

"Every unprejudiced reader will admit, that in emblem, name, character, and appearance, John Florio and Menalcas are allegorically identical; and it follows, as a consequence, that Rosalinde, married to the same person as Rose Daniel, is one and the same with her anagrammatic synonyme,—and that her sorrows and joys, arising out of the conduct of her husband, must have had the same conditions.

"Having identified Rosalinde with Rose Daniel, it may be thought that nothing further of interest with respect to either party remains, which could lead us into further detail;—but Spenser himself having chosen, under another personification, to follow the married life of this lady, and revenge himself upon the treachery of her husband, we should lose an opportunity both of interpreting his works and of forming a correct estimate of his

* *Iliad*, Z, 265.

character, if we neglected to pursue with him the fortunes of Mirabella. Like her type and prototype, we find that she has to suffer those mortifications which a good wife cannot but experience on witnessing the scorn, disdain, and enmity which follow the perversity of a wayward husband. Such, at least, we understand to be the meaning of those allegorical passages in which, as a punishment for her cruelty and pride, she is committed by the legal decree of Cupid to the custody and conduct of Scorn and Disdain. We meet with her for the first time as

'a fair maiden clad in mourning WEED,
Upon a mangy JADE unmeetly set.
And a leud fool her leading thorough dry and wet.'

Again she is

'riding upon an ass
Led by a carle and fool which by her side did pass.'

These companions treat her with great contempt and cruelty; the Carle abuses her

'With all the evil terms and cruel mean
That he could make ; and eke that angry fool,
Which followed her with cursed hands uncleane
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting-tool
Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment her dool.'

"All this of course, is to be understood allegorically. The *Carle* and *Fool*—the former named Disdain, the latter Scorn—are doubtless (as in the case of Holofernes and Armado) the double representatives of the same person. By the ass on which she rides is signified, we suppose, the ridiculous position to which marriage has reduced her haughty beauty; the taunts and scourges are, metaphorically, the wounds of injured self-respect.

"The Carle himself is extravagantly and most 'Resolutely' painted as a monster in nature,—stern, terrible, fearing no living wight,—his looks dreadful,—his eyes fiery, and rolling from left to right in search of 'foeman worthy of his steel'; he strides with the stateliness of a crane, and, at every step, rises on tiptoe; his dress and aspect resemble those of the Moors of Malabar, and remind us forcibly of the swarthy Menalcas. Indeed, if we compare this serio-comic exaggeration of the Carle with the purely comic picture of Don Armado given by Holofernes, we shall see at a glance that both depict the same object of ridicule.

"That Mirabella is linked in wedlock to this angry Fool is nowhere more clearly depicted than in the passage where Prince Arthur, having come to her rescue, is preparing to put her tormentor to death, until his sword is arrested by the shrieks and entreaties of the unhappy lady that his life may be spared for her sake :—

'Stay, stay, Sir Knight ! for love of God abstain
 From that unwares you weetelesse do intend !
 Stay not that carle, though worthy to be slain ;
 For more on him doth than himself depend :
 My life will by his death have lamentable end.'

This is the language of a virtuous wife, whom neither the absurdities of a vain-glorious husband, nor 'the whips and scorns of the time,' to which his conduct necessarily exposes her, can detach from her duties and affections.

"Assuming, then, that the circumstances of this allegory identify Mirabella with Rosalinde, and Rosalinde with Rose Daniel, and in like manner, the Fool and Carle with Menalcas and John Florio, have we not here a thrice-told tale, agreeing so completely in all essential particulars as to leave no room for doubt of its original application to the early love-adventures in which the poet was disappointed? And these points settled, though intrinsically of trivial value, become of the highest interest, as strong corroboration of the personal import of all the allegorical characters introduced into the works of Spenser. Thus, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, the confidant of the lover is Hobbinoll, or Gabriel Harvey; and in the *Faëry Queen*, the adventurers who come to Mirabella's relief are Prince Arthur, Sir Timias, and Serena, the well-known allegorical impersonations of Spenser's special friends, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Elizabeth Throckmorton, to whom Sir Walter was married. Are not these considerations, added to the several circumstances and coincidences already detailed, conclusive of the personal and domestic nature of the history conveyed in both the poetical vehicles? And do they not amount to a moral demonstration that, in assigning the character and adventures of Mirabella and Rosalinde to the sister of Samuel Daniel, the wife of John Florio, we have given no unfaithful account of the first fickle mistress of Edmund Spenser?"

Two simple yet inexorable matters-of-fact shatter the whole of this "airy fabric" and most ingenious speculation.

1. There was no "Rose Daniel," sister of Samuel Daniel, to be married to John Florio, or any one else. Florio was twice married—*first*, not impossibly, to a "sister" of Samuel Daniel, albeit (*pace* Anthony à-Wood) the inscription of that poet's verse-tribute to Florio in

the "Dictionary" of 1611, "To my deare friend and brother, M. John Florio," might have meant other than brother-in-law; and *second*, certainly, to "Rose Spicer." The second marriage I am enabled to attest by a hitherto unfound and unprinted entry, thus:—

"Register of St. James' Clerkenwell, London.
 "1617, Sep. 9. John Florio,
 esquier, and Rose Spicer
 marr^d. by licence from
 Mr. Weston's Office." *

This, and not a "Rose" Daniel, was the "beloved wife, Rose," of John Florio's Will; and Mr. Halpin too hastily connected Joseph Hunter's note of a "Rose Florio" in *New Illustrations of Shakespeare* (vol. ii., p. 280) with Anthony à-Wood's statement. Samuel Daniel had probably two sisters; but neither was named "Rose"—and a "Rose Daniel" is a mere figment. This cannot need enlargement.

2. John Florio did not sign himself "the Resolute" until a good nineteen years after the publication of the *Shepherds Calender*, and not until two years after the other "Rosalind" reference poems. His notorious signature of "the Resolute" occurs in none of his books until 1598. The *Shepherds Calender* appeared in 1579. So vanishes Menalcas as = μένος and ἀλκή—and all the rest of these baseless ingenuities.

These two certainties seem to me two nails driven right through Mr. Halpin's "solution"; and so it must abide as a kind of (literary) scarecrow on a barn-door

* This reached me from a trusted Copyist, who having been employed by me to transcribe Florio's will, and thinking I was interested in him, concluded he might as well send this chance-taken entry. He was in utter ignorance of its importance to me, or of its bearing on our present problem.

to warn off your theorists from imperfect or inaccurate data.

II. By the Rev. F. G. Fleay, M.A.

This "solution" is given in his *Guide to Chaucer and Spenser* (Collins' School and College Classics, 1877), under his "Summary of Spenser's Changes of Residence for Reference in Chronological Investigation," and is as follows:—

"Since this chapter was set up in type, I have, I believe, discovered the real name of Rosalinde. E. K. says of her: 'He (Spenser) calleth Rosalinde the widow's daughter of the glen, that is, of a country hamlet or borough, which, I think, is rather said to colour or conceal the person, than simply spoken; for it is well known, even in spite of Colin and Hobbino, that she is a gentlewoman of no mean house, nor endowed with any vulgar and common gifts both of nature and manners.' Drayton, in his ninth eclogue, says:

'Here might you many a shepherdess have seen,
Of which no place as Cotswold such doth yield.
Some of it native, some for love, I ween,
Thither were come from many a fertile field.
There was *the widow's daughter of the glen*,
Dear Rosalynde, that scarcely brookt compare.
The moorland maiden, so admired of men;
Bright goldy looks, and Phillida the fair.'

As the *natives* are first mentioned, Rosalynde is probably one of them. In this case the glen must be the Vale of Evesham, and in that vale we must look for her family. But Camden mentions only one family in this vale, that of the Dinleies of Charleton. But E. K. again tells us that the name Rosalinde 'being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his (Spenser's) love and mistress.' Now Rosalinde anagrammatised is Rosa Dinle, or, if spelt Rosalynde, and the y taken as two i's, Rosa Dinlei, the very name of this family. There can be little doubt that we have here the solution of a riddle that has puzzled all the commentators on and investigators of Elizabethan literature." (p. 81.)

This is intrepidly but hastily and uncritically put. The already-seen FACT that "Rosalinde" belonged to

"the North," alone disproves this attempted localisation of her in the "Vale of Evesham." With that for guide and sanction, it logically follows that "Rosalinde" was not of the "some native," but a mere visitor "for love." Then congruous with this, is her designation of "the *Moreland* mayden"; which, exactly true of "the North" under Pendle (in the Spenser county and country), is absolutely impossible of "the Vale of Evesham," while "glen" for "vale"—and such a vale!—is preposterous. Drayton evidently knew "Rosalinde," and took the opportunity of complimenting her by a (tacit) reference to her poet's immortal praise of her as "the widow's daughter of the glen."

Mr. Fleay's quotation from Drayton is inaccurately and incompletely given. I would now add it here *literatim* and in full—the latter in order to present the entire bevy of fair ladies present at this gathering (imaginative rather than actual) among the Cotswold Hills:—

" . . . the nymphs came foorth vpon the plain.
Here might you many a shepherdesse haue seene,
Of which no place as *Cotswold* such doth yeeld,
Some of it natue, some for loue I ween,
Thether were come from many a fertill field.
There was the widows daughter of the *Glen*,
Deare *Rosalynd* that scarcely brook'd compare,
The *Moreland* mayden, so admyr'd of men,
Bright *Gouldy-locks*, and *Phillida* the fayre.
Leftice and *Parnell* pretty louely peats,
Cusse of the Fould, the Virgine of the well,
Fayre *Ambrie* with the alabaster Teats,
And more whose names were heare to long to tell." *

* *Poemes Lyrick and Pastorall*. Odes, Eclogs, "The Man in the Moone," 1631 (ninth eclogue, G. 3). It is difficult to say whether "Bright Gouldy-locks" (*not* "goldy looks," as in Mr. Fleay) is a further description of Rosalinde or another fair lady. Spenser celebrates her "golden locks" repeatedly.

CAMDEN mentions no Dinleis of Charleton or anywhere else contemporary with Spenser in 1579, and no "Rose" Dinlei appears in any of the Charleton Dinleis' pedigrees. But all unconsciously Mr. Fleay hit on that "well-ordering" of the name "Rosalinde," which holds in it the secret according to my long-before worked out conclusion—as will appear immediately.

Having thus submitted the only attempts at reading the "well-ordered" name of "ROSALINDE" in any way plausible, it will now reasonably be asked what my own answer to my own question, "Who were Rosalinde and Menalcas?" is.

I have, accordingly, in conclusion, to give my answer. I must first of all recur to the incontrovertible Fact that Spenser and "Rosalinde" were in and of "the North." I re-accentuate, also, that the most convincing of sundry intrinsic evidences that the *Shepheards Calender* was written and its scenes laid in the wild and waste mountain and moorland and woodland region of the Pendle Forest is—that this region was then and long subsequently the reputed rendezvous of WITC ES, and inhabited by a people strongly possessed with superstitious belief in birds of ill omen, elves and diabolic assumptions by "old women" of animal forms. With this FACT in hand, let the reader ponder this re-quotation from "June" in the *Shepheards Calendar*, wherein Hobbinol (= Harvey) begs his friend Colin (= Spenser) to "forsake the soyle that so did him bewitch," and to betake him to the rich and pleasant southern dales [of Kent], in which none of the weird phantoms that haunted his present place of sojourn were ever seen, as thus :—

"Here no night Rauenes lodge more black then pitch,
No eluish ghosts, nor gastly Owles do flee" (ii., p. 152).

As already emphasized, no place in "the North" of England where possibly Spenser could have resided at this time, answers so strictly to such allusions as the gloomy, desolate, and (still) legend-haunted district of Pendle Forest and "Moreland."

Advancing now from this to another Fact established in his life, viz., that the relatives in "the North" of England, with whom Spenser spent in retirement the interval from his departure from Cambridge to his removal to London or its neighbourhood in 1579, were one or other of the several families of the name of Spenser then living in and near Burnley, at the Spenser "tenement" of Filey Close, in the Forest of Pendle, and at Clitheroe—Laurence Spenser, whose wife was a Nowell, in 1570 is described as of Castle Parish, *i.e.* Clitheroe—during which period he composed the *Shepheards Calender*, the "Rosalinde" with whom he fell in love whilst so staying in "the North" must have been some "fair young damsel" of the district, and equally so "Menalcas," his successful rival, must have been a neighbour of "Rosalinde." The entire *data* of the *Shepheards Calender* and related "Glosses" place these within fact, not hypothesis.

Were there any families thus resident whose names "Rosalinde" and "Menalcas," being "well-ordered," would reveal? I have been in search of such for a considerable number of years; but unhappily a number of the most likely parish registers of the period have perished. Still, I have come upon two families of the district and period, whose surnames suggest the very

disguise required for the Lady and the Poet's supplanter.

The first was the chief family of the district, viz, the Dineleys, or Dyneleys, who possessed, until 1545, the manor-estate of Downham, at the foot of Pendle, in the north-west, about three miles from Clitheroe; and various members of it were still resident there and thereabouts in 1578. There were also other Dineleys at Read—seat of the Nowells, Spenser's friends—and elsewhere around Clitheroe. The natives, then, as to-day, pronounced the name Dinela. So that if the Lady's name was "Rose Dineley," it would be expressed, according to this local sounding, by literal tranposition, "Rosalinde." The Downham parish Registers of the period are gone; and hence I have been unable to trace any of the Dineleys; but I indulge the Pleasures of Hope of some day coming upon a "Rose Dineley." It is a curious and independent confirmation of the "well ordering" of the name "Rosalinde" into "Dineley" that Mr. Fleay, though certainly wrong in his localization, fixed on "Dinelei."

Assuming—as we seem entitled to do—that "Menalcas" was also anagrammatized; for if it be said, "Menalcas" was an already accepted shepherd name, equally I answer was "Rosalind" an accepted name, as in Romeo's "first love" (Lodge, etc., etc.)—there was then a local yeoman family of two or three branches, respectively of Pendleton, Standen, Clitheroe, etc., named Aspynall, or Aspinall. These Aspinalls were thus all neighbours of the Dineleys named and of the Spensers of Filey Close and Clitheroe.

A peculiarity of this name of "Aspinall" (like

Dineley) is that it was pronounced "As'mall" and "Asmenall" or "Asmenal" by the people. Thus "Menalcas" is not only "Asmenal" transposed, but in the "c" inserted to make it a pronounceable word, provision is ingeniously made for a C[hristopher] or C[harles], Asmenal (*i.e.* Aspinal).^{*} These Aspinalls were of much the same social grade as the "Dineleys," and an "Aspinall" might be considered by her friends a better match for a daughter of one of the Dineleys than a young kinsman of the Spensers come down from "the South" on a visit, who had no land or other visible means.

I would add, finally, that whilst I give Mr. Fleay frank thanks for his clever quotation of Drayton—congratulating him on his happy 'find' of it—I yet must accentuate that my researches (along with Mr. Abram) for Lancashire Dineleys preceded by seven years his suggestion of the (impossible) Evesham Dinleis.

I offer these (tentative) suggestions to my fellow-Spenserians. I add only, that "the neighbour town" which Spenser had "longed to see," and where on going he got his first glimpse of "Rosalinde," was doubtless the castled town of Clitheroe.

^{*} In my new *Life of Spenser* (Vol. I.), among other fruits of local researches, will be found at least one actual parish church register entry of Aspinalls in the spelling "Asmenall."

NOTICES OF EDWARD KIRKE, AUTHOR OF "THE GLOSSE," ETC., IN "THE SHEP- HEARDS CALENDER."

BY THE EDITOR.

IN Spenser's well-known letter from Leycester House, dated 16th October, 1579, to Gabriel Harvey, we thus read :—

"Maister E. K. hartily desireth to be commended unto your Worshippe; of whome what accompte he maketh, your selfe shall hereafter perceiue, by hys paynfull and dutifull Verses of your selfe.

"Thus much was written at Westminster yesternight; but comming this morning, beeing the sixteenth of October, to *Mystresse Kerkes*, to haue it delivered to the Carrier, I receyued your letter sente me the laste weeke."

Then at the close, referring to writings or "newes" to be communicated, this :—

"You may alwayes send them most safely to me by *Mistresse Kerke*, and by none other."

Again, in another of the "Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," there is this noticeable further reference in its "Postscripte" :—

"I take best my *Dreames* shoulde come forth alone, being growen by meanes of the Glosse (running continually in maner of Paraphrase) full as great as my *Calender*. Therein be some things excellently, and many things wittily, discoursed of E. K."

Connecting the full name of "Mystresse Kerke" (*bis*)—a mere variant spelling of "Kirke"—with the E. K. (also *bis*) of these Letters, it has long been accepted

that the E. K. who was (probably) editor and (certainly) *Glosse* writer of *The Shepherds Calender* was an

EDWARD KIRKE,

contemporary with Spenser and Harvey at the University of Cambridge. I have been unable to verify who first thus appropriated the initials; but *certainly* such appropriation commends itself as against the fantastic and impossible theories whereby Spenser himself is made out to have been his own *Glosse* writer, the absurdity culminating in that of *Notes and Queries*, which gravely reads E. K. as = Edmund Kalenderer?

With Charles H. Cooper (in his *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, vol. ii., pp. 244-5) I have to regret that it is not in my power "to furnish" much "additional information respecting one so intimately associated with the history of our early poetry."

That he was a chosen and confidential friend of Spenser appears on every page of "The *Glosse*"; for, while the Poet in some few instances held his own secret, there are many revelations that could only have been made to one who was absolutely trusted. A little incidental proof of the familiar and open way in which the "*Glosse*" was prepared may be here noted. Under "May" on *Tho with them*, E. K. annotates:—

"*Tho with them*, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous king Sardanapalus, which he caused to be written on his tombe in Greeke; which verses be thus translated by *Tullie* :

' Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido
Hausit, at illa manent multa ac præclara relictæ,'

which may thus be turned into English :

' All that I eat did I joy, and all that I greedily gorged ;
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.'"
(vol. ii., pp. 140-1.)

In Spenser's letter to Harvey ("Three proper and wittie familiar Letters," as before), on sending a specimen of his "toying" in a Tetrasticon, he adds:—

"Seeme they comparable to those two which I translated you *ex tempore* in bed the last time we lay together in Westminster?

'That which I ate did I joy, and that which I greedily gorged,
As for those many goodly matters leaft I for others.'

There is a little difference in the first line of the two versions; but practically E. K. utilizes his friend's, and skilfully covers this by the phrase "which may be thus translated," not as usual, "I have translated." For sufficient reason, evidently, Spenser did not care to claim the trifle in "The Glosse."

Of E. K.'s relations to Spenser, and of Spenser's to him, and of the character and characteristics and value of "The Glosse," etc., etc., I speak fully in my new Life of our Poet (Vol. I.). I note here simply, that Spenser showed his full acceptance of E. K.'s "Glosse" on the *Shepheards Calender* by handing him over his "Dreames" to be similarly treated (*ut supra*).

In this place I give only such slight notices as I have been able to bring together, as deeming it well to have these before the reader in direct association with these volumes of the Minor Poems.

Of his parentage or lineage or birthplace nothing has been transmitted. I am not without hope that the various names that occur in his Will—which I print for the first time—may yet enable Spenserians to trace these out; but at present the earliest 'notice' of him is at the University. He matriculated as a sizar of Pembroke Hall (Spenser's college) in November 1571. He subsequently removed to Caius College, and as a

member of the latter house proceeded B.A. 1574-5, and commenced M.A. 1578. It thus appears that Kirke was strictly 'contemporary' with Spenser and Harvey. In 1579 the first edition of *The Shepheards Calendar* was published, without the author's name—as were the after-editions of 1581, 1586, 1591, and 1597. The anonymity of the publication perhaps explains the semi-anonymity of the editor and "Glosse" writer.

It is to the imperishable honour of Edward Kirke that he discerned and affirmed with no uncertain sound, the genius and sure fame of the "new poet." The "new poet" must have been satisfied with "The Glosse" and Epistles; for, as has already been seen, E. K. had similarly prepared a "Glosse" for the lost *Dreames* of Spenser.

When Kirke published *The Shepheards Calender* in 1579, he was in all likelihood resident in London. I think "Mistresse Kerke" must have been his (widowed) mother.

The only other *bit* of new biographic fact (exclusive of the Will) is that Edward Kirke became rector of the parish of Risby in Suffolk. He was 'instituted' on 26th May 1580, on the presentation of Sir Thomas Kytson, as he was, on 21st August 1587, to the adjacent parish of Lackford on the same Patron's presentation—in whose 'Account Book,' *en passant*, under date of April 1583 occurs the following observable entry—"For a Shepheards Calender, is." *

* *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vol. vii. p. 509: "Spending of the Money of Robert Nowell" (p. 189). In the above Nowell MS., as edited by me (1 vol. 4°, 1877) this entry appears: "To one S^r — Kyrke Bacchellare of arte of Gonwell and Gaius college in Cambridge the xiiijth of Maye 1575 x."

The quaint old church remains, with portions at least of the original fabric in it ; and my excellent friend the Rev. J. H. Clark, M.A., of West Dereham, Norfolk, has been inspired to write a sonnet in commemoration of the ancient friendship of Spenser and the rector. The reader, I feel sure, will thank me for preserving it here :—

Risby ! the inevitable hand of Time
 Hath touch'd thee, but we still have cause to praise
 Hands that have left thee link'd to other days,
 Nor deem'd thine hoar antiquity a crime.
 The flock that in the Elizabethan prime
 Here sat, on Spenser's friend were wont to gaze :
 Thro' these fair chancel lights the sun's rich rays
 Shone on the "glosser" of that Lord of Rhyme.
 And sat *he* ever here ? who can resist
 The thought that some time in his busy life
 Leaving the Court awhile, and all its care,
 He came to greet his early eulogist ;
 Glad to shake off the dust of city strife
 For Kirke's choice talk and Suffolk's dainty air.

"We surmise," says Mr. C. H. Cooper (*Ath. Cant.*, as before), "that Mr. Kirke was living at the last-mentioned date" [1597]. He survived for many years after 1597, viz., to 1613, as both his Epitaph and Will show. I have the satisfaction to print these successively.

1. Epitaph on gravestone :—

"HERE LYETH THE BODY OF ^RM EDWARD KIRKE ^{ps}ō
 OF RISBY WHO DEPTED THIS LIFE THE 10 DAYE
 OF NOVEMB' ANO DÑI 1613 ^RY YEARE OF HIS AGE 60."

2. Will :—

"In the name of God Amen The vijth day of November in the
 yeare of our Lord god one thousand sixe hundred and thirteene I
 Edward Kyrke of Rysby in the eountie of Suff Clic beinge of
 pfect memorie praised be god therfore doe make this my laste
 will and Testamen[t] in manner and forme followinge ffirst I

commend my soule into the handes of Almighty god trusteing to be saued by the meritts of Christe Jesus my sauio^r and Redeemer And my bodie I will shall be decently comitted to the earthe from whence it came Item I will that thirtie poundes of lawfull money shall be bestowed vppon howse or landes by mine executrix which shall be assured to certaine of the beste Inhabitauntes of the parrishe of Risby as ffeoffes in truste, And the yearlie reuenewes of the same howse or landes to be yearlie bestowed vppon the poore people of Risby for ever. Item I will that thirtie poundes of lawfull money shall be bestowed vppon house or landes by my Executrix which shalbe assured to certaine of the beste Inhabitauntes of the parrishe of Lackford for ever. Item I giue and bequeath to Hellen my wife all my howses landes Tenements and hereditaments whatsoeuer with all and singular their appurtūces aswell free as Coppy scituate lyeinge and beinge in Rysby or in any other towne thereto nere adioyneinge. To haue and to houlde to her and to her Assignes for and dureinge the tearme of her naturall life, shee kepeinge the howses in necessarie reparācons And after her decease I giue all the same howse landes Tenements and hereditaments with their appurtūces to my nephew Thomas Cheston sonne to my sister Johane Axhame and to hys heires foreu. Item I giue and bequeathe to George Axhamme my brother in lawe and to Johane Axhame my sister his wife twoe hundred poundes of lawfull money. Item I giue Juliane Cheston my neece fiftie poundes of lawfull money. Item I giue to George Axham the younger my nephewe, Sara Axham and Mary Axham my neeces to euery of them fiftie poundes a peece. Item I giue to my sister ffrauncis Spicer late of Sherbourne in the Countie of Dorcett wid. one hundred poundes of lawfull money. Item I giue to Sara one of the daughters of the said ffrauncis fiftie poundes of lawfull money. Item I giue to the other daughter of the said ffrauncis which was married to one Studdbury fiftie poundes of like money. Item I giue and bequeath to Richard Buckle my sonne in lawe my howse or Tene-ment in Bury Saincte Edmond comunly knowne or called by the name of the Kings heade neere the Risby gate with thappurtūces To haue and to houlde to the saide Richard his heires and Assignes for euer after the deathe of John Hamner and his wife. I giue to George Whiter my sonne in lawe fortie poundes of lawfull money And to Margaret his wife other fortie poundes of like money. Item I giue to George Whiter Margaret Whiter and Hellen Whiter children of the saide George and Margarett to euery of them fortie poundes a peece of lawfull money. Item I giue to John Godfry of Horningherth and Johane his wife five poundes of lawfull money. Item I giue to Nicholas Trott and Margaret his wife five poundes of like money. Item I giue to

Clement Kirke and his wife five poundes of lawfull money. Item I giue to John Kirke my godsonne fiftie shillings Item I giue to Hellen Kirke my wives goddaughter fiftie shillings Item I giue to Hellen Lyng my servant five poundes of lawfull money And to euery other of my servauntes which shall dwell with me at the tyme of my deathe five shillings And to Roger ffroste tenne shillings. Item I giue to William Kirke my kinsman five poundes of lawfull money, And to William Kirke his sonne five poundes of like money. All the residue of my goodes and chattles of what sorte soe ever I giue and bequeath to Hellen my wife whom I make Executrix of this my laste will and testament therewith to pay my debtes and legacies. In witnes whereof I haue hearevnto sett my hande and seale the daie and yeare aboue written. Edward Kirke, witnesse John ffalke. Memorandu that in theis twoe sheetes of paper subscribed by my hande the last whereof is sealed with my seale is conteyned the last will and testament of me the within named Edward Kirke. Edward Kirke. Sealed vpp and testified by the saide Edward to be his last will in the p'sence of vs James Greene Willm Halle, Jo : ffalke.

“*Probatum fuit Testamentum Suprascriptum apud London coram venerabili viro Dño Johanne Benet milit legu doctore Curie p'ogatiue Cantuar mfo Custode siue Comissario ltrife constitut secundo die mens Decembris Anno Domini millimo sex centesimo decimo tertio Juramento Ellene Kirke retce dicti defuncti et Executricis in huiusmodi Testamento nominet cui comissa fuit Administraco omniũ et singulorum bonorum iurium et creditorem eiusdem defuncti De bene et fidei Administrand eadem Ad sancta dei Evangelia vigore Comissionis Jurat.*

Exd.

Prerog. Court of Canterbury
Somerset House.

(121 Capell.)

II.

COMPLAINTS.

1590-91.

NOTE.

The following is the original and only entry of 'Complaints' in the Stationers' Registers :—

29 Decembris [1590]

William Pon- / Entred for his Copie / vnder the handes of Doctor STALLER
fonbye. and bothe the wardens, A booke entytuled *Complaintes conteyninge sondrye smalle Poemes of the worldes vanity.* . . vj^d
(Arber's Transcript ii. 570).

It is noticeable that 'Mviopotmos' which forms part of the 'Complaints,' bears on its (separate) title-page, the date of 1590, in accord with the above entry, while the general title-page, and all the other separate title-pages in the volume, have 1591. Of the wood-cut title-page of 'Complaints' a facsimile is furnished in our post quarto and small quarto impressions. The same borders are used in the separate title-pages. A large rough-edged uncut exemplar (believed to be unique) of 'Complaints' is in the 'Huth Library'; and for the leisurely use of which I owe and offer right hearty thanks to ALFRED H. HUTH, ESQ., London. The collation is as follows :

General title-page, with 'A note of the fundrie Poemes contained in this Volume' on *verso* : *The Printer to the Gentle Reader*, A2 (1 leaf), Epistle-dedicatory 3 pages (2 leaves) : *The Ruines of Time* 12 leaves (B—D3) : *The Teares of the Muses*—separate title-page (*verso* blank)—Epistle-dedicatory 1 page—the Poem *verso* of leaf and 10 leaves (E3—G3) : *Virgils Gnat* 12 leaves (H—K3) : *Protopoia or Mother Hubberds Tale*—separate title-page (*verso* blank)—Epistle-dedicatory 1 leaf (L2)—the Poem 22 leaves (L3—Q3) : *Ruines of Rome : by Bellay*, 8 leaves (R—S3) : *Mviopotmos*—separate title-page (*verso* blank)—Epistle-dedicatory 1 leaf (T2)—the Poem 8 leaves, last page blank (T3—X2) : *Visions of the Worlds Vanitie* 7 leaves (X3—Z) : *The Visions of Petrarch* 2 leaves (Z2—Z3).

Of succeeding editions, see our Life in Vol. I.

Our text is that of 1590-91, which is reproduced in integrity throughout, and in the precise order of the original—so departing from the faulty example of most of Spenser's Editors, who have arbitrarily separated and redistributed them, as well as mutilated,

Occasionally, the after-readings of the folio of 1611 are placed below, albeit its text must always be very critically regarded when it alters the Author's own of 1590-91. In no case is even an obvious correction or revised punctuation adopted in the text without being recorded in the place.

In the largest paper (post 4to) alone, is given a (steel) portrait of ALICE, COUNTESS OF DERBY, to whom as 'The Ladie Strange,' the 'Teares of the Muses' was dedicated. The original miniature—*never before engraved*—was kindly placed at my disposal by the present EARL OF DERBY. On this illustrious Lady and the other 'faire ladyes' commemorated in the 'Complaints' and elsewhere, full information will be found in (a) the Life in Vol. I. as before, (b) the Index of Names along with the Glossary in Vol. VIII. *Ad interim*, because of her portrait appearing in this volume (*ut supra*), I may refer the Reader to a charming Notice of the 'Countess' in my friend PROFESSOR MASSON's 'Note'—in itself a delightful Essay—on the 'Arcades' (The Poetical Works of JOHN MILTON: Vol. II. pp. 210-226: 3 vols. 8vo, 1874). I gladly quote one suggestive *bit* here:—"Of course . . . he [Milton] cannot have forgotten that it was in honour of the venerable Countess-Dowager of Derby, Spenser's *Amaryllis*, in her youth, that he had written the poem [of Arcades]. And in this fact alone there is romance enough for us now. It brings Spenser and Milton picturesquely together within one length of Time's out-stretched hand. 'Vouchsafe, noble Lady,' Spenser had said to Lady Strange in 1591 [1590], when dedicating to her his *Tears of the Muses*, 'to accept this simple remembrance, though not worthy of yourself, yet such as perhaps, by your acceptance thereof, you may hereafter call out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deserts.' May we not fondly construe these words into a prophecy in 1591 [1590] of Milton's *Arcades* in the same lady's honour in 1631?" (p. 225). I only add further at present, that to have been celebrated and revered of SPENSER and MILTON; to have *for the first time* planned and achieved the performance of 'Othello' for entertainment of Elizabeth at Harefield (July 31—August 3, 1602); to have taken a part in BEN JONSON's *Masque of Queens*, when performed at James's Court by the Queen and her ladies—and these are but a few gleanings of her honours—more than warrants WARTON's fine phrase and praise—"The peerage-book of the Countess is the poetry of her times." It is no common satisfaction to us to be the first at this late day, to engrave the portrait of so memorable and noticeable a Lady.

As with the 'Shepheards Calender,' all *Notes and Illustrations* of the 'Complaints' must be sought for in the Glossary in Vol. VIII. under the successive words or things.

A. B. G.

Complaints.

*Containing sundrie
small Poemes of the
Worlds Vanitie.*

*VVhereof the next Page
maketh mention.*

By ED. SP.



LONDON.

Imprinted for *VVilliam
Ponsonbie*, dwelling in Paules
Churchyard at the signe of
the Bishops head.

1591.



A note of the fundrie Poemes contained
in this Volume.

- 1 *The Ruines of Time.*
- 2 *The Teares of the Muses.*
- 3 *Virgils Gnat.*
- 4 *Profopopoia, or Mother Hubberds Tale.*
- 5 *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*
- 6 *Musiopotmos, or The Tale of the Butterflie.*
- 7 *Visions of the Worlds vanitie.*
- 8 *Bellayes visions.*
- 9 *Petrarches visions.*

10

l. 8, while it is 'Tale' here and in all the edns., it is 'Fate' in the separate title-page, etc.



The Printer to the

Gentle Reader.



SINCE my late setting forth of the *Faerie Queene*, finding that it hath found a fauourable passage amongst you ; I haue fithence endeouored by all good meanes (for the better encrease and accomplishment of your delights,) to get into my handes such smale Poemes of the same Authors ; 10
as I heard were disperst abroad in fundrie hands, and not easie to bee come by, by himselfe ; some of them hauing bene diuerslie imbeziled and purloyned from him, since his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered togethaer these fewe parcels present, which I haue caused to bee imprinted alto / geather, for that they al seeme to containe like matter of argument in them : being all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie ; verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderstand that he besides 20 wrote fundrie others, namelie *Ecclesiastes*, & *Canticum canticorum* translated, *A senights slumber*, *The hell of louers*, his *Purgatorie*, being all dedicated to Ladies;

so as it may seeme he ment them all to one volume. Besides some other Pamphlets looselie scattered abroad: as *The dying Pellican*, *The howers of the Lord*, *The sacrifice of a sinner*, *The seven Psalmes*, &c. which when I can either by himsele, or otherwise attaine too, I meane likewise for your fauour sake to set foorth. In the meane time praying you gentlie to accept of³⁰ these, & graciouſlie to entertaine the new Poet, *I take leaue.* /

l. 31—misprinted 'Poet. I take leaue'—corrected by comma after Poet.'





THE RUINE OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautiful
Ladie,

THE LA. MARIE

COUNTESSE OF PEMBROOKE.

*M*OST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there bee long
sithens deepe sowed in my brest, the seede of most
entire loue & humble affection vnto that most braue
Knight your noble brother deceased; which taking roote ¹⁰
began in his life time some what to bud forth: and to
shew thēselues to him, as then in the weakenes of their
first spring. And would in their riper strength (had it
pleased high God till then to drawe out his daies) spired
forth fruit of more perfection. But since God hath
disdeigned the world | of that most noble Spirit, which
was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my
young Muses; together with him both their hope of anie
further fruit was cut off: and also the tender delight of
those their first blossoms nipped and quite dead. Yet sithens ²⁰
my late cumming into England, some frends of mine

(which might much preuaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with howe straight bandes of duetie I was tied to him : as also bound vnto that noble house, (of which the chiefe hope then rested in him) haue sought to reuiue them by vpbraiding me : for that I haue not shewed anie thankfull remembrance towards him or any of thē ; but suffer their names to sleep in silence and forgetfulnesse. Whome chieflie to satisfie, or els to auoide that fowle blot of vnthankfullnesse, I haue conceived this 30
small Poeme, intituled by a generall name of the worlds Ruines: yet speciallie intended to the renouwing of that noble race, from which both you and he sprong, and to the eternizing of some of the chiefe of them late deceased. The which | I dedicate vnto your La. as whome it most speciallie concerneth: and to whome I acknowledge my selfe bounden, by manie singular fauours & great graces. I pray for your Honourable happinesse : & so humblie kisse your handes.

Your Ladiships euer
 humblie at commaund.

40

E.S. /

1. 39, 'handes' is misprinted 'haudes.'





THE RUINES OF TIME.



I chaunced me on day beside the
shore
Of filuer streaming *Thamesis* to bee,
Nigh where the goodly *Verlame*
stood of yore,
Of which there now remains no
memorie,
Nor anie little moniment to see, 5
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was she, may warned be to fay.

There on the other fide, I did behold
A Woman fitting forrowfullie wailing,
Rending her yeolow locks, like wyrie golde, 10
About her shoulders careleslie downe trailing,
And streames of teares frō her faire eyes forth railing.
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heauen shee seemd on high to weld.

Whether she were one of that Riuers Nymphes,
Which did the losse of some dere loue lament,
I doubt ; or one of those three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent ;
Or th' auncient *Genius* of that Citie brent :
But seeing her so piteoufflie perplexed, 20
I (to her calling) askt what her so vexed.

Ah what delight (quoth she) in earthlie thing,
 Or comfort can I, wretched creature haue ?
 Whose happines the heauens envying,
 From higheft staire to loweft step me draue,
 And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
 That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
 The worlds sad spectacle, and fortunes scorne.

Much / was I mooued at her piteous plaint,
 And felt my heart nigh riuen in my brest
 With tender ruth to see her fore constraint,
 That shedding teares a while I still did rest,
 And after did her name of her request.
 Name haue I none (quoth she) nor anie being;
 Bereft of both by Fates vniust decreeing.

30

I was that Citie, which the garland wore
 Of *Britaines* pride, deliuered vnto me
 By *Romane* Victors, which it wonne of yore ;
 Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
 And lye in mine owne ashes, as ye see :
Verlame I was ; what bootes it that I was,
 Sith now I am but weedes and waftfull gras ?

40

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnstedfast state
 Of all that liues, on face of sinfull earth,
 Which from their first vntill their utmost date
 Taft no one hower of happines or merth,
 But like as at the ingate of their berth,
 They crying creep out of their mothers wombe,
 So wailing backe go to their wofull toomb.

Why then dooth flesh, a bubble glas of breath, 50
 Hunt after honour and aduancement vaine,
 And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
 With so great labour and long lasting paine,
 As if his daies for euer should remaine ?
 Sith all that in this world is great or gaie,
 Doth as a vapour vanish, and decaie.

Looke backe, who list, vnto the former ages,
 And call to count, what is of them become :
 Where / be those learned wits and antique Sages,
 Which of all wisedome knew the perfect somme : 60
 Where those great warriors, which did ouercomme
 The world with conquest of their might and maine,
 And made one meare of th' earth & of their raine ?

What nowe is of th' *Affyrian* Lyonesse,
 Of whom no footing now on earth appeares ?
 What of the *Persian* Beares outragioufnesse,
 Whose memorie is quite worne out with yeares ?
 Who of the *Grecian* Libbard now ought heares,
 That ouerran the East with greedie powre,
 And left his whelps their kingdomes to deuoure ? 70

And where is that same great feuen headded beaft,
 That made all nations vassals of her pride,
 To fall before her feete at her beheast,
 And in the necke of all the world did ride ?
 Where doth she all that wondrous welth nowe hide ?
 With her owne weight downe pressed now shee lies,
 And by her heaps her hugeness testifies.

O *Rome* thy ruine I lament and rue,
 And in thy fall my fatall ouerthrowe,
 That whilom was, whilst heauens with equall vewe 80
 Deignd to behold me, and their gifts bestowe,
 The picture of thy pride in pompous shew :
 And of the whole world as thou wast the Empreffe,
 So I of this small Northerne world was Princeffe.

To tell the beawtie of my buildings fayre,
 Adorned with purest golde and precious stone ;
 To tell my riches, and endowments rare
 That by my foes are now all spent and gone :
 To / tell my forces matchable to none,
 Were but lost labour, that few would beleuee, 90
 And with rehearfing would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
 Strong walls, rich porches, princelie pallaces,
 Large streetes, braue houses, sacred sepulchers,
 Sure gates, sweete gardens, stately galleries,
 Wrought with faire pillours and fine imageries,
 All those (ô pitie) now are turnd to dust,
 And ouergrowen with black obliuions rust.

Theretoo for warlike power, and peoples store,
 In *Britannie* was none to match with mee, 100
 That manie often did abie full fore :
 Ne *Troynouant*, though elder sifter shee,
 With my great forces might compared bee ;
 That stout *Pendragon* to his perill felt,
 Who in a siege seaven yeres about me dwelt.

1. 84, period (,) for comma (,).

But long ere this *Bunduca* Brittonesse
 Her mightie hoast against my bulwarkes brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conqueresse,
 That lifting vp her braue heroick thought
 Boue womens weaknes, with the *Romanes* fought, 110
 Fought, and in field against them thrice preuailed :
 Yet was she foyld, when as she me assailed.

And though at last by force I conquered were
 Of hardie *Saxons*, and became their thrall ;
 Yet was I with much bloodshed bought full deere,
 And prizde with slaughter of their Generall :
 The moniment of whose sad funerall,
 For / wonder of the world, long in me lasted ;
 But now to nought through spoyle of time is wasted.

Wasted it is, as if it neuer were, 120
 And all the rest that me so honord made,
 And of the world admired eu'rie where,
 Is turnd to smoake, that doth to nothing fade ;
 And of that brightnes now appeares no shade,
 But greislie shades, such as doo haunt in hell
 With fearfull fiends, that in deep darknes dwell.

Where my high steeples whilom vsde to stand,
 On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
 There now is but an heap of lyme and sand,
 For the Shriche-owle to build her balefull bowre : 130
 And where the Nightingale wont forth to powre
 Her restles plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
 There now haüt yelling Mewes & whining Plouers,

And where the cristall *Thamis* wont to slide
 In filuer channell, downe along the Lee,
 About whose flowrie bankes on either side
 A thousand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee,
 Were wont to play, from all annoyance free ;
 There now no riuers course is to be seene,
 But moorish fennes, and marshes euer greene. 140

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great grieve
 Of my mishaps, which oft I to him plained ;
 Or for to shunne the horrible mischiefe,
 With which he saw my cruell foes me pained,
 And his pure streames with guiltles blood oft stained,
 From my vnhappy neighborhood farre fled,
 And his sweete waters away with him led.

There / also where the winged ships were seene
 In liquid waues to cut their fomie waie,
 And thousand Fishers numbred to haue been, 150
 In that wide lake looking for plenteous praie
 Of fish, which they with baits vfde to betraie,
 Is now no lake, nor anie fishers store,
 Nor euer ship shall faile there anie more.

They all are gone, and all with them is gone,
 Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
 My long decay, which no man els doth mone,
 And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
 Yet it is comfort in great languishment,
 To be bemoned with compassion kinde, 160
 And mitigates the anguish of the minde.

L. 154, period (.) for comma (,).

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
 Ne sheddeth teares from lamentable eie :
 Nor anie liues that mentioneth my name
 To be remembred of posteritie,
 Saue One that maugre fortunes iniurie,
 And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
 Hath writ my record in true-seeming fort.

Camden the nourice of antiquitie,
 And lanterne vnto late succeeding age, 170
 To see the light of simple veritie,
 Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
 Of her owne people, led with warlike rage ;
Camden, though Time all moniments obscure,
 Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But whie (vnhappie wight) doo I thus crie,
 And grieue that my remembrance quite is raced
 Out / of the knowledge of posteritie,
 And all my antique moniments defaced ?
 Sith I doo daillie see things higheft placed, 180
 So soone as fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
 Forgotten quite as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, fince these two eyes beheld
 A mightie Prince, of most renowned race,
 Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace ;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,
 And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

L 175, period (.) substituted for (,).

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one 190
 Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,
 I saw him die, and no man left to mone
 His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare :
 Scarfe anie left to close his eyelids neare ;
 Scarfe anie left vpon his lips to laie
 The sacred fod, or *Requiem* to faie.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
 That builde your blis on hope of earthly thing,
 And vainly thinke your selues halfe happie then,
 When painted faces with smooth flattering 200
 Doo fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
 And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
 Him true in heart and trustie to you trow.

All is but fained, and with oaker dide,
 That euerie shower will wash and wipe away,
 All things doo change that vnder heauen abide
 And after death all friendship doth decaie.
 There- / fore what euer man bearest worldlie sway,
 Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie ;
 For when thou diest, all shall with thee die. 210

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
 Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid :
 His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
 And euill men, now dead, his deedes vpbraid :
 Spite bites the dead, that liuing neuer baid.
 He now is gone, and whiles the Foxe is crept
 Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

l. 214, comma added after 'men,'

He now is dead, and all his glorie gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse vpon the water shone, 220
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was fought :
His name is worne alreadie out of thought,
Ne anie Poet seekes him to reuiue ;
Yet manie Poets honourd him aliuie.

Ne doth his *Colin*, carelesse *Colin Cloute*,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepherd groomes which wõt his songs to praise :
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Vntill he quite him of his guiltie blame : 230
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And who so els did goodnes by him gaine,
And who so els his bounteous minde did trie,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For manie did, which doo it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie :
And / I, the whilest you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increafe.

He dyde, and after him his brother dyde,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere, 240
That whilst he liued, was of none enuyde,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare :
But vnto thee most deare, ô dearest Dame,
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of fame.

He whilest he liued, happie was through thee,
 And being dead is happie now much more ;
 Liuing, that lincked chaunft with thee to bee,
 And dead, becaufe him dead thou dost adore
 As liuing, and thy lost deare loue deplore. 250
 So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
 Dost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse
 Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for ever :
 For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse
 His worthie praise, and vertues dying neuer,
 Though death his foule doo from his bodie seuer.
 And thou thy selfe herein shalt also liue ;
 Such grace the heauens doo to my verses giue.

Ne shall his sifter, ne thy father die, 260
 Thy father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
 And noble Patrone of weak pouertie ;
 Whose great good deeds in countrey and in towne
 Haue purchast him in heauen an happie crowne ;
 Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
 And left his sonne t' ensue those steps of his.

He / noble bud, his Grandfires liuelie hayre,
 Vnder the shadow of thy countenance
 Now ginnes to shoote up fast, and flourish fayre,
 In learned artes and goodlie gouernaunce, 270
 That him to higheft honour shall aduaunce.
 Braue Impe of *Bedford*, grow apace in bountie,
 And count of wisedome more than of thy Countie.

l. 259, period (.) for comma (,). l. 267, catchword by misprint is 'The.'

Ne may I let thy husbands sifter die,
 That goodly Ladie, fith she eke did spring
 Out of his stocke, and famous familie,
 Whose praises I to future age doo sing,
 And foorth out of her happie womb did bring
 The sacred brood of learning and all honour ;
 In whom the heauens powrde all their gifts vpon her.

Most gentle spirite breathed from aboue, 281
 Out of the bosome of the makers blis,
 In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
 Appeared in their natieue propertis,
 And did enrich that noble breast of his,
 With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
 Worthie of heauen it selfe, which brought it forth.

His blessed spirite full of power diuine
 And influence of all celestiaall grace,
 Loathing this finfull earth and earthlie slime, 290
 Fled backe too soone vnto his natieue place.
 Too soone for all that did his loue embrace,
 Too soone for all this wretched world, whom he
 Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happie soule to heauen went
 Out of this fleshlie goale, he did deuise
 Vnto / his heauenlie maker to present
 His bodie, as a spotles sacrifice ;
 And chose, that guiltie hands of enemies
 Should powre forth th' offering of his guiltles blood : 300
 So life exchanging for his countries good.

1. 291, period (.) for comma (,).

O noble spirite, liue there euer blessed,
 The worlds late wonder, and the heauens new ioy,
 Liue euer there, and leaue me here distressed
 With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
 But where thou dost that happines enioy,
 Bid me, ô bid me quicklie come to thee,
 That happie there I maie thee alwaies see.

Yet whilest the fates affoord me vitall breath,
 I will it spend in speaking of thy praise, 310
 And sing to thee, vntill that timelie death
 By heauens doome doo ende my earthlie daies :
 Thereto doo thou my humble spirite raise,
 And into me that sacred breath inspire,
 Which thou there breathest perfect and entire.

Then will I sing, but who can better sing,
 Than thine owne sifter, peerles Ladie bright,
 Which to thee sings with deep harts forrowing,
 Sorrowing tempered with deare delight.
 That her to heare I feele my feeble spright 320
 Robbed of sense, and rauished with ioy :
 O fad ioy made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I sing, but who can better sing,
 Than thou thy selfe, thine owne selves valiance,
 That whilest thou liuedst, madest the Forrests ring,
 And / fields resownd, and flockes to leap and daunce,
 And shepheards leaue their lambs vnto mischaunce,
 To runne thy shrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare :
 O happie were those dayes, thrice happie were.

l. 319, period (.) for comma (,), and l. 321, colon (:) for comma (,).

But now more happie thou, and wretched wee, 330
 Which want the wonted sweetnes of thy voice,
 Whiles thou now in *Elisian* fields so free,
 With *Orpheus*, and with *Linus*, and the choice
 Of all that euer did in rimes reioyce,
 Conuerfest, and dooft heare their heauenlie layes,
 And they heare thine, and thine doo better praife.

So there thou liuest, finging euermore,
 And here thou liuest, being euer song
 Of vs, which liuing loued thee afore,
 And now thee worship, mongst that blessed throng 340
 Of heauenlie Poets and Heroes strong.
 So thou both here and there immortall art,
 And euerie where through excellent defart.

But such as neither of themfelues can fing,
 Nor yet are fung of others for reward,
 Die in obscure obliuion, as the thing
 Which neuer was, ne euer with regard
 Their names shall of the later age be heard,
 But shall in rustie darknes euer lie,
 Unles they mentiond be with infamie. 350

What booteth it to haue beene rich aliue ?
 What to be great ? what to be gracious ?
 When after death no token doth furuiue
 Of former being in this mortall hous,
 But sleepes in dust dead and inglorious,
 Like / beast, whose breath but in his nostrrels is,
 And hath no hope of happinesse or blis.

How manie great ones may remembred be,
 Which in their daies most famouſlie did florish ;
 Of whome no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee, 360
 But as things wipt out with a ſponge to periſhe,
 Becauſe they liuing cared not to cheriſhe
 No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
 Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye liue,
 That of the *Muſes* ye may friended bee,
 Which vnto men eternitie do giue ;
 For they be daughters of Dame memorie
 And *Ioue* the father of eternitie,
 And do thoſe men in golden throneſ reſoſe, 370
 Whoſe meritſ they to glorifie do choſe.

The ſeuē fold yron gateſ of griſlie Hell,
 And horrid houſe of ſad *Proſerpina*,
 They able are with power of mightie ſpell
 To breake, and thence the ſouleſ to bring awaie
 Out of dread darkneſſe, to eternall day,
 And them immortal make, which elſ would die
 In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameleſ lie.

So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
 Of golden girt *Alcmena*, for great merite, 380
 Out of the duſt, to which the *Oetæan* wood
 Had him conſum'd, and ſpent hiſ vitall ſpirite :
 To higheſt heauen, where now he doth inherite

l. 360, 'to'—this is uſually printed
 'do,' from 1611 folio onward ; but
 'to' of the 4to gives a good ſenſe.

l. 363, 'couetize' is miſprinted
 'couertize' : corrected in folio of
 1611 onward—accepted.

All happineſſe in *Hebes* filuer bowre,
Chofen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

So / raiſde they eke faire *Ledaes* warlick twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th' one dies, th' other then beginnes
To ſhew in Heauen his brightnes orient ;
And they, for pittie of the ſad wayment 390
Which *Orpheus* for *Eurydice* did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

So happie are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the *Pierian* ſacred ſiſters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate
And power of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue :
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* do feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne, 400
And thoughts of men do as themſelues decay,
But wiſe wordes taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, liue for ay ;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing windes with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor enuie ſhall them euer waſt.

In vaine doo earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aspired ;
Or huge Coloffes, built with coſtly paine ;
Or braſen Pillours, neuer to be fired, 410
Or Shrines, made of the mettall moſt deſired ;

To make their memories for euer liue :
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one *Maufolus* made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine :
Such / one *Marcellus*, but was torne with thunder :
Such one *Lisippus*, but is worne with raine ;
Such one King *Edmond*, but was rent for gaine.
All fuch vaine monuments of earthlie masse,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought doo passe. 420

But fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beate the azure skie,
Admir'd of base-borne men from farre away :
Then who so will with vertuous deeds assay
To mount to heauen, on *Pegasus* must ride,
And with sweete Poets verse be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in *Lethe* lake,
Could saue the sonne of *Thetis* from to die ;
But that blinde bard did him immortal make 430
With verses, dipt in deaw of *Castalie* :
Which made the Easterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate yong-man, whose vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to found.

Therefore in this halfe happie I doo read
Good *Melibæ*, that hath a Poet got,
To sing his liuing praifes being dead,
Deferuing neuer here to be forgot,
In spight of enuie that his deeds would spot :

l. 414, is misprinted 'Manfolus.' 'had,' but the phrasing is frequent
Dr. Jortin hypercritically suggests contemporaneously and later.

Since whose decease, learning lies vnregarded, 440
And men of armes doo wander vnrewarded.

Those two be those two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble spright
Of *Salomon* with great indignities ;
Who whilome was aliue the wisest wight.
But / now his wisdom is disprooued quite ;
For he that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns th' one and th' other in his deeper skill.

O grieve of griefes, ô gall of all good heartes,
To see that vertue should dispised bee 450
Of him, that first was raide for vertuous parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot vp, that nigh him planted bee :
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor aliue, nor dead be of the Muse adorned.

O vile worlds trust, that with such vaine illusion
Hath so wise men bewicht, and ouerkest,
That they see not the way of their confusion,
O vaineffe to be added to the rest,
That do my foule with inward grieve infest : 460
Let them behold the piteous fall of mee :
And in my case their owne ensample see.

l. 447 in the folio of 1611 reads,
'For such as now have most the
world at will.'

l. 451, '*him, that*': in 1611 reads
'such as.'

l. 454, '*O let the man*': in 1611
reads 'O let not those.'

l. 455, in 1611 runs, 'Alive nor
dead be of the Muse adorned.' On
these and other emendations or
corrections of 1611 onward, see the
Life and Essays, as before.

And who so els that fits in higheft seate
 Of this worlds glorie, worshipped of all,
 Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threate,
 Let him behold the horror of my fall,
 And his owne end vnto remembrance call ;
 That of like ruine he may warned bee,
 And in himfelfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her piteous plaint, 470
 With dolefull fhrikes fhee vanifhed away,
 That I through inward forrowe wexen faint,
 And all astonifhed with deepe difmay,
 For her departure, had no word to fay :
 But / fate long time in fenceleffe fad affright,
 Looking ftill, if I might of her haue fight.

Which when I miffed, hauing looked long,
 My thought returned greeued home againe,
 Renewing her complaint with paffion ftrong,
 For ruth of that fame womans piteous paine ; 480
 Whofe wordes recording in my troubled braine,
 I felt fuch anguifh wound my feeble heart,
 That frofen horror ran through euerie part.

So inlie greeuing in my groning brest,
 And deepelie mizing at her doubtfull fpeech,
 Whofe meaning much I labored foorth to wrefte,
 Being about my flender reafons reach ;
 At length by demonstration me to teach,
 Before mine eies ftrange fights prefented were,
 Like tragicke Pageants feeming to appeare. 490

I.

I SAW an Image, all of mafsie gold,
 Placed on high vpon an Altare faire,
 That all, which did the fame from farre beholde,
 Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtaire.
 Not that great Idoll might with this compaire,
 To which the *Aſſyrian* tyrant would haue made
 The holie brethren, falſlie to haue praid,

But th' Altare, on the which this Image ſtaid,
 Was (ô great pitie) built of brickle clay,
 That ſhortly the foundation decaid, 500
 With ſhowres of heauen and tempeſts worne away,
 Then downe it fell, and low in aſhes lay,
 Scor/ned of euerie one, which by it went ;
 That I it ſeeing, dearelie did lament.

2.

Next vnto this a ſtatelie Towre appeared,
 Built all of richeſt ſtone, that might bee found,
 And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vpreared,
 But placed on a plot of fandie ground :
 Not that great Towre, which is ſo much renownd
 For tongues confuſion in holie writ, 510
 King *Ninus* worke, might be compar'd to it.

l. 499: 1611 prints 'brittle,' and the correction and emendation is valuable as a key to the principle of nearly the whole of the first folio's departures from the original and

early texts—viz., that coming fully twenty years later the spelling and grammatical forms, etc., of the later date are made to supplant or 'smooth' the earlier—unauthorisedly.

But ô vaine labours of terrestriall wit,
 That buildes so stronglie on so frayle a foyle,
 As with each storme does fall away, and flit,
 And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle
 To be the pray of Tyme, and Fortunes spoyle :
 I saw this Towre fall fodainlie to dust,
 That nigh with grieve thereof my heart was brust.

3.

Then did I see a pleafant Paradize,
 Full of sweete flowres and daintiest delights, 520
 Such as on earth man could not more deuize,
 With pleafures choyce to feed his cheerefull sprights ;
 Not that, which *Merlin* by his Magicke flights
 Made for the gentle squire, to entertaine
 His fayre *Belphebe*, could this gardine staine.

But ô short pleafure bought with lasting paine,
 Why will hereafter anie flesh delight
 In earthlie blis, and ioy in pleafures vaine,
 Since / that I sawe this gardine wasted quite,
 That where it was scarce seemed anie sight? 530
 That I, which once that beautie did beholde,
 Could not from teares my melting eyes with-holde.

4.

Soone after this a Giaunt came in place,
 Of wondrous power, and of exceeding stature,
 That none durst vewe the horror of his face,
 Yet was he milde of speech, and meeke of nature.
 Not he, which in despight of his Creatour

With railing tearmes defied the Iewish hoast,
Might with this mightie one in hugenes boast.

For from the one he could to th' other coast, 540
Stretch his strong thighes, and th' Occæan ouerstride,
And reatch his hand into his enemies hoast.
But see the end of pompe and fleshlie pride ;
One of his feete vnwares from him did slide,
That downe hee fell into the deepe Abisse,
Where drownd with him is all his earthlie blisse,

5.

Then did I see a Bridge, made all of golde,
Ouer the Sea from one to other side,
Withouten prop or pillour it t' vpholde,
But like the coulored Rainbowe arched wide : 550
Not that great Arche, which *Traian* edifide,
To be a wonder to all age ensuing,
Was matchable to this in equall vewing.

But / (ah) what bootes it to see earthlie thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greateft things to ruine bring ?
This goodlie bridge, one foote not fastned well,
Gan faile, and all the rest downe shortlie fell,
Ne of so braue a building ought remained,
That grieve thereof my spirite greatly pained. 560

l. 541, '*Occæan.*' See note on 'with' in the 4to. Former accepted,
l. 499. Here 1611 spells '*Ocean.*' as in 1611.
l. 551, '*which*' is misprinted

6.

I saw two Beares, as white as anie milke,
 Lying together in a mightie caue,
 Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as filke,
 That saluage nature seemed not to haue,
 Nor after greedie spoyle of blood to craue :
 Two fairer beasts might not elfwhere be found,
 Although the compast world were fought around.

But what can long abide aboue this ground
 In state of blis, or stedfast happinesse?
 The Caue, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
 Was but earth, and with her owne weightinesse, 571
 Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppresse,
 That for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
 Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie spright,
 At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
 That all my senses were bereaued quight,
 And I in minde remained fore agast,
 Distraught twixt feare and pitie ; when at last
 I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called, 580
 That with the suddein shrill I was appalled.

Behold / (said it) and by ensample see,
 That all is vanitie and grieve of minde,
 Ne other comfort in this world can be,
 But hope of heauen, and heart to God inclinde ;

l. 571, in 1611 reads 'Was but of earth and with her weightinesse,'—
 needless emendation. l. 574, '*worlds*' misprinted '*words*.'

For all the rest must needs be left behinde :
 With that it bad me, to the other side
 To cast mine eye, where other fights I spide ?

I.

¶ VPON that famous Riwers further shore,
 There stood a snowie Swan of heauenly hiew, 590
 And gentle kinde, as euer Fowle afore ;
 A fairer one in all the goodlie crieu
 Of white *Strimonian* brood might no man view :
 There he most sweetly sung the prophecie
 Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At last, when all his mourning melodie
 He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
 Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
 With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
 And out of sight to highest heauen mounted : 600
 Where now he is become an heauenly signe ;
 There now the ioy is his, here sorrow mine.

2.

Whilest thus I looked, loe adowne the *Lee*,
 I saw an Harpe stroong all with filuer twyne,
 And made of golde and costlie yuorie,
 Swimming, that whilome seemed to haue been
 The harpe, on which *Dan Orpheus* was seene
 Wylde / beafts and forrests after him to lead,
 But was th' Harpe of *Philisides* now dead.

1. 588, the ? was = ! in Spenser and contemporaneously, and later.

At length out of the Riuer it was reard 610
 And borne aboue the cioudes to be diuin'd,
 Whilst all the way most heauenly noyse was heard
 Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
 That wrought both ioy and sorrow in my mind :
 So now in heauen a signe it doth appeare,
 The Harpe well knowne beside the Northern Beare.

3.

Soone after this I saw, on th' other side,
 A curious Coffe made of *Heben* wood,
 That in it did most precious treasure hide,
 Exceeding all this baser worldes good : 620
 Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
 It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
 That sight thereof much grieu'd my pensiue thought.

At length when most in perill it was brought,
 Two Angels downe descending with swift flight,
 Out of the swelling streame it lightly caught,
 And twixt their blessed armes it carried quight
 Aboue the reach of anie liuing sight :
 So now it is transform'd into that starre,
 In which all heauenly treasures locked are. 630

4.

Looking aside I saw a stately Bed,
 Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
 That might for anie Princes couche be red,
 And / deckt with daintie flowres, as if it shold
 Be for some bride, her ioyous night to hold ;

Therein a goodly Virgine sleeping lay ;
A fairer wight saw never summers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away
And her awaking bad her quickly dight,
For lo her Bridegrome was in readie ray 640
To come to her, and feeke her loues delight :
With that she started vp with cherefull fight,
When suddeinly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged steed,
The fame that was bred of *Medusæ's* blood,
On which *Dan Perseus* borne of heauenly seed,
The faire *Andromeda* from perill freed :
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was, 650
That streames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (small ioy to him alas)
With manie garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atcheiuelements from his enemies :
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his losse for to deplore.

l. 647, '*was bred*' is improved into '*bred was*' in 1611 onward. Cf. note on l. 447.

6.

Lastly I saw an Arke of purest golde
 Vpon a brazen pillour standing hie, 660
 Which th' ashes seem'd of some great Prince to hold,
 Enclosde / therein for endles memorie
 Of him, whom all the world did glorifie :
 Seemed the heauens with the earth did disagree,
 Whether should of those ashes keeper bee.

At last me seem'd wing footed *Mercurie*,
 From heauen descending to appease their strife,
 The Arke did beare with him about the skie,
 And to those ashes gaue a second life,
 To liue in heauen, where happines is rife : 670
 At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
 And I for dole was almost like to die.

L'Envoy.

Immortall spirite of *Philifides*,
 Which now art made the heauens ornament,
 That whilome wast the worlds chieft riches ;
 Giue leaue to him that lou'de thee to lament
 His losse, by lacke of thee to heauen hent,
 And with last duties of this broken verse,
 Broken with fighes, to decke thy fable Herse.

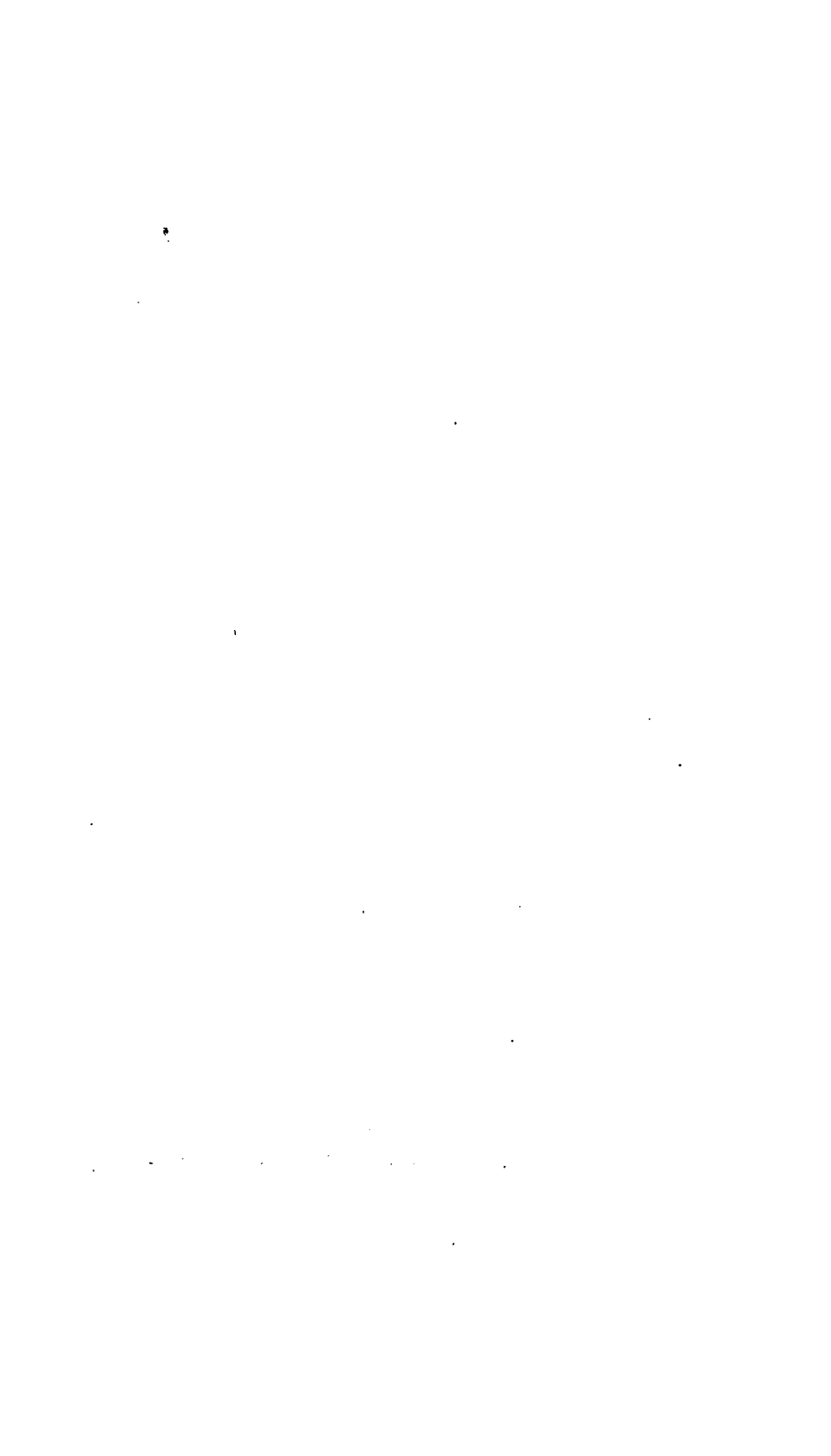
1. 661, '*Prince*' misprinted '*Prinee*.'

1. 664, '*the earth*' in 1611 is '*th' earth*.' Cf. note on l. 447.

1. 673 printed '*L: Envoy*.'

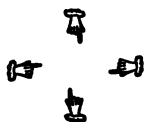
And ye faire Ladie th' honor of your daies, 680
And glorie of the world, your high thoughts 'scorne ;
Vouchsafe this monument of his last praise,
With some few filuer dropping teares t' adorne :
And as ye be of heauenlie off-spring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high minde aspire,
And loath this droffe of finfull worlds desire.

FINIS. /



THE
TEARES OF THE MU-
fes.

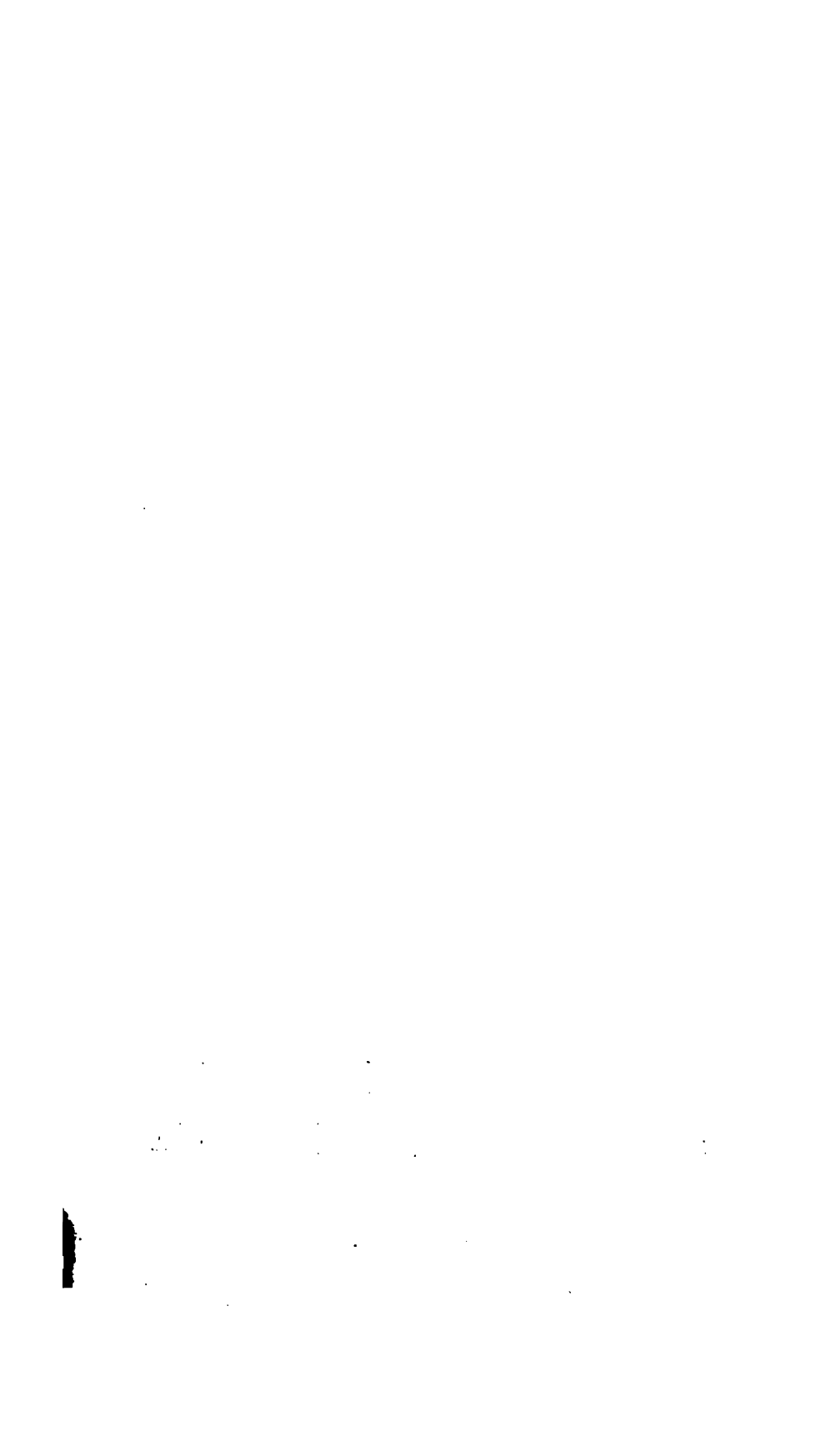
BY E D. S P.



LONDON.

Imprinted for *VVilliam*
Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules
Churchyard at the signe of
the Bishops head.

1591.





TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE

The Ladie Strange.

*M*OST braue and noble Ladie, the things that make
ye so much honored of the world as ye bee, are
such, as (without my simple lines testimonie) are throughlie 5
knownen to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your
vertuous behavior, & your noble match with that most
honourable Lord the verie Paterne of right Nobilitie:
But the causes for which ye haue thus deserued of me
to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your 10
particular bounties, and also some priuate bands of affinitie,
which it hath pleased your Ladiship to acknowledge. Of
which whenas I found my selfe in no part worthie, I
deuised this last slender meanes, both to intimate my
humble affection to your Ladiship and also to make the 15
same vniuersallie knownen to the world; that by honouring
you they might know me, and by knowing me they might
honor you. Vouchsafe noble Lady to accept this simple
remembrance, thogh not worthy of your self, yet such, as
perhaps by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull 20
out a more meet & memorable euidence of your own
excellent deserts. So recommending the same to your
Ladiships good liking, I humbly take leaue.

Your La : humbly euer,

Ed. Sp. / 25



THE
TEARES OF THE MUSES.



HEARSE to me ye sacred Sisters nine:
The golden brood of great *Apolloes* wit,
Those piteous plaints and sorrowful sad
tine,
Which late ye powred forth as ye did fit
Beside the filuer Springs of *Helicone*,
Making your musick of hart-breaking
mone.

For since the time that *Phæbus* foolish sonne
Ythundered through *Ioues* auengefull wrath,
For trauerfing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path, 10
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire *Calliope* did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her *Palici*, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space
Was euer heard such wayling in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heavenly noyses,
 Of their sweete instruments were wont to found, 20
 And th' hollow hills, from which their filuer voyces
 Were wont redoubled Echoes to rebound,
 Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
 And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames, which wont in chanel cleare
 To romble gently downe with murmur soft,
 And were by them right tunefull taught to beare
 A Bases part amongst their comforts oft ;
 Now forst to ouerflowe with brackish teares,
 With troublous noyse did dull their daintie eares. 30

The / ioyous Nymphes and lightfoote Faeries
 Which thether came to heare their musick sweet,
 And to the measure of their melodies
 Did learne to moue their nimble shifting feete ;
 Now hearing them so heauily lament,
 Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that els was wont to worke delight
 Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
 And all that els seemd faire and fresh in fight,
 So made by nature for to serue their will, 40
 Was turned now to dismall heauinesse,
 Was turned now to dreadfull vglynesse.

Ay me, what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
 Might be the cause of so impatient plight ?
 What furie, or what feend with felon deeds
 Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight ?
 Can grieve then enter into heauenly harts,
 And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts ?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
 To me those secret causes to display ; 50
 For none but you, or who of you it learnes -
 Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
 Begin thou eldest Sifter of the crew,
 And let the rest in order thee ensue.

Clio.

HEARE thou great Father of the Gods on hie
 That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts :
 And thou our Syre that reignst in *Castalie*
 And mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts :
 Heare / and behold the miserable state
 Of vs thy daughters, dolefull defolate. 60

Behold the fowle reproach and open shame,
 The which is day by day vnto us wrought
 By such as hate the honour of our name,
 The foes of learning, and each gentle thought ;
 They not contented vs themselues to scorne,
 Doo seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly dust,
 The sonnes of darknes and of ignoraunce ;
 But they, whom thou, great Ioue, by doome vniust
 Didst to the type of honour earst aduance ; 70
 They now puffed vp with sdeignfull insolence,
 Despise the brood of blessed Sapience.

l. 52, Mr. J. Payne Collier mis-
 prints 'Gan,' and notes that Todd
 "abandoning the oldest authority,

printed 'Can' rightfully aread'";
 but it is 'Can' in the original edi-
 tion.

The sectaries of my celestiall skill,
 That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
 And learned Impes that wont to shoote vp still,
 And grow to hight of kingdomes gouernment
 They vnderkeep, and with their spredding armes
 Do beat their buds, that perish through their harmes.

It most behoues the honorable race
 Of mightie Peeres, true wisdome to sustaine, 80
 And with their noble countenaunce to grace
 The learned forheads, without gifts or gaine :
 Or rather learnd themselues behoues to bee ;
 That is the girland of Nobilitie.

But (ah) all otherwise they doo esteeme
 Of th' heauenly gift of wisdomes influence,
 And to be learned it a base thing deeme ;
 Base / minded they that want intelligence :
 For God himselfe for wisdome most is praised,
 And men to God thereby are nighest raied. 90

But they doo onely striue themselues to raise
 Through pompous pride, and foolish vanitie ;
 In th' eyes of people they put all their praise,
 And onely boast of Armes and Auncestrie :
 But vertuous deeds, which did those Armes first giue
 To their Grandfyses, they care not to atchiue.

So I, that doo all noble feates professe
 To register, and found in trump of gold ;
 Through their bad dooings, or base slothfulnesse,
 Finde nothing worthie to be writ, or told : 100
 For better farre it were to hide their names,
 Than telling them to blazon out their blames,

So shall succeeding ages haue no light
 Of things forepast, nor monuments of time,
 And all that in this world is worthie hight
 Shall die in darknesse, and lie hid in flime :
 Therefore I mourne with deep hartes forrowing,
 Because I nothing noble haue to sing.

With that she raynd such store of streaming teares,
 That could haue made a stonie heart to weep, 110
 And all her Sisters rent their golden heares,
 And their faire faces with salt humour steep.
 So ended shee : and then the next anew,
 Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

Melpo / mene.

O WHO shall powre into my swollen eyes
 A sea of teares that neuer may be dryde,
 A brazen voice that may with shrilling cries
 Pierce the dull heauens and fill the ayer wide,
 And yron fides that fighting may endure,
 To waile the wretchednes of world impure ? 120

Ah, wretched world the den of wickednesse,
 Deformd with filth and fowle iniquitie ;
 Ah wretched world the house of heauinesse,
 Fild with the wrecks of mortall miserie ;
 Ah wretched world, and all that is therein,
 The vassals of Gods wrath, and slaues of sin.

1. 113, 'anew' here probably is misprint for 'in rew.' Cf. ll. 173, 233, etc., etc. See Glossary, *s.v.*

Most miserable creature vnder sky
 Man without vnderstanding doth appeare ;
 For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
 And Fortunes freakes is wisely taught to beare : 130
 Of wretched life the onely ioy shee is,
 And th' only comfort in calamities.

She armes the brest with constant patience
 Against the bitter throwes of dolours darts,
 She solaceth with rules of Sapience
 The gentle minds; in midst of worldlie smarts :
 When he is sad, shee seeks to make him merie,
 And doth refresh his sprights when they be werie.

But he that is of reasons skill bereft,
 And wants the staffe of wisedome him to stay, 140
 Is like a ship in midst of tempest left
 Withouten helme or Pilot her to sway,
 Full / sad and dreadfull is that ships euent :
 So is the man that wants intendiment.

Whie then doo foolish men so much despize
 The precious store of this celestiall riches ?
 Why doo they banish vs, that patronize
 The name of learning ? Most vnhappie wretches,
 The which lie drowned in deep wretchednes,
 Yet doo not see their owne vnhappines. 150

My part it is and my professed skill
 The Stage with Tragick buskin to adorne,
 And fill the Scene with plaint, and outcries shrill
 Of wretched persons, to misfortune borne :
 But none more tragick matter I can finde
 Then this, of men depriu'd of sense and minde,

For all mans life me seemes a Tragedy,
 Full of sad fights and fore Catastrophees ;
 First comming to the world with weeping eye,
 Where all his dayes like dolorous Trophees, 160
 Are heapt with spoyles of fortune and of feare,
 And he at last laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull spectacles is fild,
 Fit for *Mege*ra or *Persephone* ;
 But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
 The flowre of wit, finde nought to busie me :
 Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
 Because that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan she wofully to waile, and wring
 Her wretched hands in lamentable wife ; 170
 And all her Sisters thereto answering,
 Threw / forth lowd shrieks and drierie dolefull cries.
 So rested she : and then the next in rew,
 Began her grieuous plaint as doth ensue.

Thalia.

WHERE be the sweete delights of learnings treasure,
 That wont with Comick sock to beautefie
 The painted Theaters, and fill with pleasure
 The listners eyes, and eares with melodie ;
 In which I late was wont to raine as Queene,
 And maske in mirth with Graces well besene ? 180

O all is gone, and all that goodly glee,
 Which wont to be the glorie of gay wits,

l. 163, comma put after 'fild.'

l. 171, misprinted period (.) for comma.

Is layd abed, and no where now to see ;
 And in her roome vnseemly Sorrow fits,
 With hollow browes and greisly countenance,
 Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beside fits ugly Barbarisme,
 And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
 Out of dredd darknes of the deepe Abyfme,
 Where being bredd, he light and heauen does hate: 190
 They in the mindes of men now tyrannize,
 And the faire Scene with rudenes foule disguise.

All places they with follie haue posselt,
 And with vaine toyes the vulgare entertaine ;
 But me haue banished, with all the rest
 That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
 Fine Counterfesaunce, and vnhurtfull Sport,
 Delight, and Laughter deckt in seemly fort.

All / these, and all that els the Comick Stage
 With seasoned wit and goodly pleafance graced ; 200
 By which mans life in his likest image
 Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced ;
 And those sweete wits which wont the like to frame,
 Are now despizd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
 To mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
 With kindly counter vnder Mimick shade,
 Our pleasant *Willy*, ah is dead of late :
 With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
 Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

In stead thereof scoffing Scurrilitie,
 And scornfull Follie with Contempt is crept,
 Rolling in rymes of shameles ribaudrie
 Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
 Each idle wit at will prefumes to make,
 And doth the Learneds talke vpon him take.

But that same gentle Spirit, from whose pen
 Large streames of honnie and sweete Nectar flowe,
 Scorning the boldnes of such base-borne men,
 Which dare their follies forth so rashlie throwe ; 220
 Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell,
 Than so himselfe to mockerie to fell.

So am I made the seruant of the manie,
 And laughing stocke of all that list to scorne,
 Not honored nor cared for of anie ;
 But loath'd of losels as a thing forlorne :
 Therefore I mourne and forrow with the rest,
 Vntill my cause of forrow be redrest.

There / with she lowdly did lament and shriek,
 Pouring forth streames of teares abundantly, 230
 And all her Sisters with compassion like,
 The breaches of her singulfs did supply.
 So rested she : and then the next in rewe
 Began her grieuous plaint, as doth ensue.

Euterpe.

LIKE as the dearling of the Summers pryde,
 Faire *Philomele*, when winters stormie wrath

l. 232, 'singulfs' is misprinted 'singulfs'—the former accepted as in 1611 onward,

The goodly fields, that earst so gay were dyde
 In colours diuers, quite despoyled hath,
 All comfortlesse doth hide her chearlesse head
 During the time of that her widowhead : 240.

So we, that earst were wont in sweet accord
 All places with our pleasant notes to fill,
 Whilest fauourable times did vs afford
 Free libertie to chaunt our charmes at will :
 All comfortlesse vpon the bared bow,
 Like wofull Culuers doo sit wayling now.

For far more bitter storme than winters stowre
 The beautie of the world hath lately wasted,
 And those fresh buds, which wont so faire to flowre,
 Hath marred quite, and all their blossoms blasted : 250
 And those yong plâts, which wont with fruit t' aboūd,
 Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A stonie coldnesse hath benumbd the sence
 And liuelie spirits of each liuing wight,
 And dimd with darknesse their intelligence,
 Darknesse more than *Cymerians* daylie night ?
 And / monstrous error flying in the ayre,
 Hath mard the face of all that semed fayre.

Image of hellish horroure Ignorance,
 Borne in the bosome of the black *Abyffe*, 260
 And fed with furies milke, for sustenance
 Of his weake infancie, begot amisse
 By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night ;
 So hee his sonnes both Syre and brother hight,

He armd with blindnesse and with boldnes stout,
 (For blind is bold) hath our fayre light defaced ;
 And, gathering vnto him a ragged rout
 Of *Faunes* and *Satyres*, hath our dwellings raced
 And our chaft bowers, in which all vertue rained,
 With brutifhnesse and beaftlie filth hath stained. 270

The sacred springs of horfefoot *Helicon*,
 So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
 And fpeaking streames of pure *Castalion*,
 The famous witnesse of our wonted praise,
 They trampled haue with their fowle footings trade,
 And like to troubled puddles haue them made.
 Our pleafant groues, which planted were with paines,
 That with our mufick wont fo oft to ring,
 And arbors sweet, in which the Shepheards fwaines
 Were wont fo oft their Pastoralls to fing, 280
 They haue cut downe, and all their pleaſaunce mard,
 That now no paſtorall is to bee hard.

In ſtead of them fowle Goblins and Shriekowles
 With fearfull howling do all places fill ;
 And feeble *Eccho* now laments and howles,
 The / dreadfull accents of their outcries shrill.
 So all is turned into wilderneſſe,
 Whileſt Ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

And I whoſe ioy was earſt with Spirit full
 To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft, 290
 My ſpirits now diſmayd with ſorrow dull,
 Doo mone my miſerie with ſilence ſoft.
 Therefore I mourne and waile inceſſantly,
 Till pleaſe the heauens affoord me remedy.

l. 288, printed with ſmall i—cap. ſubſtituted, as in l. 259.

Therewith shee wayled with exceeding woe,
 And pitious lamentation did make,
 And all her sisters seeing her doo foe,
 With equall plaints her sorrowe did partake.
 So rested shee : and then the next in rew,
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth enfew. 300

Terpsichore.

WHO so hath in the lap of soft delight
 Beene long time luld, and fed with pleasures sweet,
 Feareles through his own fault or Fortunes spight,
 To tumble into sorrow and regreet,
 Yf chaunce him fall into calamitie,
 Finds greater burthen of his miserie.

So wee that earst in ioyance did abound
 And in the bosome of all blis did sit,
 Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands croud
 For vertues meed and ornament of wit, 310
 Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound,
 Bee now become most wretched wightes on ground :

And / in our royall thrones which lately stood
 In th' hearts of men to rule them carefully,
 He now hath placed his accursed brood,
 By him begotten of fowle infamy ;
 Blind Error, scornefull Follie, and base Spight,
 Who hold by wrong, that wee should haue by right.

They to the vulgar fort now pipe and fing,
 And make them merrie with their fooleries, 320

1. 310, comma (,) for period (.).

They cherelie chaunt and rymes at randon fling,
 The fruitfull spawne of their ranke fantasies :
 They feede the eares of fooles with flattery,
 And good men blame, and lofels magnify :

All places they doo with their toyes possesse,
 And raigne in liking of the multitude,
 The schooles they fill with fond new fanglenesse,
 And sway in Court with pride and rashnes rude ;
 Mongst simple shepheards they do boast their skill,
 And say their musicke matcheth *Phæbus* quill. 330

The noble hearts to pleasures they allure,
 And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
 Faire Ladies loues they spot with thoughts impure,
 And gentle mindes with lewd delights distaine :
 Clerks they to loathly idlenes entice,
 And fill their bookes with discipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
 For their usurped kingdomes maintenaunce,
 The whiles we filly Maides, whom they dispize,
 And with reprochfull sorne discountenance, 340
 From our owne natie heritage exile,
 Walk through the world of euery one reuilde.

Nor / anie one doth care to call vs in,
 Or once vouchsafeth vs to entertaine,
 Vnlesse some one perhaps of gentle kin,
 For pitties sake compassion our paine :
 And yeeld vs some reliefe in this distresse :
 Yet to be so relieu'd is wretchednesse.

So wander we all carefull comfortlesse,
 Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all ; 350
 So seeke we helpe our sorrow to redresse,
 Yet none vouchsafes to answere to our call :
 Therefore we mourne and pittileffe complaine,
 Because none liuing pittietieth our paine.

With that she wept and wofullie waymented,
 That naught on earth her grieve might pacifie ;
 And all the rest her dolefull din augmented
 With shrikes and groanes and grievous agonie.
 So ended shee : and then the next in rew,
 Began her piteous plaint as doth ensue. 360

Erato.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
 Where ye in *Venus* siluer bowre were bred,
 Thoughts halfe deuine, full of the fire of loue,
 With beawtie kindled and with pleasure fed,
 Which ye now in securitie possesse,
 Forgetfull of your former heauinesse :

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
 With which ye vse your loues to deifie,
 And blazon foorth an earthlie beauties praise,
 Aboue the compasse of the arched skie : 370
 Now / change your praises into piteous cries,
 And Eulogies turne into Elegies :

Such as ye wont whenas those bitter founts
 Of raging loue first gan you to torment,

l. 364, comma inserted after 'deuine.'

And launch your hearts with lamentable wounds
 Of secret sorrow and sad languishment,
 Before your Loues did take you vnto grace ;
 Those now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in measure moderate
 The tempest of that stormie passion, 380
 And vse to paint in rimes the troublous state
 Of Louers life in likest fashion,
 Am put from practise of my kindlie skill,
 Banisht by those that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be schoolmaster of my skill,
 And the deuicefull matter of my song ;
 Sweete Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
 But pure and spotles, as at first he sprong
 Out of th' Almightyes bosome, where he nests ;
 From thence infused into mortall brefts. 390

Such high concept of that celestiaall fire,
 The base-borne brood of blindnes cannot gesse,
 Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aspire
 Vnto so loftie pitch of perfectnesse,
 But rime at riot, and doo rage in loue ;
 Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire *Cytheree*, the Mother of delight,
 And Queene of beautie, now thou maist go pack ;
 For lo thy Kingdome is defacd quight,
 Thy / scepter rent, and power put to wrack ; 400
 And thy gay Sonne, that winged God of Loue,
 May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

L. 401, '*that*' in 1611 is 'the'—needlessly.

And ye three Twins to light by *Venus* brought,
 The sweete companions of the Muses late,
 From whom what euer thing is goodly thought
 Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate ;
 Go beg with vs, and be companions still
 As heretofore of good, so now of ill.

For neither you nor we shall anie more
 Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole : 410
 For that which was accounted heretofore
 The learneds meed, is now lent to the foole,
 He sings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
 And they him heare, and they him highly prayse.

With that she powred forth a brackish flood
 Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone ;
 And all her Sisters seeing her sad mood,
 With lowd laments her answered all at one.
 So ended she : and then the next in rew
 Began her grievous plaint, as doth enfew. 420

Calliope.

To whom shall I my euill case complaine,
 Or tell the anguish of my inward smart,
 Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
 Or deignes to pitie a perplexed hart ;
 But rather seekes my sorrow to augment
 With fowle reproach, and cruell banishment.

For / they, to whom I vsed to applie
 The faithfull seruice of my learned skill,
 The goodly off-spring of *Ioues* progenie,
 That wont the world with famous acts to fill ; 430

Whose liuing praises in heroick style,
It is my chiefe profession to compyle.

They, all corrupted through the rust of time,
That doth all fairest things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble sloth, or finfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race ;
Haue both desire of worthie deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vtterly doo scorne.

Ne doo they care to haue the auncestrie
Of th' old Heroës memorizde anew, 440
Ne doo they care that late posteritie
Should know their names, or speak their praises dew :
But die forgot from whence at first they sprong,
As they themselues shalbe forgot ere long.

What bootes it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bredd ?
What oddes twixt *Irus* and old *Inachus*,
Twixt best and worst, when both alike are dedd ;
If none of neither mention should make,
Nor out of dust their memories awake ? 450

Or who would euer care to doo braue deed,
Or striue in vertue others to excell ;
If none should yeeld him his deserued meed,
Due praise, that is the spur of dooing well ?
For if good were not praised more than ill,
None would choose goodnes of his owne freewill.

There / fore the nurse of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trompet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,

L. 435, misprinted 'raime' in the 4to.

And mortall men haue powre to deifie : 460
Bacchus and *Hercules* I raifd to heauen,
 And *Charlemaine*, amongst the Starris feauen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
 And will henceforth immortalize no more :
 Sith I no more find worthie to commend
 For prize of value, or for learned lore :
 For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raife,
 Now onely seeke for pleasure, nought for praise.

Their great reuenues all in sumptuous pride
 They spend, that nought to learning they may spare; 470
 And the rich fee which Poets wont diuide,
 Now Parasites and Sycophants doo share :
 Therefore I mourne and endlesse sorrow make,
 Both for my selfe and for my Sisters sake.

With that she lowdly gan to waile and shriek,
 And from her eyes a sea of teares did powre,
 And all her sisters with compassion like,
 Did more increase the sharpnes of her showre.
 So ended she : and then the next in rew
 Began her plaint, as doth herein enfew. 480

Urania.

WHAT wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
 Of Starres conspiring wretched men t' afflict,
 Hath powrd on earth this noyous pestilence,
 That mortall mindes doth inwardly infect
 With / loue of blindnesse and of ignorance,
 To dwell in darkenesse without fouerance ?

l. 487, query—misprint for 'fouenance' = remembrance (F. Q. c. viii. v. 21, l. 9)? But 'fouerance' = sovereignty, gives a good sense.

What difference twixt man and beast is left,
 When th' heauenlie light of knowledge is put out,
 And th' ornaments of wifdome are bereft ?
 Then wandreth he in error and in doubt, 490
 Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
 Through fleshes frailtie, and deceit of fin.

In this wide world in which they wretches stray,
 It is the onelie comfort which they haue,
 It is their light, their loadstarre and their day ;
 But hell, and darkenefse and the griffie graue,
 Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
 That mindes of men borne heauenlie doth debace.

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
 How in his cradle first he fostred was : 500
 And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
 How things she formed of a formelesse mas :
 By knowledge wee doo learne our felues to knowe,
 And what to man, and what to God wee owe.

From hence wee mount aloft vnto the skie,
 And looke into the Christall firmament,
 There we behold the heauens great *Hierarchie*,
 The Starres pure light, the Spheres swift mouement,
 The Spirites and Intelligences fayre,
 And Angels waighting on th' Almightyes chayre. 510

And there with humble minde and high infight,
 Th' eternall Makers maiestie wee viewe,
 His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
 And / mercie more than mortall men can vew.

O foueraigne Lord, ô foueraigne happinesse
To see thee, and thy mercie measurelesse :

Such happines haue they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie discipline ;
But shame and sorrow and accursed case
Haue they, that scorne the schoole of arts diuine, 520
And banish me, which do professe the skill
To make men heauenly wise, through humbled will.

How euer yet they mee despise and spight,
I feede on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please my selfe with mine owne selfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought :
So loathing earth, I looke vp to the skye,
And being driuen hence I thether fly.

Thence I behold the miserie of men,
Which want the blis that wisedom would the breed,
And like brute beasts doo lie in loathsome den, 531
Of ghostly darkenes, and of gastlie dread :
For whom I mourne and for my selfe complaine,
And for my Sisters eake whom they disdaine.

With that shee wept and waild so pityouslie,
As if her eyes had beene two springing wells :
And all the rest her sorrow to supplie,
Did throw forth shrieks and cries and dreery yells.
So ended shee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth ensue. 540

Polyhymnia.

A DOLEFULL case defires a dolefull fong,
 Without / vaine art or curious complements,
 And squallid Fortune into basenes flong,
 Doth scorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
 Then fittest are these ragged rimes for mee,
 To tell my sorrowes that exceeding bee :

For the sweet numbers and melodious measures,
 With which I wont the winged words to tie,
 And make a tunefull Diapase of pleasures,
 Now being let to runne at libertie
 By those which haue no skill to rule them right,
 Haue now quite lost their naturall delight.

550

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideously,
 With horrid sound though hauing little fence,
 They thinke to be chiefe praise of Poëtry ;
 And thereby wanting due intelligence,
 Haue mard the face of goodly Poësie,
 And made a monster of their fantasie :

Whilom in ages past none might professe
 But Princes and high Priests that secret skill,
 The sacred lawes therein they wont expresse,
 And with deepe Oracles their verses fill :
 Then was shee held in soueraigne dignitie,
 And made the nourling of Nobilitie.

560

But now nor Prince nor Priest doth her maintayne
 But suffer her prophaned for to bee

l. 566, misprinted 'bee.'

Of the base vulgar, that with hands vncleane
 Dares to pollute her hidden mysterie.
 And treadeth vnder foote hir holie things,
 Which was the care of Kefars and of Kings. 570

One / onelie liues, her ages ornament,
 And myrroure of her Makers maiestie ;
 That with rich bountie and deare cherishment,
 Supports the praise of noble Poësie :
 Ne onelie fauours them which it professe,
 But is herselfe a peereles Poëtesse.

Most peereles Prince, most peereles Poëtesse,
 The true *Pandora* of all heauenly graces,
 Diuine *Elisa*, sacred Emperesse :
 Liue she for euer, and her royall P'laces 580
 Be fild with praises of diuineſt wits,
 That her eternize with their heauenlie writs.

Some few beside, this sacred skill esteeme,
 Admirers of her glorious excellence,
 Which being lightned with her beawties beme,
 And thereby fild with happie influence :
 And lifted vp aboue the worldes gaze,
 To sing with Angels her immortall praise.

But all the rest as borne of salvage brood,
 And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed ; 590
 Can no whit fauour this celeſtiall food,
 But with base thoughts are into blindnesse led,
 And kept from looking on the lightſome day :
 For whome I waile and weepe all that I may.

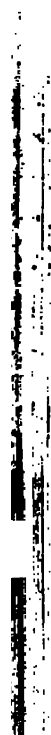
Eftfoones fuch store of teares thee forth did powre,
As if thee all to water would haue gone ;
And all her fifters feeing her fad ftowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned instruments did breake :
The reft vntold no louing tongue can fpeake. 600

l. 598, comma after 'mone,' substituted for (:) colon, and (:) colon for comma after 'breake' in l. 599.

l. 600, 'liuing' was substituted for 'louing' in the first folio (1611).

and it has been since adopted : but surely uncritically, not to say nonsensically. See *Life and Essays*, in Vol. I.

FINIS. /





Virgils Gnat.

Long since dedicated

To the most noble and excellent Lord,

THE EARLE OF LEICESTER,

late deceased.

5

*WRONG'D, yet not daring to expresse my paine,
To you (great Lord) the causer of my care,
In cloudie teares my case I thus complaine
Vnto yourselfe, that onely priuie are :*

10

*But if that any Oedipus vnware
Shall chaunce, through power of some diuining spright,
To reade the secrete of this riddle rare,
And know the purporte of my euill plight,*

*Let him rest pleased with his owne insight,
Ne further seeke to glose vpon the text :
For grieffe enough it is to griued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vex.*

15

*But what so by my selfe may not be shoven,
May by this Gnatts complaint be easily knowen.*

20





VIRGILS GNAT.



U / now haue playde (*Augustus*) wantonly,

Tuning our song vnto a tender Muse,
And like a cobweb weauing slenderly,
Haue onely playde : let thus much
then excufe

This Gnats small Poeme, that th'
whole histry

Is but a iest, though enuie it abuse :

But who such sports and sweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter seeme than this Gnats idle name.

Hereafter, when as season more secure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muse shall speak to thee 10
In bigger notes, that may thy sense allure,
And for thy worth frame some fit Poefie,
The golden ofspring of *Latona* pure,
And ornament of great *Ioues* progenie,
Phæbus shall be the author of my song,
Playing on yuorie harp with silver strong.

He shall inspire my verfe with gentle mood
 Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beside
 Faire *Xanthus* sprincled with *Chimæras* blood ;
 Or in the woods of *Astery* abide ; 20
 Or whereas mount *Parnasse*, the Mufes brood,
 Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
 And the sweete waues of sounding *Castaly*
 With liquid foote doth slide downe easily.

Wherefore ye Sisters which the glorie bee
 Of the *Pierian* streames, fayre *Naiades*,
 Go too, and dauncing all in companie,
 Adorne that God : and thou holie *Pales*,
 To whome the honest care of husbandrie
 Returneth by continuall successe, 30
 Haue / care for to purfue his footing light ;
 Through the wide woods, & groues, with green leaues
 dight.

Professing thee I lifted am aloft
 Betwixt the forrest wide and starrie sky :
 And thou most dread (*Octavius*) which oft
 To learned wits giuest courage worthily,
 O come (thou sacred childe) come sliding soft
 And fauour my beginnings graciously ;
 For not these leaues do sing that dreadfull stound,
 When Giants blood did staine *Phlegraean* ground. 40

Nor how th' halfe horfy people, *Centaures* hight,
 Fought with the bloudie *Lapithæes* at bord,

L. 23, *waues*—some Purists,
 innocent of all knowledge of the
 usage of the period and later, as well

as neglectful of the thing, would
 read 'waue' because of the singular
 verb 'doth' in l. 24.

Nor how the East with tyrannous despight
 Burnt th' *Attick* towres, and people flew with sword ;
 Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
 Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboard
 The *Pontick* sea by their huge Nauy cast,
 My volume shall renowne, so long since past.

Nor *Hellepont* trampled with horses feete,
 When flocking *Persians* did the *Greeks* affray ; 50
 But my soft Muse, as for her power more meete,
 Delights (with *Phæbus* friendly leaue) to play
 An easie running verse with tender feete.
 And thou (dread sacred child) to thee alway,
 Let euerlasting lightfome glory striue,
 Through the worlds endles ages to furuiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
 Mongst heauenly ranks, where blessed soules do rest ;
 And let long lasting life with ioyous glee,
 As thy due meede that thou deseruest best, 60
 Hereafter / many yeares remembred be
 Amongst good men, of whom thou oft are blest ;
 Liue thou for euer in all happinesse :
 But let vs turne to our first businesse.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
 Vp to the heauenly towers, and shot each where
 Out of his golden Charet glistering light ;
 And fayre *Aurora* with her rosie heare,
 The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
 When as the shepheard seeing day appeare, 70
 His little Goats gan driue out of their stalls,
 To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
 Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills:
 They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
 Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
 Spread themselues farre abroad through each descent;
 Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills;
 Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
 Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby. 8c

Others the vtmost boughs of trees doe crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twiggcs, that freshly bud;
 This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
 Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
 And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
 The whiles another high doth ouerlooce
 Her owne like image in a chriftall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
 Who so loathes not too much the poor estate, 90
 With / minde that ill vse doth before depraue,
 Ne measures all things by the costly rate
 Of riotife, and semblants outward braue;
 No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
 And rend the greedie mindes of couetous men,
 Do euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
 Be not twice steeped in Assyrian dye,
 Ne glistering of golde, which vnderlayes
 The summer beames, doe blinde his gazing eye. 100

Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
 Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by ;
 Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
 Of *Bætus* or of *Alcons* vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
 Which are from Indian seas brought far away :
 But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
 On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
 In sweete spring time, when flowres varietie
 With fundrie colours paints the sprinckled lay ; 110
 There lying all at ease from guile or spight,
 With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
 His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine :
 There his milk dropping Goats be his delight,
 And fruitfull *Pales*, and the Forrest greene,
 And darkefome caues in pleasaunt vallies pight,
 Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
 And where fresh springing wells, as christall neate,
 Do alwayes flow, to quench his thirstie heate. 120

O / who can lead then a more happie life,
 Than he, that with cleane minde and heart sincere,
 No greedy riches knowes nor bloudie strife,
 No deadly fight of warlick fleete doth feare,
 Ne runs in perill of foes cruell knife,
 That in the sacred temples he may reare,
 A trophée of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
 Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

l. 122, 'heart' is misprinted 'hear' (*not* 'heat' as Mr. J. P. Collier states),—a mere dropping of the 't'.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
 And not with skill of craftsman polished : 130
 He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
 With fundrie flowers in wilde fieldes gathered ;
 Ne frankincens he from *Panchæa* buyth,
 Sweete quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
 And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
 Free from sad cares, that rich mens hearts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole indeuour,
 To this his minde and senses he doth bend,
 How he may flow in quiets matchles treasour,
 Content with any food that God doth send ; 140
 And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leifour,
 Vnto sweete sleepe he may securely lend,
 In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
 The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eate.

O flocks, O Faunes, and O ye pleasaunt springs
 Of *Tempe*, where the countrey Nymphes are rife,
 Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
 As merrie notes vpon his rusticke Fife,
 As that *Ascræan* bard, whose fame now rings
 Through the wide world, and leads as ioyfull life. 150
 Free / from all troubles and from worldly toyle,
 In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights whilst thus his carelesse time
 This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,

l. 144, period for comma.

l. 149, '*Astræan*' misprint for
 '*Ascræan*.' In another exemplar

of the 1591 edition, a contemporary
 MS. note thus runs :—'taken for
 Justice.'

And on shrill reedes chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion throwing foorth his beames full hott,
 Into the higheft top of heauen gan clime,
 And the world parting by an equall lott,
 Did fhed his whirling flames on either fide,
 As the great *Ocean* doth himfelfe diuide. 160

Then gan the fhepheard gather into one
 His ftragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
 Whose cærule ftreames, rombling in Pible ftone,
 Crept vnder moffe as greene as any goord.
 Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
 When he his heard back from that water foord
 Draue from the force of *Phæbus* boyling ray,
 Into thick fhadowes, there themfelues to lay.

Soone as he them plac'd in thy fared wood
 (O *Delian* Goddeffe) faw, to which of yore 170
 Came the bad daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,
 Cruell *Agaue*, flying vengeance fore
 Of king *Niſtileus* for the guiltie blood,
 Which ſhe with curfed hands had fhed before ;
 There ſhe halfe frantick, hauing flaine her ſonne,
 Did fhrowd her felfe like puniſhment to ſhonne.

Here alfo playing on the graffy greene,
 Woodgods, and Satyres, and fwift Dryades,
 With many Fairies oft were dauncing ſcene.
 Not ſo much did Dan *Orpheus* repreſſe, 180
 The / ſtreames of *Hebrus* with his ſongs I weene,
 As that faire troupe of woodie Goddeſſes
 Staied thee, (O *Peneus*) powring foorth to thee,
 From cheereful lookes great mirth & gladſome glee.

The verie nature of the place, refounding
 With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
 A pleafant bowre with all delight abounding
 In the fresh shadowe did for them prepayre,
 To rest their limbs with wearines redounding.
 For first the high Palme trees, with braunches faire, 190
 Out of the lowly vallies did arife,
 And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
 Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Vlyffes men, whom rapt with sweetenes new,
 Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
 And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew
 The Sunnes sad daughters waylde the rash decay
 Of *Phaeton*, whose limbs with lightening rent,
 They gathering vp, with sweete teares did lament. 200

And that fame tree, in which *Demophoon*,
 By his difloyalty lamented fore,
 Eternall hurte left vnto many one:
 Whom als accompanied the Oke, of yore
 Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one;
 The Oke, whose Acornes were our foode, before
 That *Ceres* feede of mortall men were knowne,
 Which first *Triptoleme* taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher rinded Pine,
 The great *Argoan* ships braue ornament 210
 Whom / golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe;
 Which coueting, with his high tops extant,

To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the sweete Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughes she doth enfold 220
With her lythe twigs, till they the top suruew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their fundrie tunes with sweete consent,
And vnder them a filuer Spring, forth powring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent ;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent ; 230
And shrill grasshoppers chirped them around :
All which the ayrie Echo did resound.

In this so pleasant place this Shepherds flocke
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rocke
Where breathe on thẽ the whistling wind mote best ;
The whiles the Shepherd self tending his stocke,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleep oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie lim. 240

l. 216, comma after 'Cypresse' inserted. l. 227, ditto after 'Spring.'

Of / trecherie or traines nought tooke he keep,
 But looflie on the graffie greene difpredd,
 His deareft life did trust to careles fleep ;
 Which weighing down his drouping drowfie hedd,
 In quiet reft his molten heart did fleep,
 Deuoid of care, and feare of all falshedd :
 Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
 Bid ftrange mifchance his quietnes to fill.

For at his wonted time in that fame place
 An huge great Serpent, all with fpeckles pide, 250
 To drench himfelfe in moorifh flime did trace,
 There from the boyling heate himfelfe to hide :
 He paffing by with rolling wreathed pace,
 With brandifht tongue the emptie aire did gride,
 And wrapt his fcalie boughts with fell defpight,
 That all things feem'd appalled at his fight.

Now more and more hauing himfelfe enrolde,
 His glittering breaft he lifteth vp on hie,
 And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth holde ;
 His crefte aboue spotted with purple die, 260
 On euerie fide did fhine like fcalie golde,
 And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfullie,
 Did feeme to flame out flakes of flafhing fyre,
 And with fterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wife long time he did himfelfe difpace
 There round about, when as at laft he fpide
 Lying along before him in that place,
 That flocks grand Captaine, and moft trustie guide :

l. 250, comma after 'Serpent' inserted.

Eftfoones more fierce in vifage, and in pace,
 Throwing his frie eyes on euerie fide, 270
 He / commeth on, and all things in his way
 Full ftearnly rends, that might his paffage ftay.

Much he difdaines, that anie one fhould dare
 To come vnto his haunt ; for which intent
 He inly burns, and gins ftraight to prepare
 The weapons, which Nature to him hath lent :
 Fellie he hiffeth, and doth fiercely ftare,
 And hath his iawes with angrie fpirits rent,
 That all his traët with bloudie drops is ftained,
 And all his foldes are now in length outftrained. 280

Whom thus at point prepared, to preuent,
 A litle nourfling of the humid ayre,
 A Gnat unto the fleepie Shepheard went,
 And marking where his ey-lids twinckling rare,
 Shewd the two pearles, which fight vnto him lent,
 Through their thin couerings appearing fayre,
 His little needle there infixing deep,
 Warnd him awake, from death himfelfe to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpftart,
 And with his hand him rashly bruizing, flewe 290
 As in auengement of his heedles fmart,
 That freight the fpirite out of his fenfes flew,
 And life out of his members did depart :
 When fuddenly cafting afide his vew,
 He fpide his foe with felonous intent,
 And feruent eyes to his deftruction bent.

All suddenly difmaid, and hartles quight,
 He fled abacke, and catching hastie holde
 Of a yong alder hard beside him pight,
 It rent, and streight about him gan beholde, 300
 What / God or Fortune would afsift his might.
 But whether God or Fortune made him bold
 Its hard to read : yet hardie will he had
 To ouercome, that made him lesse adrad.

The scalie backe of that most hideous snake
 Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
 And oft him to affaile, he fiercely strake
 / Whereas his temples did his creakt front tyre ;
 And for he was but slowe, did slowth off shake,
 And gazing ghastly on (for feare and yre 310
 Had blent so much his sense, that lesse he feard ;)
 Yet when he saw him slaine, himselfe he cheard.

By this the night forth from the darksome bowre
 Of *Herebus* her teemed steedes gan call,
 And laefie *Vesper* in his timelie howre
 From golden *Oeta* gan proceede withall ;
 Whenas the Shepheard after this sharpe stowre,
 Seing the doubled shadowes low to fall,
 Gathering his straying flocke, does homeward fare,
 And vnto rest his wearie ioynts prepare. 320

Into whose sense so soone as lighter sleepe
 Was entered, and now loofing euerie lim,
 Sweete slumbring deaw in carelesseffe did steepe,
 The Image of that Gnat appeared to him,

And in sad tearmes gan sorrowfully weepe,
 With greislie countenance and visage grim,
 Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
 In steed of good haftning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deferu'd, that thus
 Into this bitter bale I am outcast, 330
 Whilest / that thy life more deare and precious
 Was than mine owne, so long as it did last ?
 I now in lieu of paines so gracious,
 Am tost in th' ayre with euerie windie blast :
 Thou safe deliuered from sad decay,
 Thy careles limbs in loose sleep dost display.

So liuest thou, but my poore wretched ghost
 Is forst to ferrie ouer *Lethes* Riuer,
 And spoyld of *Charon* too and fro am tost. 340
 Seest thou, how all places quake and quier
 Lightned with deadly lamps on euerie post ?
Tisiphone each where doth shake and shiuer
 Her flaming fire brond, encountring me,
 Whose lockes, vncombed cruell adders be.

And *Cerberus*, whose many mouthes doo bay
 And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed ;
 Adowne whose necke in terrible array,
 Ten thousand snakes cralling about his hed
 Doo hang in heapes, that horribly affray, 350
 And bloodie eyes doo glister firie red ;
 He oftentimes me dreadfullie doth threaten,
 With painfull torments to be forely beaten.

l. 340—1611 mis-inserts 'not' after
 'thou' — superfluously, albeit Dr.
 Morris adopts it.

l. 343—1611 prints 'fier'—need-
 lessly. ['lockes.'

l. 344, comma inserted after

Ay me, that thanks so much should faile of meed,
 For that I thee restor'd to life againe,
 Euen from the doore of death and deadlie dreed.
 Where then is now the guerdon of my paine ?
 Where the reward of my so piteous deed ?
 The praise of pitie vanisht is in vaine,
 And th' antique faith of Iustice long agone
 Out of the land is fled away and gone. 360

I saw / anothers fate approaching fast,
 And left mine owne his safetie to tender :
 Into the same mishap I now am cast,
 And shun'd destruction doth destruction render :
 Not vnto him that neuer hath trespass,
 But punishment is due to the offender.
 Yet let destruction be the punishment,
 So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waste wildernesse,
 Waste wildernes, amongst *Cymerian* shades, 370
 Where endles paines and hideous heauineffe
 Is round about me heapt in darksome glades.
 For there huge *Othos* sits in sad distresse,
 Fast bound with serpents that him oft inuades ;
 Far of beholding *Ephialtes* tide,
 Which once assai'd to burne this world so wide.

And there is mournfull *Tityus* mindefull yet
 Of thy displeasure, O *Latona* faire ;
 Displeasure too implacable was it,
 That made him meat for wild foules of the ayre : 380
 Much do I feare among such fiends to sit ;
 Much do I feare back to them to repayre,

l. 368, period (.) for comma.

To the black shadowes of the *Stygian* shore,
Where wretched ghosts fit wailing euermore.

There next the vtmost brinck doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whose throat through thirst to nought nigh being dride
His fense to seeke for ease turnes euery way :
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For scorning to the sacred Gods to pray, 390
Against / a mountaine rolls a mightie stone,
Calling in vaine for rest, and can haue none.

Go ye with them, go curfed damofells,
Whose bridale torches foule *Erynnis* tynde,
And *Hymen* at your Spoufalls sad, foretells
Tydings of death and massacre vnkinde :
With them that cruell *Colchid* mother dwells,
The which conceiu'd in her reuengefull minde,
With bitter woundes her owne deere babes to slay,
And mured troupes vpon great heapes to lay. 400

There also those two *Pandionian* maides,
Calling on *Itis*, *Itis* euermore,
Whom wretched boy they slew with guiltie blades :
For whome the *Thracian* king lamenting fore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, fowlie them vpbraydes,
And fluttering round about them still does fore ;
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and suffer endles paine.

l. 387, 'throat' is misprinted
'threat'—corrected as being an ob-
vious misprint.

l. 406, 'fluttering' was emended
in the folio of 1611 onward, into
'fluttering'—accepted.

But the two brethren borne of *Cadmus* blood,
 Whilst each does for the Soueraignty contend, 410
 Blinde through ambition, and with vengeance wood
 Each doth against the others bodie bend
 His curfed steele, of neither well withstood,
 And with wide wounds their carcafes doth rend ;
 That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
 Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was flaine.

Ah (waladay !) there is no end of paine,
 Nor chaunge of labour may intreated bee :
 Yet I beyond all these am carried faine,
 Where other powers farre different I fee, 420
 And / must passe ouer to th' *Elisian* plaine:
 There grim *Persephone* encountring mee,
 Doth vrge her fellow Furies earnestlie,
 With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaft *Alceste* liues inuiolate,
 Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
 She did prolong by changing fate for fate,
 Lo there liues also the immortall praise
 Of womankind, most faithfull to her mate,
Penelope : and from her farre awayes 430
 A ruleffe rout of yongmen, which her woo'd
 All flaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And fad *Eurydice* thence now no more
 Must turne to life, but there detained bee,
 For looking back, being forbid before :
 Yet was the guilt thereof, *Orpheus*, in thee.

l. 417, 'waladay'—improved by 1611 onward into 'weladay.' Cf. note on
 l. 499 of 'The Ruines of Time.

Bold fure he was, and worthie spirite bore,
 That durst those lowest shadowes goe to see,
 And could beleue that anie thing could please
 Fell *Cerberus*, or Stygian powres appeafe. 440

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
 Nor those fame mournfull kingdomes, compassed
 With rustie horror and fowle fashion ;
 And deep digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
 With bloodie night, and darke confusion,
 And iudgement seates, whose Iudge is deadlie dred,
 A iudge, that after death doth punish fore
 The faults, which life hath trespasssed before.

But valiant fortune made *Dan Orpheus* bolde :
 For the swift running riuers still did stand, 450
 And / the wilde beasts their furie did withhold,
 To follow *Orpheus* musicke through the land :
 And th' Okes deep grounded in the earthly molde
 Did moue, as if they could him vnderstand ;
 And the shrill woods, which were of sence bereau'd,
 Through their hard barke his siluer found receau'd.

And eke the Moone her hastie steedes did stay,
 Drawing in teemes along the starrie skie:
 And didst (o monthly Virgin) thou delay
 Thy nightly course, to heare his melodie ? 460
 The same was able with like louely lay
 The Queene of hell to moue as easily,
 To yeeld *Eurydice* vnto her sere,
 Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

l. 458, colon (:) for comma (,).



She (Ladie) hauing well before approoued
 The feends to be too cruell and feure,
 Obseru'd th' appointed way, as her behooued,
 Ne euer did her ey-fight turne arere,
 Ne euer spake, ne cause of speaking mouued :
 But cruell *Orpheus*, thou much crueller, 470
 Seeking to kisse her, brok'ft the Gods decree,
 And thereby mad'ft her euer damn'd to be.

Ah but sweete loue of pardon worthie is,
 And doth deferue to haue small faults remitted ;
 If Hell at least things lightly done amis
 Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted :
 Yet are ye both receiued into blis,
 And to the feates of happie foules admitted.
 And you, beside the honourable band
 Of great Heroës doo in order stand. 480

There / be the two stout sonnes of *Aeacus*,
 Fierce *Peleus*, and the hardie *Telamon*,
 Both seeming now full glad and ioyeous
 Through their Syres dreadfull iurisdiction,
 Being the Iudge of all that horrid hous :
 And both of them by strange occasion,
 Renown'd in choyce of happie marriage
 Through *Venus* grace, and vertues cariage.

For th' one was rauisht of his owne bondmaide,
 The faire *Ixione* captiu'd from *Troy* : 490
 But th' other was with *Thetis* loue affaid,
 Great *Nereus* his daughter and his ioy.
 On this side them there is a yongman layd,
 Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce, and coy ;

from th' Argolick ships, with furious yre,
back the furie of the Troian fyre.

who would not recount the strong diuorces
that great warre, which Troianes oft behelde,
oft beheld the warlike Greekish forces,
in *Teucrian* foyle with bloodie riuers swelde, 500
wide *Sigæan* shores were spred with corfes,
Simois and *Xanthus* blood outwelde,
ft *Hector* raged with outrageous minde,
ies, weapōs, wōuds, in *Greeks* fleete to haue tynde.

Ida selfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
of her mountaines ministred supplies,
like a kindly nourfe, did yeeld (for spight)
of firebronds out of her nourseries,
her foster children, that they might
me the Nauie of their enemies, 510
/ all the *Rhetæan* shore to ashes turne,
re lay the ships, which they did feeke to burne.

ft which the noble sonne of *Telamon*
d'd himselfe, and thwarting his huge shield,
a battell bad, gainst whom appeared anon
r, the glorie of the *Troian* field :
fierce and furious in contention
untred, that their mightie strokes so shrild,
e great clap of thunder, which doth ryue
ratling heauens, and cloudes afunder dryue. 520

r' one with fire and weapons did contend
ut the ships, from turning home againe
Irgos, th' other stroue for to defend
force of *Vulcane* with his might and maine.

Thus th' one *Æacide* did his fame extend :
 But th' other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* playne
 Hauing the blood of vanquisht *Hector* shedd,
 He compast *Troy* thrice with his bodie dedd.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
 That him to death vnfaithfull *Paris* sent ; 530
 And also him that false *Vlysses* flewe,
 Drawne into danger through clofe ambuſhment :
 Therefore from him *Laertes* ſonne his vewe
 Doth turne aſide, and boaſts his good euent
 In working of *Strymonian Rhæſus* fall,
 And eſte in *Dolons* ſubtile ſurpryſall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycones* him diſmay,
 And blacke *Læſtrigones*, a people ſtout :
 Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
 Manie great bandogs, which her gird about : 540
 Then / doo the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray,
 And deep *Charybdis* gulphing in and out :
 Laſtly the ſqualid lakes of *Tartarie*,
 And grieſly Feends of hell him terrifie.

There alſo goodly *Agamemnon* boſts,
 The glorie of the ſtock of *Tantalus*,
 And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts,
 Vnder whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
 The *Dorick* flames conſum'd the *Iliack* poſts.
 Ah but the *Greekes* themſelues more dolorous, 550
 To thee, *o Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall,
 In th' *Helleſpont* being nigh drowned all.

1. 536, 'flye' is emended in 1611 somewhat doubtfully, as 'ſubtile' is folio by 'ſubtile'—accepted, albeit ſcarcely the fitting word.

Well may appeare by prooffe of their mischaunce,
 The chaungfull turning of mens flipperie state,
 That none, whom fortune freely doth aduaunce,
 Himselfe therefore to heauen should eleuate :
 For loftie type of honour, through the glaunce
 Of enuies dart, is downe in dust prostrate ;
 And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
 Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie. 560

Th' *Argolicke* power returning home againe,
 Enricht with spoyles of th' *Eriſthonian* towre,
 Did happie winde and weather entertaine,
 And with good speed the fomie billowes scowre :
 No ſigne of ſtorme, no feare of future paine,
 Which ſoone enſued them with heauie ſtowre.
Nereis to the Seas a token gaue,
 The whiles their crooked keeles the farges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
 Or hapleſſe riſing of ſome froward ſtarre, 570
 The / heauens on euerie ſide enclowded bee :
 Black ſtormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,
 That now the Pylote can no loadſtarre ſee,
 But ſkies and ſeas doo make moſt dreadfull warre ;
 The billowes ſtriving to the heauens to reach,
 And th' heauens ſtriving them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
 Both Sun and ſtarres and all the heauenly powres
 Conſpire in one to wreake their raſh contempt,
 And downe on them to fall from higheſt towres : 580

L. 575, 'billowes' — 's' dropped by obvious misprint, so reading 'billowe'
 —corrected.

The skie in pieces seeming to be rent,
 Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmful showres,
 That death on euerie side to them appeares
 In thousand formes, to worke more ghastly feares.

Some in the greedie flouds are funke and drent,
 Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne ;
 Some on th' *Euboick* Cliffs in pieces rent ;
 Some scattred on the *Hercean* shores vnkowne ;
 And manie lost, of whom no moniment
 Remaines, nor memorie is to be showne : 590
 Whilst all the purchase of the *Phrigian* pray
 Toft on salt billowes, round about doth stray.

Here manie other like Heroës bee,
 Equall in honour to the former crue,
 Whom ye in goodly seates may placed see,
 Descended all from *Rome* by linage due ;
 From *Rome*, that holds the world in souereigntie,
 And doth all Nations vnto her subdue :
 Here *Fabij* and *Decij* doo dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell. 600

And / here the antique fame of stout *Camill*
 Doth euer liue, and constant *Curtius*,
 Who stily bent his vowed life to spill
 For Countreyes health, a gulph most hideous
 Amidst the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
 T' appease the powers ; and prudent *Mutius*,
 Who in his flesh endur'd the scorching flame,
 To daunt his foe by ensample of the fame.

And here wife *Curius*, companion
 Of noble vertues, liues in endles rest ; 610
 And stout *Flaminius*, whose deuotion
 Taught him the fires scorn'd furie to detest ;
 And here the praise of either *Scipion*
 Abides in higheft place aboue the best,
 To whom the ruin'd walls of *Carthage* vow'd,
 Trembling their forces, found their praifes lowd.

Liue they for euer through their lafting praise :
 But I poore wretch am forced to retourne
 To the sad lakes, that *Phæbus* funnie rayes
 Doo neuer fee, where foules doo alwaies mourne, 620
 And by the wayling fhores to waste my dayes,
 Where *Phlegeton* with quenchles flames doth burne ;
 By which iust *Minos* righteous foules doth feuer
 From wicked ones, to liue in bliffe for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of. hell,
 Girt with long fnakes, and thoufand yron chaynes,
 Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
 With bitter torture and impatient paines,
 Cause of my death, and iust complaint to tell.
 For thou art he, whom my poore ghost complains 630
 To / be the author of her ill vnwares,
 That careles hear'ft my intollerable cares.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the winde,
 I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
 And leaue this lamentable plaint behinde.
 But doo thou haunt the soft downe rolling riuer,
 And wilde greene woods, and fruitful pastures minde,
 And let the flitting aire my vaine words feuer.

Thus hauing said, he heauily departed
 With piteous crie, that anie would haue smarted. 640

Now, when the sloathful fit of lifes sweete rest
 Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
 His inly griued mind full fore opprest ;
 That balefull sorrow he no longer beares,
 For that Gnats death, which deeply was imprest :
 But bends what euer power his aged yeares
 Him lent, yet being such, as through their might
 He lately flue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that fame Riuer lurking vnder greene,
 Eftfoones he gins to fashon forth a place, 650
 And squaring it in compasse well befeene,
 There plotteth out a tombe by measured space :
 His yron headed spade tho making cleene,
 To dig vp fods out of the flowrie grasse,
 His worke he shortly to good purpose brought,
 Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
 Enclofing it with banks on euerie side,
 And thereupon did raife full bufily
 A little mount, of greene turffs edifide ; 660
 And / on the top of all, that passers by
 Might it behold, the toomb he did prouide
 Of smootheft marble stone in order set,
 That neuer might his luckie scape forget.

And round about he taught sweete flowres to growe.
 The Rose engrained in pure scarlet die,
 The Lilly fresh, and Violet belowe,
 The Marigolde, and cherefull Rosemarie,

The *Spartan* Mirtle, whence sweet gumb does flowe,
 The purple Hyacinthe, and fresh Costmarie, 670
 And Saffron fought for in *Cilician* soyle,
 And Lawrell th' ornament of *Phæbus* toyle.

Fresh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
 Matching the wealth of th' auncient Frankincence :
 And pallid Yuie, building his owne bowre,
 And Box yet mindfull of his olde offence,
 Red *Amaranthus*, lucklesse Paramour,
 Oxeye still greene, and bitter Patience ;
 Ne wants there pale *Narcisse*, that in a well
 Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell. 680

And whatfoeuer other flowre of worth,
 And whatso other hearb of louely hew
 The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
 To cloath her selfe in colours fresh and new ;
 He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
 In whose high front was writ as doth ensue.

*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saued,
 The Shepherd hath thy deaths record engraued.*

l. 675, comma after 'Yuie' inserted. l. 680, period for comma.

FINIS.



PROSOPOPOIA.

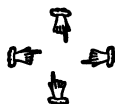
OR

Mother Hubberds Tale.

BY E. D. S. P.

Dedicated to the Right Honorable

THE LADIE *Compton* AND
Mountegle.



LONDON.

Imprinted for *VVilliam*
Ponsonbie, dwelling in *Paules*
Churchyard at the signe of
the Bishops head.

1591.



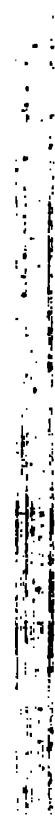
TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, THE
LADIE COMPTON AND MOUNTEGLE.

MOST faire and vertuous Ladie; hauing often sought opportunitie by some good meanes to make knowne to your Ladiship, the humble affection and faithfull 'tuetie, which I haue alwaies professed, and am bound to eare to that House, from whence yee spring; I haue at length found occasion to remembre the same, by making a simple present to you of these my idle labours; which auing long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my 10 outh, I lately amongst other papers lighted vpon, and was y others, which liked the same, mooued to set the forth. Simple is the deuice, and the composition meane, yet arrieth some delight, euen the rather because of the similitie & meannesse thus personated. The same I beseech your Ladiship take in good part, as a pledge of that profession which I haue made to you, and keepe with you untill with some other more worthie labour, I do redeeme it out of your hands, and discharge my utmost 'tuetie. Till then wishing your Ladiship all increase of honour and happinesse, I humblie take leaue.

Your La: euer humbly;

Ed. Sp.

l. 7, semicolon (;) for comma (,) after 'spring.'





PROSOPOPOIA:

OR

Mother Hubberds Tale.



IT was the month, in which the righteous Maide,
That for disdaine of finfull worlds
vpbraide,
Fled back to heauen, whence she
was first cōceiued,
Into her filuer bowre the Sunne received ;

And the hot *Syrian* Dog on him awayting,
After the chafed Lyon's cruell bayting,
Corrupted had th' ayre with noysome breath,
And powr'd on th' earth plague, pestilence, and death.
Emongst the rest a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongst men, that manie did to die, 10

See Appendix to 'Protopoia'
for Various Readings of a MS. in
the Editor's possession; also the
Life in Vol. I.

l. 5, MS. 'vpon him wayting.'
l. 6, 'chafed' for 'chafed'—not
accepted.
l. 7, 'his' deleted, as in MS.

Depriu'd of fenſe and ordinarie reaſon ;
 That it to Leaches ſeemed ſtrange and geaſon.
 My fortune was mongſt manie others moe,
 To be partaker of their common woe ;
 And my weake bodie ſet on fire with griefe,
 Was rob'd of reſt, and naturall reliefe.
 In this ill plight, there came to viſite mee
 Some friends, who ſorie my ſad caſe to ſee,
 Began to comfort me in chearfull wiſe,
 And meanes of gladſome ſolace to deuife. 20
 But ſeeing kindly ſleep reſuſe to doe
 His office, and my feeble eyes forgoe,
 They ſought my troubled ſenſe how to deceaue
 With talke, that might vnquiet fancies reauē ;
 And fitting all on ſeates about me round,
 With pleaſant tales (fit for that idle ſtound)
 They caſt in courſe to waſte the wearie howres :
 Some tolde of Ladies, and their Paramoures ;
 Some of braue Knights, and their renowned Squires ;
 Some of the Faeries and their ſtrange attires ; 30
 And / ſome of Giaunts hard to beleeuē,
 That the delight thereof me much releeuē.
 Amongſt the reſt a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother *Hubberd*, who did farre ſurpas
 The reſt in honeſt mirth, that ſeem'd her well :
 She when her turne was come her tale to tell,
 Tolde of a ſtrange aduenture, that betided
 Betwixt the Foxe and th' Ape by him miſguided ;
 The which for that my ſenſe it greatly pleaſed,
 All were my ſpirite heauie and diſeaſed, 40

Ile write in termes, as she the same did fay,
 So well as I her words remember may.
 No Muses aide me needs heretoo to call ;
 Bafe is the style, and matter meane withall.

¶ Whilome (said she) before the world was ciuill,
 The Foxe and th' Ape, disliking of their euill
 And bafe estate, determined to seeke
 Their fortunes farre abroad, lyeke with his lyeke :

For both were craftie and vnhappy witted ;
 Two fellows might no where be better fitted. 50

The Foxe, that first this cause of grieve did finde,
 Gan first thus plaine his case with words vnkinde.

Neighbour Ape, and my Goship eke beside,
 (Both two sure bands in friendship to be tide,)

To whom may I more trustely complaine
 The euill plight, that doth me fore constraine,

And hope thereof to finde due remedie ?
 Heare then my paine and inward agonie.

Thus manie yeares I now haue spent and worne,
 In meane regard, and basest fortunes scorne, 60

Dooing my Countrey seruice as I might,
 No lesse I dare saie than the prowdest wight ;

And / still I hoped to be vp aduanced,
 For my good parts ; but still it hath mischaunced.

Now therefore that no lenger hope I see,
 But froward fortune still to follow mee,

And losels lifted vp, where I did looke,
 I meane to turne the next leafe of the booke.

1. 46, comma (,) inserted after 'Ape.'

1. 47, 'baf' accepted for 'hard.'

1. 53, 'Goship.' See Glossary. 1611 spells 'Goslip.'

1. 67, 'on high' deleted as in MS., and also 1611

Yet ere that anie way I doo betake,
 I meane my Gossip priuie first to make. 70
 Ah my deare Gossip, (answer'd then the Ape,)

Deeply doo your sad words my wits awhape,
 Both for because your grieve doth great appeare,
 And eke because my selfe am touched neare :
 For I likewise haue waisted much good time,
 Still wayting to preferment vp to clime,
 Whilest others alwayes haue before me slept,
 And from my beard the fat away have swept ;
 That now vnto despaire I gin to growe,
 And meane for better winde about to throwe. 80
 Therefore to me, my trustie friend, aread
 Thy counsell : two is better than one head.
 Certes (saide he) I meane me to disguise
 In some straunge habit, after vncouth wize,
 Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
 Or like a *Gipsen*, or a Iuggeler,
 And so to wander to the worlds ende,
 To seeke my fortune, where I may it mend :
 For worfe than that I haue, I cannot meete.
 Wide is the world I wote, and euerie streete 90
 Is full of fortunes, and aduentures straunge,
 Continuallie subiect vnto chaunge.
 Say my faire brother now, if this deuce
 Doth like you, or may you to like entice.
 Surely / (saide th' Ape) it likes me wondrous well ;
 And would ye not poore fellowship expell,

l. 87, '*worlds*' is in 1611 infantinely printed '*worldes*.' Even Dr. Morris prints '*worldës*.'

l. 93, MS. '*advise*.' Cf. l. 82, '*councell*.'

l. 94, period (.) for comma (,).

My felfe would offer you t' accompanie
 In this aduentures chauncefull ieopardie.
 For to wexe olde at home in idleneffe,
 Is difaduentrous, and quite fortuneleffe : 100
 Abroad where change is, good may gotten bee.

The Foxe was glad, and quickly did agree :
 So both refolu'd, the morrow next enfuing,
 So foone as day appeard to peoples vewing,
 On their intended iourney to proceede ;
 And ouer night, whatfo theretoo did neede,
 Each did prepare, in readines to bee.
 The morrow next, fo foone as one might fee
 Light out of heauens windowes forth to looke,
 Both their habiliments vnto them tooke, 110
 And put themfelues (a Gods name) on their way.
 Whenas the Ape beginning well to wey
 This hard aduenture, thus began t' aduife ;
 Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wife,
 What courfe ye weene is beft for vs to take,
 That for our felues we may a liuing make.
 Whether fhall we profefse fome trade or skill ?
 Or fhall we varie our deuice at will,
 Euen as occafion beft to vs appeares ?
 Or fhall we tie our felues for certaine yeares 120
 To anie feruice, or to anie place ?
 For it behoues ere that into the race
 We enter, to refolue firft herevpon.
 Now furely brother (faid the Foxe anon)
 Ye haue this matter motioned in feafon :
 For euerie thing that is begun with reafon

l. 102—here and onward I mark
 new ¶ by indented line.

l. 119, MS. reading accepted for
 'Euen as new occafion appeares?'

Will / come by readie meanes vnto his end ;
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
 Thus therefore I aduize vpon the case,
 That not to anie certaine trade or place, 130
 Nor anie man we should our selues applie ;
 For why should he that is at libertie
 Make himselfe bond ? fith then we are free borne,
 Let vs all feruile base subiection scorne ;
 And as we bee sonnes of the world so wide,
 Let vs our fathers heritage diuide,
 And chalenge to our selues our portions dew
 Of all the patrimonie, which a few
 Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
 And all the rest doo rob of good and land. 140
 For now a few haue all and all haue nought,
 Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought :
 There is no right in this partition,
 Ne was it so by institution
 Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
 But that she gaue like blessing to each creture
 As well of worldly liuelode as of life,
 That there might be no difference nor strife,
 Nor ought cald mine or thine : thrice happie then
 Was the condition of mortall men. 150
 That was the golden world of *Saturne* old,
 But this might better be the age of gold ;
 For without golde now nothing wilbe got.
 Therefore (if please you) this shalbe our plot,
 We will not be of anie occupation,
 Let such vile vassalls borne to base vocation

l. 134, in MS. reads 'Lets fer-
vitude and base subiection scorne.'

l. 151, 'world' accepted for 'age,'
and l. 152, 'age' for 'world' from MS.

Drudge in the world, and for their liuing droyle
 Which haue no wit to liue withouten toyle.
 But / we will walke about the world at pleafure
 Like two free men, and make our eafe a treafure. 160
 Free men fome beggers call, but they be free,
 And they which call them fo more beggers bee :
 For they doo fwinke and fweate to feed the other,
 Who liue like Lords of that which they doo gather,
 And yet doo neuer thanke them for the fame,
 But as their due by Nature doo it clame.
 Such will we fafhion both our felues to bee,
 Lords of the world, and fo will wander free
 Where fo vs lifteth, vncontrol'd of anie.
 Hard is our hap, if we (emongft fo manie) 170
 Light not on fome that may our ftate amend ;
 Sildome but fome good commeth ere the end.

Well feemd the Ape to like this ordinaunce :
 Yet well confidering of the circumftaunce,
 As paufing in great doubt, awhile he ftaid,
 And afterwards with graue aduizement faid ;
 I cannot my lief brother like but well
 The purpofe of the complot which ye tell :
 For well I wot (compar'd to all the reft
 Of each degree) that Beggers life is beft : 180
 And they that thinke themfelues the beft of all,
 Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
 But this I wot withall that we fhall ronne
 Into great daunger like to bee vndonne,
 Thus wildly to wander in the worlds eye,
 Withouten pafport or good warrantie,

l. 169, period (.) after 'anie'—dropped in error.

l. 184, comma (,) for period (.).

For feare least we like rogues should be reputed,
 And for eare marked beafts abroad be bruted :
 Therefore I read, that we our counsells call,
 How to preuent this mischiefe ere it fall, 190
 And / how we may with most securitie,
 Beg amongst those that beggers doo defie.
 Right well deere Gofsip ye aduized haue,
 (Said then the Foxe) but I this doubt will saue :
 For ere we farther passe, I will deuise
 A pasport for vs both in fitteft wize,
 And by the names of Souldiers vs protect ;
 That now is thought a ciuile begging sect.
 Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
 For manly semblance, and small skill in warre : 200
 I will but wayte on you, and as occasion
 Falls out, my selfe fit for the same will fashion.

The Pasport ended, both they forward went,
 The Ape clad Souldierlike, fit for th' intent,
 In a blew iacket with a crosse of redd
 And manie flits, as if that he had shedd
 Much blood through many wounds therein receaued,
 Which had the vse of his right arme bereaued :
 Vpon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
 With a plume feather all to peeces tore : 210
 His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugefe, loose like an emptie gut ;
 And his hose broken high aboue the heeling,
 And his shooes beaten out with traueling.
 But neither sword nor dagger he did beare,
 Seemes that no foes reuengement he did feare :
 In stead of them a handsome bat he held,
 On which he leaned, as one farre in elde.

Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
 Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion, 220
 And that, which is the noblest mysterie,
 Brings to reproach and common infamie.
 Long / they thus trauailed, yet neuer met
 Adventure, which might them a working set :
 Yet manie waies they fought, and manie tryed ;
 But for their purposes none fit espyed.
 At last they chaunft to meete vpon the way
 A simple husbandman in garments gray ;
 Yet though his vesture were but meane and bace,
 A good yeoman he was of honest place, 230
 And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing :
 Gay without good, is good hearts greatest loathing.
 The Foxe him spying, bad the Ape him dight
 To play his part, for loe he was in fight,
 That (if he er'd not) should them entertaine,
 And yeeld them timely profite for their paine.
 Eftsoones the Ape himfelfe gan vp to reare,
 And on his shoulders high his bat to beare,
 As if good seruice he were fit to doo ;
 But little thrift for him he did it too : 240
 And stoutly forward he his steps did straine,
 That like a handsome swaine it him became :

When as they nigh approached, that good man
 Seeing them wander loosely, first began
 T' enquire of custome, what and whence they were ?
 To whom the Ape said, I am a Souldiere,
 That late in warres haue spent my deereft blood,
 And in long seruice lost both limbs and good,

l. 226, MS. 'But' accepted for
 'Yet' of 4to.

l. 246, 'said' accepted from MS.

And now constrain'd that trade to ouerגיע,
 I driuen am to seeke some meanes to liue : 250
 Which might it you in pitie please t' afford,
 I would be readie both in deed and word,
 To doo you faithfull seruice all my dayes.
 This yron world (that fame he weeping sayes)
 Brings / downe the stowtest hearts to lowest state :
 For miserie doth the brauest mindes abate,
 And make them seeke for that they wont to scorne,
 Of fortune and of hope at once forlorne.
 The honest man, that heard him thus complaine,
 Was grieu'd, as he had felt part of his paine ; 260
 And well dispos'd him some reliefe to shoue,
 Askt if in husbandrie he ought did knowe,
 To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to sowe,
 To hedge, to ditch, to thrash, to thetch, to mowe ;
 Or to what labour els he was prepar'd ?
 For husbands life is labourous and hard.
 Whenas the Ape gan heard so much to talke
 Of labour, that did from his liking balke,
 He would haue slipt the coller handfomly,
 And to him said ; good Sir, full glad am I, 270
 To take what paines may anie liuing wight :
 But my late maymed limbs lack wonted might
 To doo their kindly seruices, as needeth :
 Scarce this right hand this mouth with diet feedeth,
 So that it may no painfull worke endure,
 Ne to strong labour can it selfe enure.

l. 251, comma (,) is substituted for period (.) of the 4to.

l. 256, 'the' accepted from MS.

l. 264, 'thetch'—1611 characteristically corrects into 'thatch.'

l. 267, MS. reading accepted for 'him hard.'

l. 274, 'this' (2nd) for 'the' of 4to accepted.

But if that anie other place you haue,
Which askes small paines, but thriftines to faue,
Or care to ouerlooke, or trust to gather,
Ye may me trust as your owne ghostly father. 280

With that the husbandman gan him auize,
That it for him were fittest exercise
Cattell to keep, or grounds to ouersee ;
And asked him, if he could willing bee
To keep his sheep, or to attend his swyne,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kyne ?
Gladly / (said he) what euer such like paine
Ye put on me, I gladly will sustaine :
But gladliest I of your fleecie sheepe
(If foe you please) would take on me the keep. 290
For ere that vnto armes I me betooke,
Vnto my fathers sheepe I vſde to looke,
That yet the skill thereof I haue not losſte :
Thereto right well this Curdog, by my coste
(Meaning the Foxe) will ferue, my sheepe to gather,
And driue to follow after their Belwether.
At this the goodman was meanly well content,
Triall to make of his endeuourment,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flocke, with libertie full large, 300
Giuing accompt of th' annuall increace
Both of their lambes, and of their woolley fleece.

l. 279, MS. reads, 'Or care over
to looke, to faue, to gather.'

l. 288, MS. accepted for 'I will
the same.'

l. 290, MS. accepted for 'Might
it.'

l. 294, comma (,) after 'Curdog.'

l. 297, MS. accepted for 'The
Husbandman.'

l. 301, 'and give . . . yearly' for
'Giving accompt . . . annuall'—to
be noted.

Thus is this Ape become a shepheard swaine,
 And the false Foxe his dog, (God giue them paine)
 For ere the yeare haue halfe his course out-run,
 And doo returne from whence it first begun,
 They shall him make an ill accompt of thrift.

Now whenas Time flying with wings swift,
 Expired had the terme, that these two iauels
 Should render vp a reckning of their trauels 310
 Vnto their master, which it of them fought,
 Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
 Ne wist what answere vnto him to frame,
 Ne how to scape great punishment, or shame,
 For their false treason and vile theeuerie.
 For not a lambe of all their flockes supply
 Had they to shew : but euer as they bred,
 They slue them, and vpon their fleshe they fed :
 For / that disguised Dog lou'd blood to spill,
 And drew the wicked Shepheard to his will. 320
 So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
 And when lambes fail'd, the old sheepes liues they rest;
 That how to quyte themfelues vnto their Lord
 They were in doubt, and flatly set aboard.
 The Foxe then counfel'd th' Ape, for to require
 Respite till morrow, t' answere his desire :
 For times delay new hope of helpe still breeds.
 The goodman granted, doubting nought their deeds,
 And bad, next day that all should readie be.
 But they more subtile meaning had than he :

1. 303, comma after 'swaine.'

1. 306, 'it' for 'he' from MS.

1. 318, MS. accepted for 'their fleshes.'

1. 323, MS. reading 'quyte' accepted for 4to 't' acquite.'

For the next morrowes meed they closely ment,
 For feare of afterclaps for to preuent. 330
 And that same euening, when all shrowded were
 In careles sleep, they without care or feare,
 Cruelly fell vpon their flock in folde,
 And of them slew at pleasure what they wolde :
 Of which whenas they feasted had their fill,
 For a full complement of all their ill,
 They stole away, and tooke their hastie flight,
 Carried in clowdes of all-concealing night.

So was the husbandman left to his losse, 340
 And they vnto their fortunes change to tosse.
 After which fort they wandered long while,
 Abusing manie through their cloaked guile ;
 That at the last they gan to be descryed
 Of euerie one, and all their sleights espyed.
 So as their begging now them failed quyte ;
 For none would giue, but all men would them wyte :
 Yet would they take no paines to get their liuing,
 But seeke some other way to gaine by giuing,
 Much / like to begging but much better named ; 350
 For manie beg, which are thereof ashamed.
 And now the Foxe had gotten him a gowne,
 And th' Ape a cassocke sidelong hanging downe ;
 For they their occupation meant to change,
 And now in other state abroad to range :
 For since their souldiers pas no better spedd,
 They forg'd another, as for Clerkes booke-redd.
 Who pasing foorth, as their aduentures fell,
 Through manie haps, which needs not here to tell ; 360

l. 347—in MS. 'And all their wylie cheats weare brought to light.'

At length chaunst with a formall Priest to meete,
 Whom they in ciuill manner first did greete,
 And after askt an almes for Gods deare loue.
 The man straight way his choler vp did moue,
 And with reproachfull tearmes gan them reuile,
 For following that trade so base and vile ;
 And askt what license, or what Pas they had ?
 Ah (said the Ape as sighing, wondrous sad)
 Its an hard case, when men of good deseruing
 Must either driuen be perforce to steruing, 370
 Or asked for their pas by euerie squib,
 That list at will them to reuile or snib :
 And yet (God wote) small oddes I often see
 Twixt them that aske, and them that asked bee.
 Natheles because you shall not vs misdeeme,
 But that we are as honest as we seeme,
 Yee shall our passport at your pleasure see,
 And then ye will (I hope) well mouued bee.
 Which when the Priest beheld, he vew'd it nere,
 As if therein some text he studying were, 380
 But little els (God wote) could thereof skill :
 For read he could not euidence, nor will,
 Ne / tell a written word, ne write a letter,
 Ne make one title worse, ne make one better :
 Of such deep learning little had he neede,
 Ne yet of Latine, ne of Greeke, that breede
 Doubts mongst Diuines, and difference of texts,
 From whence arise diuersitie of sects,
 And hatefull heresies, of God abhor'd :
 But this good Sir did follow the plaine word, 390

Ne medled with their controuerfies vaine ;
 All his care was, his feruice well to faine,
 And to read Homelies vpon holidayes :
 When that was done, he might attend his playes ;
 An easie life, and fit high God to please.

He hauing ouerlookt their pas at ease,
 Gan at the length them to rebuke againe,
 That no good trade of life did entertaïne,
 But lost their time in wandring loose abroad,
 Seeing the world, in which they bootles boad, 400
 Had wayes enough for all therein to thrue ;
 Such grace did God vnto his creatures giue.
 Said then the Foxe ; who hath the world not tride.
 From the right way full eath may wander wide :
 We are but Nouices, new come abroad,
 We haue not yet the tract of anie troad,
 Nor on vs taken anie state of life,
 But readie are of anie to make preife.
 Therefore might please you, which the world haue proued,
 Vs to aduise, which forth but lately moued, 410
 Of some good course, that we might vndertake ;
 Ye shall for euer vs your bondmen make.
 The Priest gan wexe halfe proud to be so praide,
 And thereby willing to affoord them aide ;
 It / seemes (said he) right well that ye be Clerks,
 Both by your wittie words, and by your werks.
 Is not that name enough to make a liuing
 To him that hath a witt of Natures giuing ?

l. 401, MS. 'thriue' for 'liue'—accepted.

l. 406, MS. 'trade,' which shows 'troad' was r.g. for 'trade.'

l. 418, the MS. 'witt' corrects misprint of 4to 'whit.'

How manie honest men see ye arize
 Daylie thereby, and grow to goodly prize ? 420
 To Deanes, to Archdeacons, and to Commiffaries,
 To Lords, to Principalls, to Prebendaries ;
 All iolly Prelates, worthie rule to beare,
 Who euer them enuie : yet spite bites neare.
 Why should ye doubt then, but that ye likewise
 Might vnto some of those in time arise ?
 In the meane time to liue in good estate,
 Louing that loue, and hating those that hate ;
 Being some honest Curate, or some Vicker
 Content with little in condition sicker. 430
 Ah but (said th' Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
 To feed mens soules, and hath an heauie threat.
 To feede mens soules (quoth he) is not in man ;
 For they must feed themselues, doo what we can.
 We are but charg'd to lay the meate before :
 Eate they that list, we need to doo no more.
 But God it is that feedes them with his grace,
 The bread of life powr'd downe from heauenly place.
 Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
 Did rule the Iewes, *All shalbe taught of God.* 440
 That same hath Iesus Christ now to him raught,
 By whom the flock is rightly fed, and taught :
 He is the Shepheard, and the Priest is hee ;
 We but his shepheard swaines ordain'd to bee.
 Therefore herewith doo not, your selfe difmay ;
 Ne is the paines so great, but beare ye may ;
 For / not so great as it was wont of yore,
 Its now a dayes, ne halfe so streight and fore :

They whilome vsed duly euerie day
 Their seruice and their holie things to say, 450
 At morne and euen, besides their Anthemes sweete,
 Their penie Maffes, and their Complynes meete,
 Their Dirges with their Trentals, and their shrifts,
 Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
 Now all those needleffe works are laid away ;
 Now once a weeke vpon the Sabbath day,
 It is enough to doo our small deuotion,
 And then to follow any merrie motion.
 Ne are we tyde to fast, but when we list,
 Ne to weare garments bafe of wollen twift, 460
 But with the finest filkes vs to aray,
 That before God we may appeare more gay,
 Refembling *Aarons* glorie in his place :
 For farre vnfit it is, that perfon bace
 Should with vile cloaths approach Gods maiestie,
 Whom no vncleannes may approachen nie :
 Or that all men, which anie master serue,
 Good garments for their seruice should deferue ;
 But he that serues the Lord of hoasts most high,
 And that in highest place, t' approach him nigh, 470
 And all the peoples prayers to present
 Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
 Both too and fro, should not deferue to weare
 A garment better, than of wooll or heare.
 Beside we may haue lying by our fides
 Our louely Lasses, or bright shining Brides :
 We be not tyde to wilfull chastitie,
 But haue the Gospell of free libertie.

l. 453, the MS. 'with' accepted as restoring the rhythm spoiled by 'Dirges' for 'Diriges.'

By / that he ended had his ghostly sermon,
 The Foxe was well induc'd to be a Parson ; 480
 And of the Priest eftsoones gan to enquire,
 How to a Benefice he might aspire.
 Marie there (saide the Priest) is arte indeed.
 Much good deep learning one thereout may reed,
 For that the ground-worke is, an end of all,
 How to obtaine a Beneficiall.
 First therefore, when ye haue in handsome wife
 Your selfe attyred, as you can deuise,
 Then to some Noble man your selfe applye,
 Or other great one in the worldes eye, 490
 That hath a zealous disposition
 To God, and so to his religion :
 There must thou fashon eke a godly zeale,
 Such as no carpers may contrayre reueale :
 For each thing fained, ought more warie bee.
 There thou must walke in sober grauitee,
 And seeme as faintlike as Saint *Radegund*:
 Fast much, pray oft, looke lowly on the ground,
 And vnto euerie one doo curtesie meeke :
 These looks (nought saying) doo a benefice seeke, 500
 And be thou sure one not to lacke or long.
 But if thee list vnto the Court to throng,
 And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
 Then must thou thee dispose another way :
 For there thou needs must learne, to laugh, to lie,
 To face, to forge, to scoffe, to companie,
 To crouche to please, to be a beetle stock
 Of thy great Masters will, to scorne, or mock :

1. 485, MS. 'an' accepted for 4to misprint 'and,' albeit 'and' was thus used.

1. 501, 'or'—corrected needlessly in 1611 into 'ere.'

So maist thou chaunce mock out a Benefice,
 Vnlesse thou canst one coniure by deuce, 510
 Or / cast a figure for a Bishopricks :
 And if one could, it were but a schoole trick.
 These be the wayes, by which without reward
 Liuing in Court be gotten, though full hard.
 For nothing there is done without a fee :
 The Courtier needes must recompenced bee
 With a Beneuolence, or haue in gage
 The *Primitiæ* of your Parsonage :
 Scarfe can a Bishopricks forpas them by,
 But that it must be gelt in priuitie. 520
 Doo not thou therefore seeke a liuing there,
 But of more priuate persons seeke elsewhere,
 Whereas thou maist compound a better penie,
 Ne let thy learning question'd be of anie.
 For some good Gentleman that hath the right
 Vnto his Church for to present a wight,
 Will cope with thee in reasonable wise ;
 That if the liuing yerely doo arise
 To fortie pound, that then his yongest sonne
 Shall twentie haue, and twentie thou hast wonne : 530
 Thou hast it wonne, for it is of franke gift,
 And he will care for all the rest to shift ;
 Both that the Bishop may admit of thee,
 And that therein thou maist maintained bee.
 This is the way for one that is vnlearn'd
 Liuing to get, and not to be discern'd.
 But they that are great Clerkes, haue nearer wayes,
 For learning sake to liuing them to raise :

Yet manie eke of them (God wote) are driuen
 T' accept a Benefice in peeces riuen. 540
 How faist thou (friend) haue I not well discourst
 Vpon this Cōmon place (though plaine, not wourst)?
 Better / a short tale, than a bad long shruiung.
 Needes anie more to learne to get a liuing?
 Now fure and by my hallidome (quoth he)
 Ye a great master are in your degree:
 Great thanks I yeeld you for your discipline,
 And doo not doubt, but duly to encline
 My wits theretoo, as ye shall shortly heare.
 The Priest him wisht good speed, and well to fare. 550
 So parted they, as eithers way them led.
 But th' Ape and Foxe ere long so well them sped,
 Through the Priests holefome counsell lately tought,
 And throgh their owne faire handling wisely wrought,
 That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
 And craftie Reynold was a Priest ordained;
 And th' Ape his Parish Clarke procur'd to bee.
 Then made they reuell route and goodly glee.
 But ere long time had passed, they so ill
 Did order their affaires, that th' euill will 560
 Of all their Parishners they had constraind;
 Who to the Ordinarie of them complain'd,
 How fowlie they their offices abus'd,
 And them of crimes and heresies accus'd;
 That Purfuiants he often for them sent:
 But they neglected his commaundement.
 So long perfisted obstinate and bolde,
 Till at the length he published to holde

1. 543, MS. 'long tale then a long shrivinge.'

A Visitation, and them cyted thether :
 Then was high time their wits about to geather ; 570
 What did they then, but made a composition
 With their next neighbor Priest for light condition,
 To whom their liuing they resigned quight
 For a few pence, and ran away by night.

So / passing through the Countrey in disguise,
 They fled farre off, where none might them surprize,
 And after that long straying here and there,
 Through euerie field and forrest farre and nere ;
 Yet neuer found occasion for their tourne,
 But almost steru'd, did much lament and mourne. 580

At last they chaunst to meete vpon the way
 The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
 With bells and bosses, that full lowdly rung,
 And costly trappings, that to ground downe hung.
 Lowly they him saluted in meeke wife ;
 But he through pride and fatnes gan despise
 Their meanesse ; scarce vouchsafte them to requite.

Whereat the Foxe, deep groning in his sprite,
 Said, Ah sir Mule, now blessed be the day,
 That I see you so goodly and so gay 590

In your attyres, and eke your filken hyde
 Fil'd round with flesh, that euerie bone doth hide.
 Seemes that in fruitfull pastures ye doo liue,
 Or fortune doth you secret fauour giue.
 Foolish Foxe (saide the Mule) thy wretched need
 Praiseth the thing that doth thy sorrow breed.
 For well I weene, thou canst not but enuie
 My wealth, compar'd to thine owne miserie,

1. 577, MS. 'straying' accepted for 4to's misprint of 'straied.

1. 592, MS. accepted, as correcting 'with round' of the 4to.

That art so leane and meagre waxen late,
 That scarce thy legs vphold thy feeble gate. 600
 Ay me! (said then the Foxe) whom euill hap
 Vnworthy in such wretchednes doth wrap,
 And makes the scorne of other beasts to bee :
 But read (faire sonne of grace) from whence come yee?
 Or what of tidings you abroad doo heare?
 Newes may perhaps some good vnweeting beare.
 From / royall Court I lately came (said he)
 Where all the brauerie that eye may see,
 And all the happinesse that harts desire,
 Is to be found : he nothing can admire, 610
 That hath not seene that heauens portraicture :
 But tidings there is none I you assure,
 Saue that which common is, and knowne to all,
 That Courtiers as the tide doo rise and fall.
 But tell vs (said the Ape) we doo you pray,
 Who now in Court doth beare the greatest sway.
 That if such fortune doo to vs befall,
 We may seeke fauour of the best of all?
 Marie (said he) the highest now in grace,
 Be the wilde beasts, that swiftest are in chafe ; 620
 For in their speedie course and nimble flight
 The Lyon now doth take the most delight :
 But chieflie, ioyes on foote them to beholde,
 Enchafte with chaine and circulet of golde :
 So wilde a beast so tame ytaught to bee,
 And buxome to his bands, is ioy to see.

l. 604, MS. 'sonne' accepted for 'Sir.'

l. 609, 'harts' of MS. accepted for 'heart' of 4to.

l. 626, comma (,) inserted after 'bands.'

So well his golden Circlet him befeemeth :
 But his late chayne his Liege vnmeete esteemeth ;
 For braueft beafts ſhe loueth beſt to ſee,
 In the wilde forreſt raunging freſh and free, 630
 Therefore if fortune thee in Court to liue,
 In caſe thou euer there wilt hope to thriue,
 To ſome of theſe thou muſt thy ſelfe apply :
 Els as a thiftle-downe in th' ayre doth flie,
 So vainly ſhalt thou too and fro be toft,
 And looſe thy labour and thy fruitles coſt.
 And yet full few which follow them I ſee,
 For vertues bare regard aduanced bee,
 But / either for ſome gainfull benefit,
 Or that they may for their owne turnes be fit. 640
 Nath'les perhaps ye things may handle ſoe,
 That ye may better thriue than thouſands moe.

But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
 That after we may fauour ſeeke to win ?
 How els (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
 And with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
 That men may thinke of you in generall,
 That to be in you which is not at all :
 For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
 (As it was wont) but by that ſame that ſeemeth. 650
 Ne do I doubt, but that ye well can faſhion
 Your ſelues theretoo, according to occaſion :

l. 629, MS. accepted 'For braueſt'
 for 'ſo braue': 'ſhe' is ſtupidly
 altered to 'hee' in 1611 onward.
 The Queen is ſelf-evidently meant.
 Was the 'hee' intended as a

courtly tranſference of homage to
 James?

l. 648, 'at' is ſupplied from our
 MS., an obvious inadvertence of the
 4to being thus rectified.

So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye bee ;
 So prouddie neighing, from them parted hee.
 Then gan this craftie couple to deuize,
 How for the Court themfelues they might aguize :
 For thither they themfelues meant to addresse,
 In hope to finde there happier succeffe.
 So well they shifted, that the Ape anon
 Himselfe had cloathed like a Gentleman, 660
 And the flie Foxe, as like to be his groome,
 That to the Court in seemly fort they come.
 Where the fond Ape himselfe vprearing hy
 Vpon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
 As if he were some great *Magnifico*,
 And boldlie doth amongst the boldest go.
 And his man Reynold, with fine counterfesaunce,
 Supports his credite and his countenaunce.
 Then gan the Courtiers gaze on euerie side,
 And stare on him, with big lookes bafen wide, 670
 Won/dring what mister wight he was, and whence :
 For he was clad in strange accoustrements,
 Fashion'd with queint deuises, neuer seene
 In Court before, yet there all fashions beene :
 Yet he them in newfanglenesse did pas:
 But his behaiour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admyr'd,
 And his lookes loftie, as if he aspyr'd
 To dignitie, and fdeign'd the low degree ;
 That all which did such strangenesse in him see 680

l. 654, comma inserted.

l. 656, MS. reads 'they might
themfelues disguise.'

l. 658, period (.) for comma (,).

l. 667, comma (,) inserted after
'Reynold.'

l. 673, comma (,) inserted after
'deuises.'

By secrete meanes gan of his state enquire,
 And priuily his seruant thereto hire :
 Who throughly arm'd against such couerture,
 Reported vnto all, that he was sure
 A noble Gentleman of high regard,
 Which through the world had with long trauel far'd,
 And seene the manners of all beasts on ground ;
 Now here arriu'd, to see if like be found.

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gaine,
 Which afterwards he wisely did maintaine 690
 With gallant shoue, and daylie more augment
 Through his fine feates and Courtly complement ;
 For he could play, and daunce, and vaute, and spring,
 And all that els pertaines to reueling,
 Onely through kindly aptnes of his ioynts.
 Befides he could doo manie other poynts,
 The which in Court him serued to good stead :
 For he mongst Ladies could their fortunes read
 Out of their hands, and merie leafings tell,
 And iuggle finely, that became him well : 700
 But he so light was at legier demaine,
 That what he toucht, came not to light againe ;
 Yet / would he laugh it out, and proudly looke,
 And tell them, that they greatly him mistooke.
 So would he scoffe them out with mockerie,
 For he therein had great felicitie ;
 And with sharp quips ioy'd others to deface,
 Thinking that their disgracing did him grace :
 So whilst that other like vaine wits he pleased,
 And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased. 710

l. 682, 'did his' for 'his'—to be noted.

l. 688, 'be' of MS. for 'he' of 4to accepted.

But the right gentle minde would bite his lip,
 To heare the Iauell so good men to nip :
 For though the vulgar yeeld an open eare,
 And common Courtiers loue to gybe and fleare
 At euerie thing, which they heare spoken ill,
 And the best speeches with ill meaning spill ;
 Yet the braue Courtier, in whose beauteous thought
 Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
 Doth loath such base condition, to backbite
 Anies good name for enuie or despite : 720
 He stands on tearmes of honourable minde,
 Ne will be carried with the common winde
 Of Courts inconstant mutabilitie,
 Ne after euerie tattling fable flie ;
 But heares, and sees the follies of the rest,
 And thereof gathers for himfelfe the best :
 He will not creepe, nor crouche with fained face,
 But walkes vpright with comely stedfast pace,
 And vnto all doth yeeld due curtesie ;
 But not with kissed hand belowe the knee, 730
 As that same Apish crue is wont to doo :
 For he disdaines himfelfe t' embase theretoo.
 He hates fowle leafings, and vile flatterie,
 Two filthie blots in noble Gentry ;
 And / lothefull idlenes he doth detest,
 The canker worme of euerie gentle brest ;
 The which to banish with faire exercife
 Of knightly feates, he daylie doth deuife :

l. 713, comma (,) for period.

l. 720, 'or for spight,' MS.

l. 734, 'Gentry' — The MS.

reads 'genetrie,' which is to be
 noted as marking the pronuncia-
 tion.

Now menaging the mouthes of stubborne steedes,
Now practising the prooffe of warlike deedes, 740
Now his bright armes assaying, now his speare,
Now the nigh aymed ring away to beare ;
At other times he casts to fiew the chace
Of swift wilde beafts, or runne on foote a race,
T'enlarge his breath, (large breath in armes most needfull)
Or els by wrestling to wex strong and heedfull,
Or his stiffe armes to stretch with Eughen bowe,
And manly legs still passing too and fro,
Without a gowned beaft him fast beside ;
A vaine enfample of the *Persian* pride, 750
Who after he had wonne th' *Affyrian* foe,
Did euer after scorne on foote to goe.

Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toyle
Himselfe hath wearied, he doth recoyle
Vnto his rest, and there with sweete delight
Of Musicks skill reuiues his toyled spright,
Or els with Loues, and Ladies gentle sports,
The ioy of youth, himselfe he recomforts ;
Or lastly, when the bodie list to pause,
His minde vnto the Muses he withdrawes ; 760
Sweete Ladie Muses, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light :
With whom he clofe confers with wise discourse,
Of Natures workes, of heauens continuall course,
Of forreine lands, of people different,
Of kingdomes change, of diuers gouernment,
Of / dreadfull battailes of renowned Knights ;
With which he kindleth his ambitious sprights
To like desire and praise of noble fame,
The onely vphot whereto he doth ayme : 770

For all his minde on honour fixed is,
 To which he leuels all his purpofis,
 And in his Princes feruice ſpends his dayes,
 Not ſo much for to gaine, or for to raife
 Himſelfe to high degree, as for his grace,
 And in his liking to winne worthie place ;
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatſo pleaſe employ his perſonage,
 That may be matter meete to gaine him praife :
 For he is fit to vſe in all affayes, 780
 Whether for Armes and warlike amenaunce,
 Or elſe for wiſe and ciuill gouernaunce.
 For he is practiz'd well in policie,
 And thereto doth his Courting moſt applie :
 To learne the enterdeale of Princes ſtrange,
 To marke th' intent of Counſells, and the change
 Of ſtates, and eke of priuate men ſomewhile,
 Supplanted by fine falſhood and faire guile ;
 Of all the which he gathereth, what is fit
 T' enrich the ſtorehouſe of his powerfull wit, 790
 Which through wiſe ſpeeches, and graue conference
 He daylie eekes, and brings to excellence.

Such is the rightfull Courtier in his kinde :
 But vnto ſuch the Ape lent not his minde ;
 Such were for him no fit companions,
 Such would deſcrie his lewd conditions :
 But the yong luſtie gallants he did choſe
 To follow, meete to whom he might diſcloſe
 His / witleſſe pleaſance, and ill pleaſing vaine.
 A thouſand wayes he them could entertaine, 800

With all the thriftles games, that may be found
 With mumming and with masking all around,
 With dice, with cards, with balliards farre vnfit,
 With shuttelcocks, misseeming manlie wit,
 With courtizans, and costly riotize,
 Whereof still fomewhat to his share did rize :
 Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorne
 A Pandares coate (so basely was he borne);
 Thereto he could fine louing verses frame,
 And play the Poet eke. But ah, for shame, 810
 Let not sweete Poets praise, whose onely pride
 Is vertue to aduance, and vice deride,
 Be with the worke of losels wit defamed,
 Ne let such verses Poetrie be named :
 Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
 Maugre the sacred Muses, and it make
 A seruant to the vile affection
 Of such, as he depended most vpon,
 And with the fugrie sweete thereof allure
 Chaft Ladies eares to fantasies impure. 820
 To such delights the noble wits he led
 Which him relieu'd, and their vaine humours fed
 With fruitles follies, and vnfound delights.
 But if perhaps into their noble sprights
 Desire of honor, or braue thought of armes
 Did euer creepe, then with his wicked charmes
 And strong conceits he would it driue away,
 Ne suffer it to house there halfe a day.
 And whenso loue of letters did inspire
 Their gentle wits, and kindly wife desire, 830

l. 804, 'vnseeming' MS. ['oft.'

l. 810, MS. 'eke' accepted for 4to

l. 830, 'kindly' is in the 4to

and in our MS. Mr. J. P. Collier

That / chieflie doth each noble minde adorne,
 Then he would scoffe at learning, and eke scorne
 The Sectaries thereof, as people base
 And simple men, which neuer came in place
 Of worlds affaires, but in darke corners mewd,
 Muttred of matters, as their bookes them shewd,
 Ne other knowledge euer did attaine,
 But with their gownes their grautie maintaine.
 From them he would his impudent lewde speech
 Against Gods holie Ministers oft reach, 840
 And mocke Diuines and their profession :
 What else then did he by progression,
 But mocke high God himselfe, whom they professe?
 But what car'd he for God, or godlinesse?
 All his care was himselfe how to aduaunce,
 And to vphold the courtly countenance
 By all the cunning meanes he could deuise ;
 Were it by honest wayes, or otherwise,
 He made small choyce : yet fure his honestie
 Got him small gaines, but shameles flatterie, 850
 And filthie brocage, and vnseemly shifts,
 And borowing baselie, and good Ladies gifts :
 But the best helpe, which chiefly him sustain'd,
 Was his man Raynolds purchase which he gain'd.
 For he was school'd by kinde in all the skill
 Of close conueyance, and each practise ill

first made the correction on the alleged authority of Drayton of 'kindle'; but it scarcely commends itself.

l. 846, 'the' of MS. accepted for 'his' of 4to.

l. 852: the MS. restores sense to the reading of the 4to, 'And borowen base, and some good Ladies gifts.'

Of coofinage and cleanly knauerie,
 Which oft maintain'd his masters brauerie.
 Besides he vſde another ſlipprie ſight,
 In taking on himſelfe in common ſight, 860
 Falſe perſonages fit for euerie ſted,
 With which he thouſands cleanly coofined :
 Now / like a Merchant, Merchants to deceaue.
 With whom his credite he did often leaue
 In gage, for his gay Maſters hopeleſſe dett :
 Now like a Lawyer, when he land would lett,
 Or ſell fee-fimples in his Maſters name,
 Which he had neuer, nor ought like the ſame :
 Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
 Both wares and money, by exchange to win : 870
 Then would he ſeeme a Farmer, that would ſell
 Bargaines of woods, which he did lately ſell,
 Or corne, or cattle, or ſuch other ware,
 Thereby to coofin men not well aware ;
 Of all the which there came a ſecret fee
 To th' Ape, that he his countenaunce might bee.

Besides all this, he vſ'd oft to beguile
 Poore futers, that in Court did haunt ſome while :
 For he would learne their buſines ſecretly,
 And then informe his Maſter haſtely, 880
 That he by meanes might caſt them to preuent,
 And beg the fute, the which the other ment.
 Or otherwiſe falſe Reynold would abuſe
 The ſimple Suter, and wiſh him to chuſe
 His Maſter, being one of great regard
 In Court, to compas anie fute not hard,
 In caſe his paines were recompenſt with reaſon :
 So would he worke the filly man by treaſon

To buy his Masters friuolous good will,
 That had noe power to doo him good or ill. 890
 So pitifull a thing is Suters state /.
 Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
 Hath brought to Court, to sue for had ywift,
 That few haue found, and manie one hath mist :
 Full / little knowest thou that hast not tride,
 What hell it is, in suing long to bide :
 To loose good dayes, that might be better spent ;
 To waft long nights in penfiue discontent ;
 To speed to day, to be put back to morrow ;
 To feed on hope, to pine with feare and sorrow ; 900
 To haue thy Princes grace, yet want her Peeres ;
 To haue thy asking, yet waite manie yeeres ;
 To fret thy foule with crosses and with cares ;
 To eate thy heart through comfortlesse dispaire ;
 To fawne, to crowche, to waite, to ride, to ronne,
 To spend, to giue, to want, to be vndonne.
 Vnhappie wight, borne to defastrous end,
 That doth his life in so long tendance spend !
 Who euer leaues sweete home, where meane estate
 In safe assurance, without strife or hate, 910
 Findes all things needfull for contentment meeke ;
 And will to Court for shadowes vaine to seeke,
 Or hope to gaine, himselfe will one daie crie :
 That curse God fend vnto mine enemye.

l. 890, MS. 'noe' accepted for 'not' of 4to.

l. 900—the MS. reads 'pyne away wth feare and sorrow.'

l. 901, MS. 'the Princeffe.'

l. 902, MS. 'their' for 'thy.'

l. 907, 'preposterous' for 'defastrous.'

l. 913—our MS. here corrects a long-continued misprint of the 4to, hitherto left (even by Dr. Morris) unintelligible, viz., 'a daw tric.'

For none but such as this bold Ape vnblest,
 Can euer thriue in that vnluckie quest ;
 Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
 That by his shifts his Master furnish can.
 But yet this Foxe could not so closely hide
 His craftie feates, but that they were descride 920
 At length, by such as fate in iustice seate,
 Who for the same him fowlie did entreate ;
 And hauing worthily him punished,
 Out of the Court for euer banished.
 And now the Ape wanting his huckster man,
 That wont prouide his necessaries, gan
 To / growe into great lacke, ne could vpholde
 His countenance in those his garments olde ;
 Ne new ones could he easily prouide,
 Though all men him vncafed gan deride, 930
 Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
 Whose part once past all men bid take away :
 So that he driuen was to great distresse,
 And shortly brought to hopelesse wretchednesse.
 Then closely as he might he cast to leaue
 The Court, not asking any passe or leaue ;
 But ran away in his rent rags by night,
 Ne euer stayd in place, ne spake to wight,
 Till that the Foxe, his copefmate he had found,
 To whome complayning his vnhappy stound, 940
 At last againe with him in trauell ioyned,
 And with him far'd, some better chaunce to fynde.

l. 924, MS. reads 'him out from.

l. 931, MS. 'Most like.'

l. 942, comma (,) inserted.

So in the world long time they wandered,
 And mickle want and hardnesse suffered ;
 That them repented much so foolishly
 To come so farre to seeke for misery,
 And leaue the sweetnes of contented home,
 Though eating hipps, and drinking watry fome.
 Thus as they them complayned too and fro,
 Whilst through the forest rechlesse they did goe, 950
 Lo where they spide, how in a gloomy glade,
 The Lyon sleeping lay in secet shade,
 His Crowne and Scepter lying him beside,
 And hauing doft for heate his dreadfull hide :
 Which when they sawe, the Ape was sore afrayde,
 And would haue fled with terror all difmayde.
 But him the Foxe with hardy words did stay,
 And bad him put all cowardize away :
 For / now was time (if euer they would hope)
 To ayme their counsels to the fairest scope, 960
 And them for euer highly to aduaunce,
 In case the good, which their owne happie chaunce
 Them freely offred, they would wisely take.
 Scarfe could the Ape yet speake, so did he quake,
 Yet as he could, he askt how good might growe,
 Where nought but dread & death do seeme in show.
 Now (sayd he) whiles the Lyon sleepeth sound,
 May we his Crowne and Mace take from the ground,
 And eke his skinne, the terror of the wood,
 Wherewith we may our selues (if we thinke good) 970
 Make Kings of Beasts, and Lords of forests all,
 Subiect vnto that powre imperiall.

l. 962, comma (,) inserted.

l. 969, comma (,) inserted after 'skinne.'

Ah but (fayd the Ape) who is so bold a wretch,
 That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch :
 When as he knowes his meede, if he be fside,
 To be a thousand deathes, and shame beside ?
 Fond Ape (fayd then the Foxe) into whose brest
 Neuer crept thought of honor, nor braue gest ;
 Who will not venture life a King to be,
 And rather rule and raigne in foueraigntie, 980
 Than dwell in dust inglorious and bace,
 Where none shall name the number of his place ?
 One ioyous houre in blisfull happines,
 I chuse before a life of wretchednes.
 Be therefore counsell'd herein by me,
 And shake off this vile harted cowardree.
 If he awake, yet is not death the next,
 For we may coulor it with some pretext
 Of this, or that, that may excuse the cryme :
 Else we may flye ; thou to a tree mayst clyme, 990
 And / I creepe vnder ground ; both from his reach :
 Therefore be rul'd to doo as I doo teach.

The Ape, that earst did nought but chill and quake,
 Now gan some courage vnto him to take,
 And was content to attempt that enterprife,
 Tickled with glorie and rash couetise.
 But first gan question, whither should assay
 Those royall ornaments to steale away ?

l. 974, MS. reads 'dares . . . hands . . . them.'

l. 978, ; for ,

l. 980, MS. 'foueraigntie' accepted for the 4to 'foueraign fee' misprint.

l. 984, MS. 'chuse' accepted for 'chofe' of 4to.

l. 997, 'whither' and 'whether,' as 'there' and 'their,' etc., were interchangeable, then and onward—no need to correct into 'whether' here.

Marie that shall your selfe, (quoth he theretoo)
 For ye be fine and nimble it to doo ; 1000
 Of all the beafts which in the forrests bee,
 Is not a fitter for this turne than yee :
 Therefore, mine owne deare brother, take good hart,
 And euer thinke a Kingdome is your part.
 Loath was the Ape, though praied, to aduenter,
 Yet faintly gan into his worke to enter,
 Afraid of euerie lease that stir'd him by,
 And euerie stick that vnderneath did ly ;
 Vpon his tiptoes nicely he vp went,
 For making noyse, and still his eare he lent 1010
 To euerie sound, that vnder heauen blew ;
 Now wēt, now stept, now crept, now backward drew,
 That it good sport had been him to haue eyde :
 Yet at the last, (so well he him applyde,)
 Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,
 He all those royall signes had stolne away,
 And with the Foxes helpe them borne aside,
 Into a secret corner vnespide.
 Whether whenas they came they fell at words,
 Whether of them should be the Lord of Lords : 1020
 For th' Ape was striuefull, and ambicious ;
 And the Foxe guilefull, and most couetous ;

l. 999, comma (,) after 'selfe' inserted.

l. 1012, 'stept' is recommended to be changed by Mr. J. Payne Collier into 'stopt,' on the alleged authority of Drayton. But it does not vindicate itself. There is the general description 'went,' and next comes the manner 'stept,' 'crept,' and 'backward drew,' as details. Even

the 1611 folio did not alter. See *Life and Essays* in Vol. I., as before. Our MS. reads 'crept, nowe stept.'

l. 1014, comma (,) after 'last' inserted.

l. 1015, 'his' accepted from MS. before 'cleanly.'

l. 1019, 'Whether'—see on l. 997.

l. 1021, MS. 'striueful' accepted for the 4to meaningless 'stryfull.'

That / neither pleased was, to haue the rayne
 Twixt them diuided into euen twaine,
 But either (algates) would be Lords alone :
 For Loue and Lordship bide no paragone.
 I am most worthie (said the Ape) fith I
 For it did put my life in ieopardie :
 Thereto I am in perfon, and in stature
 Most like a man, the Lord of euerie creature, 1030
 So that it seemeth I was made to raigne,
 And borne to be a Kingly foueraigne.
 Nay (said the Foxe) Sir Ape you are astray :
 For though to steale the Diademe away
 Were the worke of your nimble hand, yet I
 Did first deuise the plot by pollicie ;
 So that it wholly springeth from my wit :
 For which also I claime my selfe more fit
 Than you, to rule : for gouernment of state
 Will without wisedome soone be ruinate. 1040
 And where ye claime your selfe for outward shape
 Most like a man, Man is not like an Ape
 In his chiefe parts, that is, in wit and spirite ;
 But I therein most like to him doo merite
 For my flie wyles and subtill craftinesse,
 The title of the Kingdome to possesse.
 Nath'les (my brother) since we passed are
 Vnto this point, we will appease our iarre,
 And I with reason meete will rest content,
 That ye shall haue both crowne and gouernment, 1050
 Vpon condition, that ye ruled bee
 In all affaires, and counfelled by mee ;

1. 1044, our MS. reads ' I most resemble him, and therefore merite.

And that ye let none other euer drawe
 Your minde from me, but keepe this as a lawe :
 And / herevpon an oath unto me plight.

The Ape was glad to end the strife so light,
 And thereto swore : for who would not oft sweare,
 And oft vnfwear, a Diademe to beare ?
 Then freely vp those royall spoyles he tooke,
 Yet at the Lyons skin he inly quooke ; 1060
 But it dissembled, and vpon his head
 The Crowne, and on his backe the skin he did,
 And the false Foxe him helped to array.
 Then when he was all dight he tooke his way
 Into the forest, that he might be seene
 Of the wilde beafts in his new glory sheene.
 There the two first, whome he encountred, were
 The Sheepe and th' Asse, who striken both with feare
 At sight of him, gan fast away to flye :
 But vnto them the Foxe alowd did cry, 1070
 And in the Kings name bad them both to stay,
 Vpon the payne that thereof follow may.
 Hardly naythles, were they restrayned so,
 Till that the Foxe forth toward them did goe,
 And there disswaded them from needlesse feare,
 For that the King did fauour to them beare ;
 And therefore dreadles bad them come to Corte :
 For no wild beafts should do them any torte
 There or abroad, ne would his maiestye
 Vse them but well, with gracious clemencye, 1080

l. 1058, comma (,) after 'vnfwear' inserted.

l. 1069, : for ,

l. 1073, comma (,) after 'naythles' inserted.

As whome he knewe to him both fast and true ;
 So he perfwaded them, with homage due
 Themselues to humble to the Ape prostrate ;
 Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
 Receyued them with chearefull entertayne.
 Thenceforth proceeding with his princely trayne,
 He / shortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
 Which with the simple Camell raged fore
 In bitter words, seeking to take occasion,
 Vpon his fleshly corpe to make inuasion : 1090
 But soone as they this mock-King did espy,
 Their troublous strife they stinted by and by,
 Thinking indeed that it the Lyon was :
 He then to proue whether his powre would pas
 As currant, sent the Foxe to them streight way,
 Commaunding them their cause of strife bewray ;
 And if that wrong on eyther side there were,
 That he should warne the wronger to appeare
 The morrow next at Court, it to defend ;
 In the meane time vpon the King t' attend. 1100
 The subtile Foxe so well his message sayd,
 That the proud beasts him readily obayd :
 Whereby the Ape in wondrous stomack woxe,
 Strongly encorag'd by the crafty Foxe ;
 That King indeed himselfe he shortly thought,
 And all the Beasts him feared as they ought :
 And followed vnto his palaice hye,
 Where taking Conge, each one by and by
 Departed to his home in dreadfull awe,
 Full of the feared fight, which late they sawe. 1110

l. 1108, misprinted 'Couge' in 4to—see MS. Various Readings in Appendix.

The Ape thus seized of the Regall throne,
 Eftfones by counsell of the Foxe alone,
 Gan to prouide for all things in affurance,
 That fo his rule might lenger haue endurance.
 Firft to his Gate he pointed a strong gard,
 That none might enter but with iffue hard :
 Then for the fafegard of his perfonage,
 He did appoint a warlike equipage
 Of / forreine beafts, not in the forest bred,
 But part by land, and part by water fed ; 1120
 For tyrannie is with ftrange ayde fupported.
 Then vnto him all monftrous beafts reforted
 Bred of two kindes, as Griffons, Minotaures,
 Crocodiles, Dragons, Beauers, and Centaures :
 With thofe himfelfe he ftrengthned mightelie,
 That feare he neede no force of enemie.
 Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
 Like as the Foxe did guide his graceles skill,
 And all wylde beafts made vaffals of his pleasures,
 And with their fpoyles enlarg'd his priuatetreafores. 1130
 No care of iuftice, nor no rule of reafon,
 No temperance, nor no regard of feafon
 Did thenceforth euer enter in his minde,
 But crueltie, the figne of curriſh kinde,
 And fdeignfull pride, and wilfull arrogauce ;
 Such folowes thofe whom fortune doth aduaunce.

But the falſe Foxe moſt kindly plaid his part :
 For whatfoeuer mother wit, or arte
 Could worke, he put in prooffe : no practiſe flie,
 No counterpoint of cunning policie, 1140
 No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
 But he the ſame did to his purpoſe wring.

Nought suffered he the Ape to giue or graunt,
But through his hand must passe the Fiaunt.
All offices, all leases by him leapt,
And of them all whatso he likte, he kept.
Iustice he solde iniustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was,
But so he got it, little did he pas. 1150
He / fed his cubs with fat of all the foyle,
And with the sweete of others sweating toyle,
He crammed them with crumbs of Benefices,
And fild their mouthes with meeds of malefices ;
He cloathed them with all colours saue white,
And loded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to beare,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were :
He chaffred Chayres in which Churchmen were set,
And breach of lawes to priuie ferme did let ; 1160
No statute so established might bee,
Nor ordinance so needfull, but that hee
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet vnder colour of the confidence
The which the Ape reposed in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdomes corner stone.
And euer when he ought would bring to pas,
His long experience the platforme was :
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry, 1170
For to encrease the common treasures store ;
But his owne treasure he encreased more
And lifted vp his loftie towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky ;

The whiles the Princes pallaces fell fast
 To ruine : (for what thing can euer last ?)
 And whilest the other Peeres, for pouertie,
 Were forst their auncient houses to let lie,
 And their olde Castles to the ground to fall,
 Which their forefathers, famous ouer all, 1180
 Had founded for the Kingdomes ornament,
 And for their memories long moniment.
 But / he no count made of Nobilitie,
 Nor the wilde beafts whom armes did glorifie,
 The Realmes chiefe strength and gírlöd of the crowne.
 All these through fained crimes he thrust adowne,
 Or made them dwell in darknes of disgrace :
 For none, but whom he list, might come in place.
 Of men of armes he had but small regard,
 But kept them lowe, and streigned verie hard. 1190
 For men of learning little he esteemed ;
 His wisedome he aboue their learning deemed.
 As for the rascall Commons least he cared ;
 For not so common was his bountie shared ;
 Let God (said he) if please, care for the manie,
 I for my selfe must care before els anie :
 So did he good to none, to manie ill,
 So did he all the kingdome rob and pill,
 Yet none durst speake, ne none durst of him plaine ;
 So great he was in grace, and rich through gaine. 1200
 Ne would he anie let to haue acceffe
 Vnto the Prince, but by his owne addresse :
 For all that els did come, were sure to faile.
 Yet would he further none but for a vaile.

1. 1180, comma (,) inserted after 'forefathers' and 'all.'

1. 1204, MS. 'a vaile' explains 4to 'auaile' hitherto left uncorrected.

For on a time the Sheepe, to whom of yore
 The Foxe had promised of friendship store,
 What time the Ape the kingdome first did gaine,
 Came to the Court, her case there to complaine,
 How that the Wolfe her mortall enemye
 Hath fithence slaine her Lambe most cruellie ; 1210
 And therefore crau'd to come vnto the King,
 To let him knowe the order of the thing.
 Soft Gooddie Sheepe (then said the Foxe) not foe :
 Vnto the King so rash ye may not goe,
 He / is with greater matter busied,
 Than a Lambe, or the Lambes owne mothers hed.
 Ne certes may I take it well in part,
 That ye my coufin Wolfe so fowly thwart,
 And seeke with flaunders his good name to blot :
 For there was cause, els doo it he would not. 1220
 Therefore surcease good Dame, and hence depart.
 So went the Sheepe away with heauie hart.
 So manie moe, so euerie one was vsed,
 That to giue largely to the foxe refused.

Now when high *Ioue*, in whose almightie hand
 The care of Kings, and power of Empires stand,
 Sitting one day within his turret hye,
 From whence he vewes with his blacklidded eye,
 Whatso the heauen in his wide cope containes,
 And all that in the deepest earth remaines, 1230
 And troubled kingdome of wilde beafts behelde,
 Whom not their kindly Souereigne did welde,
 But an vsurping Ape with guile suborn'd,
 Had all subuerst, he sdeignfully it scorn'd

l. 1224, MS. 'foxe' at once accepted for the 4to nonsense-word of 'boxe.'

l. 1229, 'cope' accepted for 'vawte' of 4to.

In his great heart, and hardly did refraine,
 But that with thunder bolts he had him slaine,
 And driuen downe to hell, his dewest meed :
 But him auizing, he that dreadfull deed
 Forbore, and rather chofe with scornfull shame
 Him to auenge, and blot his brutish name 1240
 Vnto the world, that neuer after anie
 Should of his race be voyd of infamie :
 And his false counsellor, the cause of all,
 To damne to death, or dole perpetuall,
 From whence he neuer should be quit, nor stal'd.
 Forthwith he *Mercurie* vnto him cal'd,
 And / bad him flie with neuer resting speed
 Vnto the forrest, where wilde beasts doo breed,
 And there enquiring priuily, to learne
 What did of late chaunce happen to the Lyon stearne,
 That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought ; 1251
 And whence were all those plaints vnto him brought
 Of wronges, and spoyles, by saluage beasts committed ;
 Which done, he bad the Lyon be remitted
 Into his seate, and those same treachours vile
 Be punished for their presumptuous guile.

The Sonne of *Maia* foone as he receiu'd
 That word, streight with his azure wings he cleau'd
 The liquid clowdes, and lucid firmament :
 Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent 1260
 Vnto the place, where his prescript did showe.
 There stouping like an arrowe from a bowe,
 He soft arriued on the grassie plaine,
 And fairly paced forth with easie paine,

l. 1245, '*stal'd*'—1611 spells '*stall'd*.'

l. 1258, '*his*' from MS. accepted.

Till that vnto the Pallace nigh he came.
 Then gan he to himfelfe new shape to frame,
 And that faire face, and that Ambrosiall hew,
 Which wons to decke the Gods immortall crew,
 And beaufefie the shinie firmament,
 He doft, vnfit for that rude rabblement. 1270
 So ftanding by the gates in ftange difguize,
 He gan enquire of fome in fecret wize,
 Both of the King, and of his gouernment,
 And of the Foxe, and his falfe blandifhment :
 And euermore he heard each one complaine
 Of foule abufes both in realme and raine.
 Which yet to proue more true, he meant to fee,
 And an ey-witnes of each thing to bee.
 Tho / on his head his dreadfull hat he dight,
 Which maketh him inuifible in fight, 1280
 And mocketh th' eyes of all the lookers on,
 Making them thinke it but a vifion.
 Through power of that, he runnes through enemies fwerds
 Through power of that, he paffeth through the herds
 Of rauenous wilde beafts, and doth beguile
 Their greedie mouthes of the expected fpoyle ;
 Through power of that, his cunning theeueries
 He wons to worke, that none the fame efpies ;
 And through the power of that, he putteth on
 What shape he lift in apparition. 1290
 That on his head he wore, and in his hand
 He tooke *Caduceus* his fnakie wand,
 With which the damned ghofts he gouerneth,
 And furies rules ; and Tartare tempereth.

1. 1291, MS. reads, 'That he vpon his head and on his hand.'



With that he causeth sleep to feize the eyes,
 And feare the hearts of all his enemyes ;
 And when him list, an vniuerfall night
 Throughout the world he makes on euerie wight ;
 As when his Syre with *Alcumena* lay.

Thus dight, into the Court he tooke his way, 1300
 Both through the gard, which neuer him descride,
 And through the watchmen, who him neuer spide :
 Thenceforth he past into each secrete part,
 Whereas he saw, that forely grieu'd his hart ;
 Each place abounding with fowle iniuries,
 And fild with treafure, rackt with robberies :
 Each place defilde with blood of guiltles beasts,
 Which had been slaine, to serue the Apes beheasts ;
 Gluttonie, malice, pride, and couetize,
 And lawlesnes raigning with riotize ; 1310
 Besides / the infinite extortions,
 Done through the Foxes great oppressions,
 That the complaints thereof could not be tolde.
 Which when he did with lothfull eyes beholde,
 He would no more endure, but came his way,
 And cast to seeke the Lion, where he laie,
 That he might worke the auengement for this shame,
 On those two caytiues, which had bred him blame.
 And seeking all the forrest bufily,
 At last he found, where sleeping he did ly : 1320
 The wicked weed, which there the Foxe did lay,
 From vnderneath his head he tooke away,
 And then him waking, forced vp to rize.
 The Lion looking vp gan him auize,

l. 1306, comma (,) inserted after
 'treafure.'

l. 1316, MS. 'laie' for 'may' of
 4to—accepted.

As one late in a traunce, what had of long
 Become of him : for fantasie is strong.
 Arise (said *Mercurie*) thou sluggish beast,
 That here liest senseles, like the corpse deceast,
 The whilst thy kingdome from thy head is rent,
 And thy throne royall with dishonour blent : 1330
 Arise, and doo thy selfe redeeme from shame,
 And be aueng'd on those that breed thy blame.

Thereat enraged, soone he gan vpstart,
 Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
 And rousing up himselfe, for his rough hide
 He gan to reach ; but no where it espide.
 Therewith he gan full terribly to rore,
 And chafte at that indignitie right fore.
 But when his Crowne and scepter both he wanted,
 Lord how he fum'd, and sweld, and rag'd, and panted ;
 And threatned death, & thousand deadly dolours 1341
 To them that had purloyn'd his Princely honours.
 With / that in hast, disroabed as he was,
 He toward his owne Pallace forth did pas ;
 And all the way he roared as he went,
 That all the Forrest with astonishment
 Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
 Fled fast away from that so dreadfull din.
 At last he came vnto his mansion,
 Where all the gates he found fast lockt anon, 1350
 And manie warders round about them stood :
 With that he roar'd alowd, as he were wood,
 That all the Pallace quaked at the stound,
 As if it quite were riuen from the ground,
 And all within were dead and hartles left ;
 And th' Ape himselfe, as one whose wits were reft,

Fled here and there, and euerie corner fought,
 To hide himfelfe from his owne feared thought.
 But the falſe Foxe when he the Lion heard,
 Fled cloſely forth, ſtreightway of death afeard, 1360
 And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
 With fained face, and watrie eyne halfe weeping,
 T' excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion,
 And turning all vnto the Apes confuſion :
 Nath'les the royall Beaſt forbore beleeuing,
 But bad him ſtay at eaſe till further preeuing.

Then when he ſaw no entraunce to him graunted,
 Roaring yet lowder that all harts it daunted,
 Vpon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flewe,
 And, rending them in pieces, felly flewe 1370
 Thoſe warders ſtronge, and all that els he met.
 But th' Ape ſtill flying, he no where might get :
 From rowme to rowme, from beame to beame he fled
 All breathles, and for feare now almoſt ded :
 Yet / him at laſt the Lyon ſpide, and caught,
 And forth with ſhame vnto his iudgement brought.
 Then all the beaſts he cauſ'd aſſembled bee,
 To heare their doome, and ſad enſample ſee :
 The Foxe, firſt Author of that treacherie,
 He did vncaſe, and then away let flie : 1380
 But th' Apes long taile (which then he had) he quight
 Cut off, and both eares pared of their hight ;
 Since which, all Apes but halfe their eares haue left,
 And of their tailes are vtterlie bereft.

l. 1363, comma (,) for period (.).

l. 1371, MS. 'ſtronge' for 'ſtrange,'
 which is doubtleſs = ſtrong, but apt
 to be confounded with 'ſtrange.'

l. 1380, MS. 'vncaſe him quyte
 and then lett flie' for 'vncaſe, and
 then away let flie.'

So Mother *Hubberd* her discourse did end :
Which pardon me, if I amisse haue pend,
For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it so bluntly tolde.

FINIS.



APPENDIX TO PROSOPOPOIA, OR MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE, 1591.

In the Life (Vol. I.) the after Various Readings of 'Profopopoia' are critically examined in common with those of all the other Poems. Here I place on record such as occur in a carefully written and prepared Manuscript in my possession, which is dated 1607. It consists of fourteen closely-written folios. The text of 1591 contains in all 1388 lines, this 1363 only. It reveals itself immediately as no mere transcript of the 1591 print. I have marked a number of the MS. readings 'to be noted.' I have put a star (*) at mistakes; but these are of a kind that could scarcely have been made from print, but rather in reading an early and difficult MS., such as Spenser's own handwriting was. I place † against those Various Readings that I feel disposed to accept, or at least to commend to critical study of Spenserians. Meantime I have introduced only a few readings that vindicate themselves. Each is noted in the place. Those accepted or noticed are not repeated in this Appendix, but only where they occur. What the source of this MS. was, it is now impossible to tell. See on it as above. I do not deem it necessary to note mere changes of spelling—*e.g.*, moneth for month, or very slight capitals and italics, pronoun and preposition changes—*e.g.*, to for too, hee for he, of or off; only such as suggest criticism. Throughout it is called 'Mother Hubbards Tale,' not 'Hubberds.' The Epistle-dedicatory is not in the MS.

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|--|--|
| <p>†l. 12, 'all men feemed a wondrous
seafon' for 'Leaches feemed
strange and geafon'—to be noted.</p> <p>l. 21, 'pleafaunt' for 'kindly.'</p> <p>l. 35, 'which' for 'that.'</p> <p>l. 41, 'wright' for 'write.'</p> <p>ll. 43-4 omitted.</p> <p>l. 45, 'It was said thee' for
'Whilome (said she).'</p> <p>l. 49, 'They' for 'For.'</p> <p>l. 50, 'noe where might' for 'might
no where.'</p> <p>†l. 52, 'cause' for 'cafe'—to be
noted.</p> <p>†l. 53, 'Goshipe' for 'Goship'—to
be noted as not 'Goffip' here.
See also ll. 70-1.</p> | <p>l. 83, 'Certayne' for 'Certes.'</p> <p>ll. 85-6 omitted.</p> <p>†l. 88, 'To trie where beft I may
my state amend' for 'To seeke
my fortune, where I may it
mend'—to be noted.</p> <p>ll. 89-92 omitted.</p> <p>l. 108, 'they' for 'one.'</p> <p>l. 110, 'abiliments' for 'habili-
ments.'</p> <p>l. 131, 'nor yett to any men' for
'Nor anie man we should.'</p> <p>l. 135, 'We being fonnes left to be
our owne guide' for 'And as
we bee fonnes of the world so
wide.'</p> <p>ll. 137-40 omitted.</p> |
|--|--|

- l. 142, 'bretheren alyke' for 'brethren ylike.'
- l. 145, 'lawes' for 'law.'
- l. 147, 'livinge' for 'liuelode'—to be noted.
- †l. 156, 'vilde' for 'vile'—to be noted.
- l. 158, 'without their' for 'with-outen.'
- l. 160, 'a' for 'our.'
- l. 186, 'both wthout' for 'With-outen.'
- ll. 187-94 omitted.
- *l. 195, 'but' for 'for.'
- †l. 205, 'and' for 'with'—to be noted.
- l. 210, 'of feathers' for 'plume feather'—to be noted.
- l. 214, 'wth much travelinge' for 'with traueling.'
- l. 223, 'thus they' for 'they thus.'
- l. 232 omitted.
- l. 233, 'bid' for 'bad.'
- l. 237, 'Full soone' for 'Eftfoones.'
- ll. 239-42 omitted.
- *l. 248, 'seruices' for 'seruice.'
- l. 264, 'thetch' *not* 'thatch'—to be noted.
- l. 273, 'kindly servise as them' for 'kindly seruices as.'
- *l. 278, 'labour' for 'paines.'
- l. 282, 'fitt to exercise' for 'fittest exercise.'
- l. 283, 'and' for 'or.'
- *l. 294, 'me' for 'my.'
- †l. 296, 'them fast to follow their' for 'driue to follow after their'—to be noted.
- *l. 298, 'full well did like' for 'Triall to make.'
- l. 299, 'And foorth . . . his' for 'And home . . . the.'
- l. 300, 'And bid him walke his libbertye at lardge' for 'Of all his flocke, with libertie full large.'
- †l. 302, 'of all his lambes' for 'both of their lambes.'
- †l. 303, 'the' for 'this.'
- †l. 308, 'When the tyme that euer flies foe' for 'Now whenas Time flying with winges'—to be noted.
- †l. 313, 'skild they how their answer to him' for 'wift what answere vnto him to'—to be noted.
- l. 314, 'and' for 'or.'
- l. 316, 'the' for 'their.'
- l. 326, 'defier' for 'defire.'
- l. 329, 'bid' for 'bad.'
- l. 333, 'fell cruellie . . . flocks' for 'Cruelly fell . . . flock.'
- l. 339, 'carried,' *not* 'cover'd' as suggested by Mr. J. P. Collier.
- †l. 368, 'and' for 'as.'
- l. 369, 'It is a' for 'Its a.'
- l. 375, 'And yett' for 'Natheles.'
- l. 378, 'then I hope you will' for 'then ye will (I hope).'
- l. 379, 'when that . . . and' for 'Which when . . . he.'
- *l. 387, 'amongft' for 'mongft.'
- †l. 393, 'the holly dayes' for 'vpon holidayes.'
- †l. 395, 'And like an epicure his mynde he pleafd' for 'An easie life, and fit high God to please'—to be noted.
- l. 396, 'but' for 'He.'
- l. 397, 'began at length' for 'Gan at the length.'
- l. 403, 'faith . . . who hath not'

- for 'Said . . . who hath the world not.'
- l. 404, 'foone' for 'eath.'
- l. 408, 'preive' for 'preife.'
- l. 409, 'maie it' for 'might please.'
- l. 411, 'weh' for 'that.'
- †l. 414, 'ther fore' for 'thereby.'
- l. 417, 'gett' for 'make.'
- †l. 426, 'theife' for 'thofe.'
- l. 432, 'a' for 'an.'
- l. 433, 'faith' for 'quoth.'
- †l. 435, 'wee neede not doe' for 'we need to doo.'
- l. 439, 'faith' for 'said.'
- l. 441, 'vnto' for 'now to.'
- l. 444, 'ordeyned' for 'ordain'd to.'
- l. 446, 'to beare awaie' for 'but beare ye may.'
- l. 448, 'Is it' for 'It's.'
- †l. 456, 'For' for 'Now.'
- l. 462, 'heauen' for 'God.'
- l. 466, 'approch him' for 'approachen.'
- l. 470, 'and on that place for to approach him nighe' for 'And that in highest place, t' approach him nigh.'
- l. 481, 'full foone' for 'eftfoones.'
- l. 494, 'contrarie' for 'contrayre.'
- †l. 499, 'to' for 'vnto.'
- l. 506, 'th' for 'thee.'
- †l. 519, 'for scarce . . . can passe them' for 'scarfe can . . . forpas'—to be noted.
- †l. 529, 'pounds' for 'pound.'
- l. 530, 'and thou haft twenty' for 'and twentie thou haft.'
- l. 554 omitted.
- l. 581, 'length' for 'laft.'
- l. 597, 'wott' for 'weene.'
- l. 598, 'compared to thie' for 'compar'd to thine owne.'
- l. 613, 'that that' for 'that which.'
- l. 624, 'chaines and circulets' for 'chaine and circulet.'
- *l. 625, 'it ought' for 'ytaught.'
- l. 627, 'circulett' for 'Circlet.'
- l. 628, 'vnmeet his leige' for 'his Liege vnmeete.'
- l. 646, 'But' for 'And.'
- *l. 666, 'the boldly' for 'the bold-est.'
- l. 677, 'turchesla' for 'Turchesca.'
- †l. 679, 'scornd' for 'fdeign'd'—to be noted.
- l. 680, 'that' for 'which.'
- l. 698, 'amongft' for 'mongft.'
- l. 709, 'light' for 'like.'
- l. 712, 'good men foe' for 'fo good men.'
- l. 718, 'that' for 'which.'
- l. 719, 'conditions' for 'condition.'
- l. 727, 'crouch nor creepe' for 'creepe, nor crouche.'
- *l. 746, 'that' for 'or.'
- l. 748, 'wandring' for 'passing.'
- l. 757, 'loue' for 'Loues.'
- l. 768, 'kindles' for 'kindleth.'
- l. 779, 'might . . . a' for 'may . . . him.'
- l. 782, 'or' for 'and.'
- l. 799, 'pleasure' for 'pleafance.'
- l. 803, 'moft' for 'farre.'
- l. 807, 'sometyme would he' for 'would he sometimes.'
- †l. 823, 'folly' for 'follies'—to be noted.
- l. 828, 'And suffer it not to' for 'Ne suffer it to.'
- l. 832, 'would he' for 'he would.'
- l. 840, 'out-reach' for 'oft reach.'

- *l. 844, 'But'—dropped.
- l. 847, 'meanes' for 'wayes.'
- *l. 855, 'was' dropped.
- l. 883, 'And' for 'or.'
- l. 892, 'noe' for 'not.'
- l. 896, 'haue' for 'hath.'
- †l. 902, 'their' for 'thy'—to be noted.
- l. 909, 'wheres' for 'where.'
- l. 914, 'my' for 'mine.'
- l. 915, 'noe one elfe but this' for 'none but fuch as this.'
- l. 942, 'went' for 'far'd.'
- †l. 948, 'To' for 'Though'—to be noted.
- l. 958, 'bid' for 'bad.'
- l. 964, 'he did foe quake' for 'fo did he quake.'
- l. 977, 'then faid' for 'fayd then.'
- †l. 981, 'ignomy[n]ous' for 'inglorious.'
- l. 989, 'our' for 'the.'
- l. 990, 'muft' for 'may.'
- l. 1014, 'himselfe foe well' for 'fo well he him.'
- *l. 1034, 'Diamond' for 'Diademe.'
- *l. 1038, 'moft' for 'more.'
- l. 1047, 'nereles' for 'Nath'les.'
- †l. 1049, 'giue confent' for 'reft content'—to be noted.
- †l. 1053, 'you neuer lett none other drawe' for 'ye let none other euer drawe'—to be noted.
- l. 1058, 'weare' for 'beare.'
- l. 1060, 'gently' for 'inly.'
- l. 1066, 'new'—dropped.
- l. 1073, 'neereleffe' for 'naythles.'
- †l. 1078, 'hurt' for 'torte'—rhyming to 'Court' for 'Corte,' l. 1089—to be noted.
- *l. 1084, 'him' for 'them.'
- l. 1085, 'gentle' for 'chearefull.'
- l. 1086, 'gentle' for 'princely.'
- l. 1095 omitted.
- l. 1096, 'to know' for 'bewray.'
- l. 1097, 'and quicklie fent the fox to them theretoo' takes the place of l. 1095.
- l. 1100, 'tend' for 't' attend.'
- l. 1130, 'inlardg' for 'enlarg'd.'
- †l. 1135, 'fcornefull' for 'fdeignfull.'
- †l. 1144, 'fyante' for 'Fiaunt'—to be noted.
- *l. 1145, 'lett' for 'lept.'
- l. 1146, 'him' for 'he.'
- l. 1155, 'foe' for 'faue.'
- l. 1160, 'he' for 'did.'
- l. 1166, 'counted' for 'reckned.'
- l. 1167, 'aught' for 'ought.'
- †l. 1170, 'thrift and care of' for 'care of thrift, and.'
- l. 1175, 'whilt' for 'whiles'—and 'princes pallas fell full' for 'Princes pallaces fell.'
- l. 1177, 'while' for 'whilest.'
- l. 1178, 'lett' for 'to.'
- l. 1181, 'haue' for 'had' and 'their' for 'the.'
- l. 1187, 'and' for 'Or.'
- l. 1198, 'spill' for 'pill.'
- l. 1199, 'yet of' for 'none durft.'
- l. 1207, 'did firft the kingdome for' the kingdome firft did.'
- l. 1210, 'fince then' for 'fithence.'
- l. 1214, 'rafhly' for 'rafh.'
- l. 1216, 'on a lambe or lambes' for 'a Lambe, or the Lambes.'
- l. 1217, 'certaine' for 'certes.'
- l. 1226, 'powers' for 'power' and 'emperours' for 'Empires.'
- l. 1228, 'buildd' for 'lidded.'

152 APPENDIX TO MOTHER HUBBERDS TALE.

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|---|---|
| l. 1230, 'all that in' for 'alsoe what in the.' | l. 1297, 'him' for 'he.' |
| l. 1233, 'subborne' for 'suborn'd.' | *l. 1298, 'maketh' for 'makes.' |
| †l. 1234, 'disdaynfullie in scorne for 'he sdeignfully it scorn'd.' | l. 1301, 'who neuer him' for 'who him neuer.' |
| l. 1235, 'he' for 'and.' | l. 1304, 'Where he sawe that which' for 'Whereas he saw, that,' and 'greatly' for 'forely.' |
| l. 1240, 'revenge' for 'auenge.' | *l. 1310, 'riotous' for 'riotize.' |
| l. 1246, 'Mercurie he' for 'he Mercurie.' | l. 1313, 'could' for 'would.' |
| l. 1255, 'trecherours' for 'treachours.' | l. 1317, 'revengement' for 'the auengement.' |
| †l. 1260, 'that' dropped. | *l. 1330, 'doth' for 'with.' |
| l. 1263, 'a' for 'the.' | †l. 1333, 'gan to start' for 'gan vpstart.' |
| l. 1264 omitted. | l. 1334, 'bold' for 'great.' |
| l. 1265, 'And ceast not till' for 'Till that vnto.' | l. 1337, 'gan he most' for 'he gan full.' |
| l. after 1265, 'And fairly passed forth w th easie payne'—added. | l. 1344, 'towards' for 'toward.' |
| l. 1271, 'gate' for 'gates.' | l. 1368, 'he' for 'it.' |
| l. 1275, 'the fox' for 'each one.' | l. 1372, 'could' for 'might.' |
| l. 1278, 'he' for 'an.' | l. 1382, 'pared their height' for 'pared of their hight.' |
| l. 1281, 'that looketh' for 'the lookers.' | l. 1383, 'but'—dropped. |
| l. 1296, 'feares' for 'feare.' | |





Ruines of Rome:

BY BELLAY.*

I

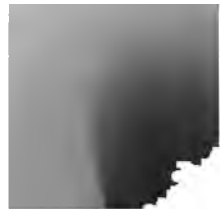


HEavenly spirites, whose ashie cinders
lie
Vnder deep ruines, with huge walls
opprest,
But not your praise, the which shall
neuer die
Through your faire verses, ne in ashes
rest ;

If so be shrilling voyce of wight aliue
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep Abyſſes open riue,
That ye may vnderſtand my ſhreiking yell.

* *The Ruines of Rome: by Bellay.*] Entitled, in the edition of Bellay's Poems published at Rouen in 1597, "*Le Premier Livre des Antiquitez de Rome, contenant une generale deſcription de ſa grandeur, & comme*

une deploration de ſa ruine.' At the end follow the fifteen "*Songes*" of Bellay, which Spenser has translated; omitting the concluding Sonnets "*Au Roy*" and "*A la Royne.*" —DR. TODD.



Thrice hauing seene vnder the heauens veale
 Your toombs deuoted compasse ouer all, 10
 Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
 And for your antique furie here doo call,
 The whiles that I with sacred horror sing
 Your glorie, fairest of all earthly thing.

2

Great *Babylon* her haughtie walls will praise,
 And sharped steeples high shot vp in ayre ;
Greece will the olde *Ephesian* buildings blaze ;
 And *Nylus* nurslings their *Pyramides* faire ;
 The same yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the storie 20
 Of *Ioues* great Image in *Olympus* placed,
Maufolus worke will be the *Carians* glorie.
 And *Crete* will boast the Labyrinth, now raced ;
 The antique *Rhodian* will likewise set forth
 The great Colosse, erect to Memorie ;
 And what els in the world is of like worth,
 Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
 But I will sing aboue all moniments
 Seuene *Romane* Hills, the worlds 7. wonderments.

3

Thou / stranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* here seekest,
 And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiu'ft at all, 30
 These same olde walls, olde arches, which thou seeft,
 Olde Palaces, is that which *Rome* men call.
 Beholde what wreake, what ruine, and what wast,
 And how that she, which with her mightie powre

1. 21, misprinted here and elsewhere 'Manfolus.'

1. 32, comma inserted after 'Palaces' and removed after 'that'

Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd herselfe at last,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.

Rome now of *Rome* is th' onely funerall,
And onely *Rome* of *Rome* hath victorie ;
Ne ought saue *Tyber* hastning to his fall
Remaines of all : O worlds inconstancie. 40
That which is firme doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and stay.

4

She, whose high top about the starres did fore,
One foote on *Thetis*, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th' other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundnesse compassing,
Ioue fearing, least if she should greater growe,
The old Giants should once againe vprise,
Her whelm'd with hills, these 7. hills, which be nowe
Tombs of her greatnes, which did threate the skies : 50
Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnal*,
Vpon her bellie th' antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her stomacke laid Mount *Quirinal*,
On her left hand the noysome *Esquiline*,
And *Cælian* on the right ; but both her feete
Mount *Viminall* and *Auentine* doo meete.

5

Who / lifts to see, what euer nature, arte,
And heauen could doo, O *Rome*, thee let him see,
In case thy greatnes he can geffe in harte,
By that which but the picture is of thee. 60

1. 48, 'The old Giants'—1611 characteristically prints 'The Giants old'
—needlessly.

Rome is no more : but if the shade of *Rome*
 May of the bodie yeeld a seeming fight,
 It's like a corse drawne forth out of the tombe
 By Magicke skill out of eternall night :

The corpes of *Rome* in ashes is entombed,
 And her great spirite reioyned to the spirite
 Of this great masse, is in the same enwombed ;
 But her braue writings, which her famous merite
 In spight of time, out of the dust doth reare,
 Doo make her Idole through the world appeare. 70

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddesse bright
 In her swifte charret with high turrets crownde,
 Proud that so manie Gods she brought to light ;
 Such was this Citie in her good daies fownd :

This Citie, more than that great *Phrygian* mother
 Renowm'd for fruite of famous progenie,
 Whose greatnes by the greatnes of none other,
 But by her selfe her equall match could see :

Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
 And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble : 80
 So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
 That other earthlie power should not resemble

Her that did match the whole earths puifauce,
 And did her courage to the heauens aduaunce.

7

Ye / facred ruines, and ye tragick fights,
 Which onely doo the name of *Rome* retaine,
 Olde moniments, which of so famous sprights
 The honour yet in ashes doo maintaine :

Triumphant Arcks, spyres, neighbours to the skie,
That you to see doth th' heauen it selfe appall, 91
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the spoyle of all :

And though your frames do for a time make warre
Gainst time, yet time in time shall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your last reliques marre.
My sad defires, rest therefore moderate :

For if that time make ende of things so fure,
It als will end the paine, which I endure.

8

Through armes & vassals *Rome* the world subdu'd,
That one would weene, that one sole Cities strength 100
Both land and sea in roundnes had suruew'd,
To be the measure of her bredth and length :

This peoples vertue yet so fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that posteritie,
Striuing in power their grandfathers to passe,
The lowest earth ioin'd to the heauen hie ;

To th' end that hauing all parts in their power,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Cōmonwealths deuowre
Yet no time should so low embase their hight, 110
That her head earth'd in her foundations deep,
Should not her name and endles honour keep.

9

Ye / cruell starres, and eke ye Gods vnkinde,
Heauen enuious, and bitter stepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by course of kinde,
That ye doo weld th' affaires of earthlie creature ;

L. 90, comma inserted after 'spyres.'

Why haue your hands long fithence traueiled
 To frame this world, that doth endure so long?
 Or why were not these Romane palaces
 Made of some matter no lesse firme and strong? 120

I say not, as the common voyce doth say,
 That all things which beneath the Moone haue being
 Are temporall, and subiect to decay:
 But I say rather, though not all agreeing
 With some, that weene the contrarie in thought;
 That all this whole shall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue sonne of *Aeson*, which by charmes
 Atcheiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
 Out of the earth engendred men of armes
 Of Dragons teeth, sowne in the sacred sand; 130

So this braue Towne, that in her youthlie daies
 An *Hydra* was of warriours glorious,
 Did fill with her renowmed nourlings praise
 The fire sunnes both one and other hous:

But they at last, there being then not liuing
 An *Hercules*, so ranke seed to repress;e;
 Emongst themselues with cruell furie striuing,
 Mow'd downe themselues with slaughter mercilesse;
 Renewing in themselues that rage vnkinde,
 Which whilom did those earthborn brethrē blinde. 140

11

Mars / shaming to haue giuen so great head
 To his off-spring, that mortall puissaunce,

l. 119—as this line is deficient of a rhyme-word with 'traueiled,' Dr. Morris suggests that we read 'p'laces [= palaces] failed.'

Puſt vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seem'd about heauens powre it ſelfe to aduaunce ;

Cooling againe his former kindled heate ;
With which he had thoſe Romane ſpirits filld,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothicke colde hot rage inſtil'd :

Then gan that Nation, th' earths new Giant brood,
To dart abroad the thunder bolts of warre, 150
And beating downe theſe walls with furious mood
Into her mothers boſome, all did marre ;

To th' end that none, all were it Ioue his fire
Should boaſt himſelfe of the Romane Empire,

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils, to ſcale the ſtarrie ſkie,
And fight againſt the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles Ioue at them his thunderbolts let flie ;

All ſuddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious ſquadrons downe to ground did fall, 160
That th' earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all :

So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On theſe ſeuene Romane hils, it ſelfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and liſt her loftie face
Againſt the heauen, that gan her force to feare.

But now theſe ſcorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods ſecure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor / the ſwift furie of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deep wounds of victours raging blade, 170

Nor ruthlesſe ſpoyle of ſouldiers blood-deſiring,
 The which ſo oft thee (*Rome*) their conqueſt made ;
 Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of fortune variable,
 Ne ruſt of age hating continuance,
 Nor wrath of Gods, nor ſpight of men vnſtable,
 Nor thou oppoſ'd againſt thine owne puiffance ;
 Nor th' horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
 Nor ſwelling ſtreames of that God ſnakie-paced,
 Which hath ſo often with his ouerflowing
 Thee drenched, haue thy pride ſo much abaced ; 180
 But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
 Makes the world wōder what they from thee reft.

14

As men in Summer fearles paſſe the foord,
 Which is in Winter lord of all the plaine,
 And with his tumbling ſtreames doth beare aboard
 The ploughmans hope, and ſhepheards labour vaine :
 And as the coward beaſts uſe to deſpiſe
 The noble Lion after his liues end,
 Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foolhardiſe
 Daring the foe, that cannot him defend : 190
 And as at *Troy* moſt daſtards of the Greekes
 Did braue about the corpes of *Hector* colde ;
 So thoſe which whilome wont with pallid cheekes
 The Romane triumphs glorie to behold,
 Now on theſe aſhie tombes ſhew boldneſſe vaine,
 And conquer'd dare the Conquerour diſdaine.

15

Ye / pallid ſpirits, and ye aſhie ghoaſts,
 Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,

Brought forth those signes of your presumptuous boasts
Which now their dusty reliques do bewray ; 200

Tell me ye spirits (fith the darksome riuer
Of *Styx*, not passable to soules returning,
Enclosing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doo not restraine your images still mourning)

Tell me then (for perhaps some one of you
Yet here aboute him secretly doth hide)
Doo ye not feele your torments to accrewe,
When ye sometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of these old *Romane* works built with your hands,
Now to become nought els, but heaped sands? 210

16

Like as ye see the wrathfull Sea from farre,
In a great mountaine heap't with hideous noyse,
Eftsoones of thousand billowes shouldred narre,
Against a Rocke to breake with dreadfull poyse :

Like as ye see fell *Boreas* with sharpe blast,
Tosying huge tempests through the troubled skie,
Eftsoones hauing his wide wings spent in waft,
To stop his wearie cariere suddenly :

And as ye see huge flames spread diuerslie,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to spyre, 220
Eftsoones consum'd to fall downe feebily :

So whilom did this Monarchie aspyre
As waues, as winde, as fire spread ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

1. 210, 'Now' first inserted in 1611 folio—accepted.

17

So / long as *Ioues* great Bird did make his flight,
 Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
 Heauen had not feare of that presumptuous might,
 With which the Giaunts did the Gods assay.

But all so foone, as scorching Sunne had brent
 His wings, which wont the earth to ouerspredd, 230
 The earth out of her massie wombe forth sent

That antique horror, which made heauen adredd.
 Then was the Germane Rauens in disguise
 That Romane Eagle seene to cleave asunder,
 And towards heauen freshly to arise

Out of these mountaines, now consum'd to powder.

In which the foule that serues to beare the lightning,
 Is now no more seen flying, nor alighting.

18

These heapes of stones, these old wals which ye see,
 Were first enclosures but of saluage soyle ; 240
 And these braue Pallaces which maystred bee
 Of time, were shepheards cottages sometime.

Then tooke the shepheards Kingly ornaments,
 And the stout hynde arm'd his right hand with Steele:
 Eftsoones their rule of yearely Prefidents
 Grew great, and fixe months greater a great deele ;

Which made perpetuall, rose to so great might,
 That thence th' Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
 Till th' heauen it selfe, opposing gainst her might,
 Her power to *Peters* successor betooke ; 250

l. 243, 'ornaments' misprinted 'ornament' in 4to. See l. 245 as suggesting the obvious correction.

Who shepheardlike, (as fates the same foreseeing)
Doth shew, that all things turne to their first being.

19

All that is perfect, which th' heauen beautefies ;
All / that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone ;
All that doth feede our spirits and our eies ;
And all that doth consume our pleasures soone ;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th' oldest times afore,
Rome, in the time of her great ancesters,
Like a *Pandora*, locked long in store. 260
But destinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was enclosed,
Their heauenly vertues from these woes affoyling,
Caried to heauen, from finfull bondage losed :
But their great finnes, the causers of their paine,
Vnder these antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwise than raynie cloud, first fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eftsoones in compas arch't, to steepe his hed,
Doth plunge himselfe in *Thetys* bosome faire ; 270
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great bellie spreds the dimmed world,
Till at the last dissoluing his moist frame,
In raine, or snowe, or haile he forth his horld ;

l. 270, 'Thetys'—this is misprinted
'Tethys'—corrected into 'Thetys'
in 1611 onward.

l. 271: Mr. J. P. Collier errone-

ously states that 'came' is mis-
printed 'come' in the "oldest edi-
tion" (= 4to, 1591).

This Citie, which was first but shepherds shade,
 Vprising by degrees, grewe to such height,
 That Queene of land and sea her selfe she made.
 At last not able to beare so great weight,
 Her power disperst, through all the world did vade;
 To shew that all in th' end to nought shall fade. 280

21

The same which *Pyrrhus*, and the puissaunce
 Of *Afrike* could not tame, that same braue Citie,
 Which with stout courage arm'd against mischaunce,
 Sustein'd / the shooke of common enmitie ;

Long as her ship, tost with so many freakes,
 Had all the world in armes against her bent,
 Was neuer seene, that anie fortunes wreakes
 Could breake her course begun with braue intent.

But, when the object of her vertue failed,
 Her power it selfe against it selfe did arme ; 290
 As he that hauing long in tempest failed,
 Faine would arise, but cannot for the storme,
 If too great winde against the port him drieue,
 Doth in the port it selfe his vessell riuie.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
 Which mear'd her rule with *Africa*, and *Byze*,
 With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
 And they which see the dawning day arise ;

Her nourslings did with mutinous vpror
 Harten against her selfe, her conquer'd spoile, 300
 Which she had wonne from all the world afore,
 Of all the world was spoyl'd within a while.

So when the compact course of the vniuerse
In fixe and thirtie thousand yeares is ronne,
The bands of th' elements shall backe reuerse
To their first discord, and be quite vndonne :
The feedes, of which all things at first were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wisedome of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from spoile should be forborne, 310
To th' end that his victorious people should
With cancring laifure not be ouerworne ;
He well foresaw, how that the Romane courage,
Impa/tient of pleasures faint desires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her selfe the matter of her fires.
For in a people giuen all to ease,
Ambition is engendred easily ;
As in a vicious bodie, grose disease
Soone growes through humours superfluitie. 320
That came to passe, whē, swolne with plēties pride,
Nor prince, nor peere, nor kin, they would abide.

24

If the blinde furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equall beasts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or scalie creasts ;
What fell *Erynnis* with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noysome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your owne bowels you embrew'd ? 330

Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard destinie ?
 Or some old finne, whose vnappeased guilt
 Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternallie ?
 Or brothers blood, the which at first was spilt
 Vpon your walls, that God might not endure,
 Vpon the same to set foundation sure ?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,
 For to awake out of th' infernall shade
 Those antique *Cæsars*, sleeping long in darke,
 The which this auncient Citie whilome made : 340
 Or that I had *Amphions* instrument,
 To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
 The stonie ioynts of these old walls now rent,
 By / which th' *Ausonian* light might be restor'd :
 Or that at least I could, with pencill fine,
 Fashion the pourtraicts of these Palacis,
 By paterne of great *Virgils* spirit diuine ;
 I would assay with that which in me is,
 To builde with leuell of my loftie stile,
 That which no hands can euermore compyle. 350

26

Who list the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
 Him needeth not to seeke for vsage right
 Of line, or lead, or rule, or squire, to measure
 Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight,
 But him behooues to vew in compasse round
 All that the Ocean graspes in his long armes ;
 Be it where the yerely starre doth scotch the ground,
 Or where colde *Boreas* blowes his bitter stormes.

Rome was th' whole world, & al the world was *Rome*,
 And if things nam'd their names doo equalize, 360
 When land and sea ye name, then name ye *Rome* ;
 And naming *Rome*, ye land and sea comprize :
 For th' auncient Plot of *Rome* displayed plaine,
 The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* astonisht doft behold
 The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
 These haughtie heapes, these palaces of olde,
 These wals, these arcks, these baths, these temples hie ;
 Iudge by these ample ruines vew, the rest
 The which iniurious time hath quite outworne, 370
 Since of all workmen helde in reckning best,
 Yet these olde fragments are for paternes borne :
 Then also marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
 Repayring her decayed fashon,
 Renewes / herselfe with buildings rich and gay ;
 That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Dæmon*
 Doth yet himselfe with fatall hand enforce,
 Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corse.

28

He that hath seene a great Oke drie and dead,
 Yet clad with reliques of some Trophees olde, 380
 Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
 Whose foote in ground hath left but feeble holde ;
 But halfe disbowel'd lies aboute the ground,
 Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
 And on her trunke all rotten and vnfound,
 Onely supports herselfe for meate of wormes ;

And though she owe her fall to the first winde,
 Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
 And manie yong plants spring out of her rinde :
 Who such an Oke hath seene, let him record 390
 That such this Cities honour was of yore,
 And mongst all Cities florished much more,

29

All that which *Aegypt* whilome did deuise,
 All that which *Greece* their temples to embraue
 After th' Ionicke, Atticke, Doricke guise ;
 Or *Corinth* skil'd in curious workes to graue ;
 All that *Lysippus* practike arte could forme,
Apelles wit, or *Phidias* his skill,
 Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
 And the heauen it selfe with her wide wonders fill : 400
 All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wise,
 All that which *Afrike* euer brought forth strange,
 All that which *Afie* euer had of prife,
 Was here to see. O meruelous great change :
Rome / liuing, was the worlds sole ornament,
 And dead, is now the worlds sole monument.

30

Like as the feeded field greene graffe first showes,
 Then from greene graffe into a stalke doth spring,
 And from a stalke into an eare forth-growes,
 Which eare the frutefull graine doth shortly bring; 410
 And as in season due the husband mowes
 The wauing lockes of those faire yeallow heares,
 Which bound in sheaues, and layd in comely rowes,
 Vpon the naked fields in stalkes he reares :

1. 414, '*stalkes*' is spelt '*stackes*' in 1611 onward—scarcely needed.

So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did spill,
And left of it but these olde markes to see,
Of all which passers by doo somewhat pill :
As they which gleane, the reliques use to gather,
Which th' hufbādmā behind him chanst to scater. 420

31

That same is now nought but a champion wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was situate.
No blame to thee, whosoever dost abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*,
Ne *Afrike* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spaine*,
Nor the bolde people by the *Thamis* brincks,
Nor the braue warlicke brood of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne Souldier which *Rhine* running drinks :
Thou onely cause, ô Ciuill furie, art
Which sowing in th' *Aemathian* fields thy spight, 430
Didst arme thy hand against thy proper hart ;
To th' end that when thou wast in greatest hight,
To greatnes growne, through long prosperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ft fall more horrible.

32

Hope / ye my verses, that posteritie
Of age ensuing shall you euer read ?
Hope ye, that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes worke may challenge for her meed ?
If vnder heauen anie endurance were,
These moniments, which not in paper writ, 440
But in Porphyre and Marble doo appeare,
Might well haue hop'd to haue obtained it.

l. 435, 'verses' misprinted 'yerfes' in 4to.

Nath'les my Lute, whom *Phæbus* deign'd to giue,
 Cease not to found these olde antiquities :
 For if that time doo let thy glory liue,
 Well maist thou boast, how euer bafe thou bee,
 That thou art first, which of thy Nation song
 Th' olde honour of the people gown'd long.

L' Envoy.

Bellay, first garland of free Poësie
 That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue wits,
 Well worthie thou of immortalitie, 451
 That long hast traueled by thy learned writs,
 Olde *Rome* out of her ashes to reuiue,
 And giue a second life to dead decayes :
 Needes must he all eternitie furuiue,
 That can to other giue eternall dayes :
 Thy dayes therefore are endles, and thy prayfe
 Excelling all, that euer went before ;
 And, after thee, gins *Bartas* hie to rayfe
 His heauenly Muse, th' Almighty to adore.
 Liue happie spirits, th' honour of your name,
 And fill the world with neuer dying fame.

FINIS.

l. 459, Joshua Sylvester was even then at work on his 'Translations' of Du Bartas, and it is pleasant to think that Spenser, as Milton later, must have read them. It may be

recorded here that the entire Works of Sylvester—including all his Du Bartas—form two massive tomes in the present Editor's 'CHERTSEY WORTHIES' LIBRARY.'

M V I O P O T M O S,
OR
The Fate of the Butterflie.

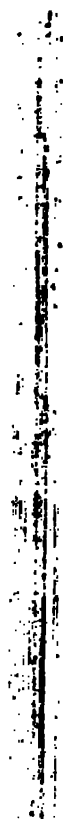
BY ED. SP.

Dedicated to the Most faire and
vertuous Ladie : the Ladie
Carey.



L O N D O N .
Imprinted for *VVilliam*
Ponsonbie, dwelling in Paules
Churchyard at the signe of
the Bishops head.

1590.





TO THE RIGHT WORTHY AND VERTUOUS LADIE;
THE LA: CAREY.

*M*OST braue and bountifull La: for so excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your sweet handes, to offer these fewe leaues as in recompence, should be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determind to giue my selfe wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my selfe, and absolutely vowed to your seruices: which in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage to haue the person yeelded. My person I wot wel how little worth it is. But the faithfull minde & humble zeale which I beare vnto your La: may perhaps be more of price, as may please you to account and vse the poore seruice therof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent partes and noble vertues, and to spend it selfe in honouring you: not so much for your great bounty to my self, which | yet may not be vnminded; nor for name or kindreds sake by you vouchsafed, beeing also regardable; as for that honorable name, which yee haue by your braue deserts purchast to your self, & spread in the mouths of all mē: with which I

haue also presumed to grace my verses, & vnder your name to cōmend to the world this small Pöeme, the which beseeching your La : to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciousnes to make a milde construction, I humbly pray for your happines.

Your La : cuer / humbly ; /

E. S.





MUIOPOTMOS:

OR

THE FATE OF THE BUTTERFLIE.



SING of deadly dolorous debate,
 Stir'd vp through wrathfull *Nemesis*
 despight,
 Betwixt two mightie ones of great
 estate,
 Drawne into armes, and prooffe of
 mortall fight,

Through prowde ambition, and hartswelling hate,
 Whilest neither could the others greater might
 And sdeignfull scorne endure ; that from small iarre
 Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
 Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfullst Muse of nyne, 10
 That wontst the tragick stage for to direct,
 In funerall complaints and wayfull tyne,
 Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
 Through which sad *Clarion* did at last declyne

To lowest wretchednes ; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men ?

Of all the race of filuer-winged Flies
Which doo possesse the Empire of the aire,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire, 20
Whilst heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then *Clarion*, the eldest sonne and haire
Of *Muscaroll*, and in his fathers fight
Of all aliue did seeme the fairest wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breast he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed,
Aboue th' enfample of his equall peares,
Did / largely promise, and to him sored, 30
(Whilst oft his heart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would sure proue such an one,
As should be worthie of his fathers throne.

The fresh young flie, in whom the kindly fire
Of lustfull yongth began to kindle fast,
Did much disdaine to subiect his desire
To loathsome sloth, or houres in ease to waft,
But ioy'd to range abroad in fresh attire ;
Through the wide compas of the ayrie coast,
And with vnwearied wings each part t' inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned fire. 40

l. 34, 'yongth'—misprinted 'yonght' in the 4to—modernised to 'youth' in 1611 folio, onward.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
 That from this lower tract he dar'd to flie
 Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
 To mount aloft vnto the Christall skie,
 To vew the workmanship of heauens hight :
 Whence downe descending he along would flie
 Vpon the streaming riuers, sport to finde ;
 And oft would dare to tempt the troublous winde.

So on a Summers day, when season milde
 With gentle calme the world had quieted, 50
 And high in heauen *Hyperions* fierie childe
 Ascending, did his beames abroad dispred,
 Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures smilde ;
 Yong *Clarion* with vauntfull lustie head,
 After his guize did cast abroad to fare ;
 And theretoo gan his furnitures prepare.

His breastplate first, that was of substance pure,
 Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
 That / mought his life from yron death assure,
 And ward his gentle corpes from cruell wound : 60
 For it by arte was framed, to endure
 The bit of balefull steele and bitter stownd,
 No lesse then that, which *Vulcane* made to sheild
Achilles life from fate of *Trojan* field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
 An hairie hide of some wilde beast, whom hee
 In saluage forrest by aduenture slew,
 And rest the spoyle his ornament to bee :
 Which spredding all his backe with dreadfull vew,
 Made all that him so horrible did see, 70

Thinke him *Alcides* with the Lyons skin,
When the *Næmæan* Conquest he did win.

Vpon his head his glistering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuice,
And curiously engrauen, he did fet :
The mettall was of rare and passing price ;
Not *Bilbo* steele, nor brasse from *Corinth* fet,
Nor costlly *Oricalche* from strange *Phœnice* ;
But such as could both *Phœbus* arrowes ward,
And th' hayling darts of heauen beating hard.

80

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doo hyde :
So did this flic outstretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adorne.

Lastly / his shinie wings as siluer bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight :
Not halfe so manie fundrie colours arre
In *Iris* bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with manie a twinckling starre,
Nor *Iunoës* Bird in her ey-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

90

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer God, the Sonne of *Cytheree*,

That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
 And heaped spoyles of bleeding harts to see, 100
 Beares in his wings so manie a changefull token.
 Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
 If ought against thine honour I haue tolde ;
 Yet sure those wings were fairer manifolde.

Full manie a Ladie faire, in Court full oft
 Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
 And wisht that two such fannes, so filken soft,
 And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide ;
 Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
 Some one that would with grace be gratifide, 110
 From him would steale them priuily away,
 And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame *Venus* on a day
 In spring whē flowres doo clothe the fruitful grouūd,
 Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
 Bad her faire damzels flocking her arownd,
 To gather flowres, her forehead to array :
 Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
 Hight / *Astery*, excelling all the crewe
 In curteous vfrage, and vnstained hewe 120

Who beeing nimbler ioynted than the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the fields honour, than the others best ;
 Which they in secret harts enuying fore,
 Tolde *Venus*, when her as the worthiest
 She praifd, that *Cupide* (as they heard before).
 Did lend her secret aide, in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering ieaious feare,
 Not yet vnmindfull how not long agoe 130
 Her sonne to *Psyche* secrete loue did beare,
 And long it clofe conceal'd, till mickle woe
 Thereof arofe, and manie a rufull teare ;
 Reason with fudden rage did ouergoe,
 And giuing haftie credit to th' accuser,
 Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftfoones that Damzel by her heauenly might,
 She turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
 In the wide aire to make her wandring flight ;
 And all thofe flowres, with which fo plenteoufliie 140
 Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,
 She placed in her wings, for memorie
 Of her pretended crime, though crime none were :
 Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the freſh *Clarion* being readie dight,
 Vnto his iourney did himſelfe addreſſe,
 And with good ſpeed began to take his flight :
 Ouer the fields in his franke luſtineſſe,
 And / all the champion he ſoared light,
 And all the countrey wide he did poſſeſſe, 150
 Feeding vpon their pleaſures bounteoufliie,
 That none gainſaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes green,
 With his aire-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
 Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnſeene,
 Nor the ranke graſſie fennes delights vntride.

L. 149, 'champion he' in 1611 is emended 'champaine o're'—needlessly.

But none of these, how euer sweete they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him cause t' abide :
His choicefull sence with euerie change doth flit.
No common things may please a wauering wit. 160

To the gay gardins his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights :
There lauish Nature in her best attire,
Powres forth sweete odors, and alluring fights ;
And Arte with her contending, doth aspire
T' excell the naturall, with made delights :
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border, 170
And takes furuey with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there set in order ;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface ;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweete)
He / casts his glutton sence to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbe most meete, 180
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete :
And then he pearcheth on some braunch thereby,
To weather him, and his moyst wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
 To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradife :
 The wholsome Saulge, and Lauender still gray,
 Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
 The Roses rainging in the pride of May,
 Sharpe Ifope, good for greene wounds remedies, 190
 Faire Marigoldes, and Bees alluring Thime,
 Sweet Marioram, and Dayfies decking prime.

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing still,
 Embathed Balme, and chearfull Galingale,
 Fresh Costmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
 Red Poppie, and drink-quickning Setuale,
 Veyne-healing Veruen, and hed-purging Dill,
 Sound Sauorie, and Bazil hartie-hale,
 Fat Colworts, and comforting Perfeline,
 Colde Lettuce, and refreshing Rosmarine. 200

And whatfo else of virtue good or ill
 Grewe in this Gardin, fetcht from farre away,
 Of euerie one he takes, and tastes at will,
 And on their pleasures greedily doth pray.
 Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
 In the warme Sunne he doth himfelfe embay,
 And there him rests in riotous suffisaunce
 Of all his gladfulnes, and kingly ioyauunce.

What / more felicitie can fall to creature
 Then to enioy delight with libertie, 210
 And to be Lord of all the workes of Nature,
 To raine in th' aire from th' earth to highest skie,

1. 196, '*Red*'—I prefer this to '*Dull*' of 1611 folio as emendation of the dropped word in the 4to. The Poppie is '*dull-ing*' but not '*dull*.'

To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take what euer thing doth please the eie ?
 Who rests not pleased with such happines,
 Well worthie he to taste of wretchednes.

But what on earth can long abide in state ?
 Or who can him assure of happie day ;
 Sith morning faire may bring fowle euening late,
 And least mishap the most blisse alter may ? 220
 For thousand perills lie in close awaite
 About vs daylie, to worke our decay ;
 That none, except a God, or God him guide,
 May them auoyde, or remedie prouide.

And whatso heauens in their secret doome
 Ordained haue, how can fraile fleshly wight
 Forecast, but it must needs to issue come ?
 The sea, the aire, the fire, the day, the night,
 And th' armies of their creatures all and some
 Do serue to them, and with importune might 230
 Warre against vs the vassals of their will.
 Who then can faue, what they dispose to spill ?

Not thou, O *Clarion*, though fairest thou
 Of all thy kinde, unhappie happie Flie,
 Whose cruell fate is wouen euen now
 Of *Ioues* owne hand, to worke thy miserie :
 Ne may thee helpe the manie hartie vow,
 Which thy olde Sire with sacred pietie
 Hath / powred forth for thee, and th' altars sprent :
 Nought may thee saue from heauens auengement. 240

It fortun'd (as heauens had behight)
 That in this gardin, where yong *Clarion*

Was wont to solace him, a wicked wight,
 The foe of faire things, th' author of confusion,
 The shame of Nature, the bondslaue of spight,
 Had lately built his hatefull mansion ;
 And, lurking closely, in awayte now lay.
 How he might anie in his trap betray.

But when he spide the ioyous Butterflie
 In this faire plot displacing too and fro, 250
 Fearles of foes and hidden ieopardie,
 Lord how he gan for to bestirre him tho,
 And to his wicked worke each part applie :
 His hearte did earne against his hated foe,
 And bowels so with ranckling poyson swelde,
 That scarce the skin the strong contagion helde.

The cause why he this Flie so maliced,
 Was (as in stories it is written found)
 For that his mother which him bore and bred,
 The most fine-fingred workwoman on ground, 260
Arachne, by his meanes was vanquished
 Of *Pallas*, and in her owne skill confound,
 When she with her for excellence contended,
 That wrought her shame, and sorrow neuer ended.

For the *Tritonian* goddesse, hauing hard
 Her blazed fame, which all the world had fil'd,
 Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
 For her prais-worthie workmanship to yeild

l. 243, comma placed after 'wight.' Oddly enough, Mr. J. P. Collier
 l. 250, 'displacing'—Dr. Todd, rebukes Dr. Todd for emending into
 and after him Dr. Morris, prints 'displacing,' and yet himself prints
 'dispacing': but see Glossary, *s.v.* it so.

But / the presumptuous Damzel rashly dar'd
The Goddesse selfe to challenge to the field, 270
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill,

Minerua did the challenge not refuse,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make :
So to their worke they fit, and each doth chufe
What storie she will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how *Ioue* did abuse
Europa like a Bull, and on his backe
Her through the sea did beare ; so liuely seene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene. 280

Shee seem'd still backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes aide to call, and feare
The dashing of the waues, that vp she tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare :
But (Lord) how she in euerie member shooke,
When as the land she saw no more appeare,
But a wilde wildernes of waters deepe :
Then gan she greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull she pictur'd winged Loue,
With his yong brother Sport, light fluttering 290
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue ;
The one his bowe and shafts, the other Spring.
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Syres new loue both triumphing :
And manie Nymphes about them flocking round,
And manie *Tritons*, which their hornes did found.

And round about, her worke she did empale
 With a faire border wrought of fundrie flowres,
 En / wouen with an Yuie winding trayle :
 A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres, 300
 Such as Dame *Pallas*, such as Enuie pale,
 That al good things with venemous tooth deuowres,
 Could not accuse. Then gan the Goddesse bright
 Her selfe likewise vnto her worke to dight.

She made the storie of the olde debate
 Which she with *Neptune* did for *Athens* trie :
 Twelue Gods doo fit around in royall state,
 And *Ioue* in midst with awfull Maiestie,
 To iudge the strife betweene them stirred late :
 Each of the Gods by his like visnomie 310
 Eathe to be knowen ; but *Ioue* about them all,
 By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
 Clayming that sea-coast Citie as his right,
 And strikes the rockes with his three-forked mace ;
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in fight,
 The signe by which he chalengeth the place,
 That all the Gods, which saw his wondrous might
 Did surely deeme the victorie his due :
 But feldome seene, foreiudgement proueth true. 320

Then to her selfe she giues her *Aegide* shield,
 And steelhed speare, and morion on her hedd,
 Such as she oft is seene in warlicke field :
 Then sets she forth, how with her weapon dredd
 She smote the ground, the which streight foorth did yield
 A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries spredd,

That all the Gods admir'd ; then, all the storie
She compast with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongft / these leaues she made a Butterflie,
With excellent deuce and wondrous flight, 330
Fluttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That seem'd to liue, so like it was in fight :
The veluet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The filken downe with which his backe is dight,
His broad outstretched hornes, his hayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his glistering eies.

Which when *Arachne* saw, as ouerlaid,
And mastered with workmanship so rare,
She stood astonied long, ne ought gaineſaid,
And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare, 340
And by her silence, signe of one dismaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her share :
Yet did she inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her blood to poysonous rancor turne :

That shortly from the shape of womanhed,
Such as she was, when *Pallas* she attempted,
She grew to hideous shape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented :
Eftsoones her white streight legs were altered
To crooked crawling shankes, of marrowe emptied, 350
And her faire face to fowle and loathsome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

l. 335, 'hayrie'—1611 inadvertently prints 'ayrie,' dropping the 'h.'

l. 345, comma (,) placed after 'womanhed.'

l. 346, comma for period.

This curfed creature, mindfull of that olde
 Enfefted grudge, the which his mother felt,
 So foone as *Clarion* he did beholde,
 His heart with vengefull malice inly fwelt ;
 And weauing straight a net with manie a folde
 About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
 With / fine fmall cords about it ftretched wide,
 So finely fponne, that fcarce they could be fpide. 360

Not anie damzell, which her vaunteth moft
 In skilfull knitting of foft filken twyne ;
 Nor anie weauer, which his worke doth boast
 In dieper, in damafke, or in lyne ;
 Nor anie skil'd in workmanfhip emboft ;
 Nor anie skil'd in loupes of fingring fine, .
 Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
 With this fo curious networke to compare.

Ne doo I thinke, that that fame subtil gin,
 The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftilie, 370
Mars fleeping with his wife to compaffe in,
 That all the Gods with common mockerie
 Might laugh at them, and fcorne their shamefull fin,
 Was like to this. This fame he did applie
 For to entrap the careles *Clarion*,
 That rang'd each where without fufpition.

1. 354, '*Enfefted*.'—Mr. J. P. Collier fuggests '*enfefterd*.' See Glossary, *s.v.*

1. 370, '*framde craftilie*.' It is fo in the Huth exemplar of 1590 ; but in other copies it reads inac-

curately '*did flily frame*.' Hitherto the 1611 folio has been credited with firft correcting (e.g. by Dr. Morris). See *Life*, and *Essays* as before.

Suspition of friend, nor feare of foe,
 That hazarded his health, had he at all,
 But walkt at will, and wandred too and fro,
 In the pride of his freedome principall : 380
 Litle wist he his fatall future woe,
 But was secure, the liker he to fall.
 He likest is to fall into mischaunce,
 That is regardles of his gouernaunce.

Yet still *Aragnoll* (so his foe was hight)
 Lay lurking couertly him to surprise,
 And all his gins that him entangle might,
 Dreft in good order as he could deuise.
 At / length the foolish Flie without forefight,
 As he that did all danger quite despise, 390
 Toward those parts came flying careleslie,
 Where hidden was his hatefull enemy.

Who, seeing him, with secrete ioy therefore
 Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
 And his false hart fraught with all treafons store,
 Was fil'd with hope, his purpose to obtaine :
 Himselfe he close vpgathered more and more
 Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
 By his there being might not be bewraid,
 Ne anie noyse, ne anie motion made. 400

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing spide,
 Where on a funnie banke the Lambes doo play,
 Full closely creeping by the hinder fide,
 Lyes in ambushment of his hoped pray,

1. 394, '*hatefull*'—1611 folio improves into '*fatall*'—needlessly.

Ne stirreth limbe, till seeing readie tide,
 He rusheth forth, and snatcheth quite away
 One of the little yonglings vnawares :
 So to his worke *Aragnoll* him prepares.

Who now shall giue vnto my heaueie eyes
 A well of teares, that all may ouerflow ? 410
 Or where shall I finde lamentable cryes,
 And mournfull tunes enough my grieve to shew ?
 Helpe O thou Tragick Muse, me to deuise
 Notes sad enough, t' expresse this bitter throw :
 For loe, the drerie stownd is now arriued,
 That of all happines hath vs depriued.

The luckles *Clarion*, whether cruell Fate,
 Or wicked Fortune faultles him misled,
 Or / some vngracious blast out of the gate
 Of *Aeoles* raine perforce him droue on hed, 420
 Was (O sad hap and howre vnfortunate)
 With violent swift flight forth caried
 Into the curfed cobweb, which his foe
 Had framed for his finall ouerthroe.

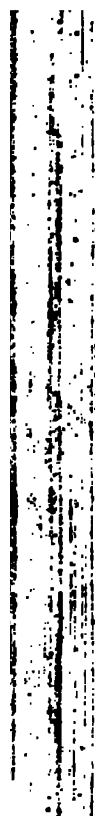
There the fond Flie entangled, strugled long,
 Himselfe to free thereout ; but all in vaine.
 For striuing more, the more in laces strong
 Himselfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
 In lymie snares the subtill loupes among ;
 That in the ende he breathlesse did remaine, 430
 And all his yongthly forces idly spent,
 Him to the mercie of th' auenger lent.

l. 431, '*yongthly*,' misprinted '*youghthly*.' Cf. l. 34.

Which when the greisly tyrant did espie,
Like a grimme Lyon rushing with fierce might
Out of his den, he seized greedelie
On the refiftles pray, and with fell spight,
Vnder the left wing stroke his weapon flie
Into his heart, that his deepe groning spright
In bloodie streames foorth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the spectacle of care.

440

FINIS. /





Visions of the worlds vanitie.



I.

NE day, whiles that my daylie cares
 did sleepe,
 My spirit, shaking off her earthly
 prison,
 Began to enter into meditation deepe
 Of things exceeding reach of com-
 mon reason ;

Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
 And all that humble is and meane debaced,
 Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
 Griefe of good mindes, to see goodnesse disgraced.

On which whē as my thought was throgly placed,
 Vnto my eyes strange shoves presented were, 10
 Picturing that, which I in minde embraced,
 That yet those fights empassion me full nere.

Such as they were (faire Ladie) take in worth,
 That whē time serues, may bring things better forth.

2.

In Summers day, when *Phæbus* fairly shone,
 I saw a Bull as white as driuen snowe,
 With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
 In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe :

Vp to his eares the verdant grasfe did growe,
 And the gay floures did offer to be eaten ; 20
 But he with fatnes so did ouerflowe,
 That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
 Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten :
 Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
 Through his faire hide his angrie sting did threaten,
 And vext so fore, that all his goodly feature,
 And all his plenteous pasture nought him pleased :
 So by the small the great is oft diseased.

3.

Befide / the fruitfull shore of muddie *Nile*,
 Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay 30
 In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
 That cram'd with guiltles blood, and greedie pray
 Of wretched people trauailing that way,
 Thought all things lesse than his disdainfull pride.
 I saw a little Bird, cal'd *Tedula*,
 The least of thoufands which on earth abide,
 That forst this hideous beast to open wide
 The greisly gates of his deuouring hell,
 And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
 Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell. 40
 Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
 Sith that so small so mightie can constraîne ?

l. 39, '*doth*'—Purists read '*did*'—needlessly.

4.

The kingly Bird, that beares *Ioues* thunder-clap
One day did scorne the fimple Scarabee,
Proud of his higheft seruice, and good hap,
That made all other Foules his thralls to bee :

The filly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring neft,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his yong ones, and himfelfe diftrest ; 50

Ne fuffred him in anie place to reft,
But droue in *Ioues* owne lap his eggs to lay ;
Where gathering alfo filth him to infest,
Forft with the filth his eggs to fling away :
For which when as the Foule was wroth, faid *Ioue*,
Lo how the leaft the greateft may reprove.

5.

Toward / the fea turning my troubled eye,
I faw the fifh (if fifh I may it cleepe)
That makes the fea before his face to flye,
And with his flaggie finnes doth feeme to sweepe 60

The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge *Leuiathan*, dame Natures wonder,
Making his fport, that manie makes to weep :
A fword-fifh fmàll him from the reft did funder,

That in his throat him pricking foftly vnder,
His wide Abyffe him forced forth to fpewe,
That all the fea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were ftain'd with filthy hewe.

Hereby I learned haue, not to defpife
What euer thing feemes fmàll in common eyes. 70

6.

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
 Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare
 With shields of brasse, that shone like burnisht golde,
 And forkhed sting, that death in it did beare,

Stroue with a Spider, his unequall peare :
 And bad defiance to his enemie.

The subtill vermin creeping closely neare,
 Did in his drinke shed poyson priuillie ;

Which through his entrailes spredding diuerfly,
 Made him to swell, that nigh his bowells brust, 80
 And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
 That did so much in his owne greatnesse trust.

O how great vainnesse is it then to scorne
 The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne.

7.

High / on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
 Of wondrous length, and streight proportion,
 That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe;
 Mongst all the daughters of proud *Libanon*,

Her match in beautie was not anie one.
 Shortly within her inmost pith there bred 90
 A litle wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
 That on her sap and vitall moysture fed :

Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
 Began to die, (O great ruth for the same)
 And her faire lockes fell from her loftie head,
 That shortly balde, and bared she became.

I, which this sight beheld, was much dismayed,
 To see so goodly thing so soone decayed.

l. 75, comma (,) inserted after 'Spider.'

8.

Soone after this I saw an Elephant,
 Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeouslylie, 100
 That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
 A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly ;
 That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
 Both for his rich attire, and goodly forme,
 Was puffed vp with passing surquedrie,
 And shortly gan all other beafts to scorne.
 Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
 Into his nostrils creeping, so him pained,
 That casting down his towres, he did deforme
 Both borrowed pride, and natie beautie stained. 110
 Let therefore nought that great is, therein glorie,
 Sith so small thing his happines may varie.

9.

Looking / far foorth into the Ocean wide,
 A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,
 And flag in her top-gallant I espide,
 Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
 Faire blew the winde into her bosome right ;
 And th' heauens looked louely all the while,
 That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
 And at her owne felicitie did smile. 120
 All sodainely there cloue vnto her keele
 A little fish, that men call *Remora*,
 Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
 That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
 Straunge thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
 Should able be so great an one to wring.

1. 110: Dr. Morris records 'nature' as the reading of 1591, but it is 'natie,' so that he is mistaken in crediting 1611 with 'native' as a correction of 'nature.'

10.

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
 Hauing his hunger throughly fatisfide,
 With pray of beafts, and spoyle of liuing blood,
 Safe in his dreadles den him thought to hide: 130

His sternesse was his prayse, his strength his pride,
 And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
 I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defide,
 And bad him battaile euen to his iawes ;

Sore he him stong, that it the blood forth drawes,
 And his proude heart is fild with fretting ire:
 In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes,
 And from his bloodie eyes doth sparkle fire ;
 That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
 So weakest may anoy the most of might. 140

11.

What / time the Romaine Empire bore the raine
 Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
 The nations gan their foueraigntie disdaine,
 And cast to quitt them from their bondage quight:

So when all shrouded were in silent night,
 The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a mayde,
 Posselt nigh of the Capitol through flight,
 Had not a Goofe the treachery bewrayde.

If then a Goofe great *Rome* from ruine stayde,
 And *Ioue* himselfe, the patron of the place, 150
 Preferyd from being to his foes betrayde,
 Why do vaine men mean things so much deface,
 And in their might repose their most assurance,
 Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

12.

When these sad fights were ouerpast and gone,
My spright was greatly moued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,
To see so great things by so small distrest :

Thenceforth I gan in my engrieued brest
To scorne all difference of great and small, 160
Sith that the greatest often are opprest,
And vnawares doe into daunger fall.

And ye, that read these ruines tragicall
Learne by their losse to loue the low degree ;
And, if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours seat, forget not what you be :

For he that of himselfe is most secure,
Shall finde his state most fickle and vnfore.

FINIS. /







The Visions of Bellay.

I.



I was the time, when rest soft sliding
 downe
 From heauens hight into mens heauy
 eyes,
 In the forgetfulnes of sleepe doth
 drowne
 The carefull thoughts of mortall
 miseries :

Then did a Ghost before mine eyes appeare,
 On that great riuers banck, that runnes by *Rome*,
 Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
 My lookes to heauen whence all good gifts do come,
 And crying lowd, lo now beholde (quoth hee)
 What vnder this great temple placed is : 10
 Lo all is nought but flying vanitee.
 So I that know this worlds inconstancies,
 Sith onely God surmounts all times decay,
 In God alone my confidence do stay.

See Appendix to the text of these 'Visions' and 'Visions of Petrarch' from 'A Theatre for Worldings,' 1569.

l. 12, , for . of original.

2.

On high hills top I saw a stately frame,
 An hundred cubits high by iust assize,
 With hundreth pillours fronting faire the fame,



All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize :
 Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
 But shining Christall, which from top to bafe

Out of her womb a thousand rayons threw,
 One hundred steps of *Afrikes* gold enchase :
 Golde was the parget, and the feeling bright
 Did shine all scaly with great plates of golde ;



The floore of *Iasp* and *Emeraude* was dight.
 O worlds vaineffe. Whiles thus I did behold,

l. 22, 'One' = 'On'—the latter printed by Dr. Morris : *ib.*, Dr. Morris queries 'Afrikes gold,' and I accept it.

An earthquake shooke the hill from lowest feat,
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3.

Then / did a sharped spyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feete each way in square, appeare to mee, 30
Iustly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So far as Archer might his leuel see :

The top thereof a pot did seeme to beare,
Made of the mettall, which we most do honour,
And in this golden vessell couched weare
The ashes of a mightie Emperour :

Vpon foure corners of the base were pight,
To beare the frame, foure great Lyons of gold ;
A worthy tombe for such a worthy wight.
Alas this world doth nought but grieuance hold. 40

I saw a tempest from the heauen descend,
Which this braue monument with flash did rend.

4.

I saw rayfde vp on yuorie pillowes tall,
Whose bases were of richest mettalls warke,
The chapters Alablafter, the fryses christall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke :

On each side purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of siluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was set on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romaine Peares. 50

1. 43—in the 'Theatre' of 1569 it is 'pillers' for 'pillowes' of 4to. See Appendix to this and Glossary *s. v.*

No worke it seem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne industry,
That thunder-dartes for *Ioue* his syre doth fit.



Let me no more see faire thing vnder sky,
Sith that mine eyes haue seene so faire a sight
With sodain fall to dust consumed quight.

5.

Then / was the faire *Dodonian* tree far feene,
Vpon seauen hills to spread his gladfome gleame,



And conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the bancks of the *Aufonian* streame ;

There many an auncient Trophee was addrest,
 And many a spoyle, and many a goodly shew,
 Which that braue races greatnes did attest,
 That whilome from the *Trojan* blood did flow.

Rauisht I was so rare a thing to vew,
 When lo a barbarous troupe of clownish fone
 The honour of these noble boughs down threw,
 Vnder the wedge I heard the tronck to grone ;
 And since I saw the roote in great disdaine
 A twinne of forked trees send forth againe. 70

6.

I saw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
 Nourfing two whelpes ; I saw her litle ones
 In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
 While she her neck wreath'd from the for the nones :

I saw her raunge abroad to seeke her food,
 And roming through the field with greedie rage
 T' embrew her teeth & clawes with lukewarm blood
 Of the small heards, her thirst for to asswage.

I saw a thousand huntsmen, which descended
 Downe from the mountaines bordring *Lombardie*, 80
 That with an hundred speares her flank wide rended.
 I saw her on the plaine outstretched lie,
 Throwing out thousand throbs in her owne foyle :
 Soone on a tree vphang'd I saw her spoyle.

7.

I saw / the Bird that can the Sun endure
 With feeble wings assay to mount on hight,

l. 61, , for . of original inserted.

By more and more she gan her wings t' assure,
 Following th' ensample of her mothers fight :
 I saw her rife, and with a larger flight



To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons 90
 To measure the most haughtie mountaines hight,
 Vntill she raught the Gods owne manfions :

l. 91, , for ; of original.

There was the loft, when suddaine I behelde,
Where tumbling through the ayre in fire fold,
All flaming downe she on the plaine was felde,
And soone her bodie turn'd to ashes colde.

I saw the foule that doth the light despise,
Out of her dust like to a worme arise.

8.

I saw a river swift, whose fomy billowes
Did wash the ground work of an old great wall ; 100
I saw it couer'd all with grievously shadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall :

Thereout a strange beast with seven heads arose,
That townes and castles vnder her breast did croue,
And seem'd both milder beasts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall raine to deuoure.

Much was I mazde, to see this monsters kinde
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I saw the wrathfull winde,
Which blows cold storms, burst out of *Scythian* mew 110
That spent these cloudes, and in so short as thought,
This dreadfull shape was vanished to nought.

9.

Then / all astounded with this mighty ghast,
An hideous bodie big and strong I sawe,
With side long beard, and locks down hanging loose,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturnlike awe ;

l. 113, '*astounded*'—1611 prints '*astounded*'; but see Glossary s. v.



Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
 Poured forth a water, whose out gushing flood
 Ran bathing all the creakie shore afloat,



Whereon the *Trojan* prince spilt *Turnus* blood ; 120
 And at his feete a bitch wolfe suck did yeeld
 To two young babes : his left the *Palme* tree stout,

l. 117, , for . of original.

His right hand did the peacefull *Olive* wield,
And head with Lawrell garnisht was about.
Sudden both *Palme* and *Olive* fell away,
And faire greene Lawrell branch did quite decay.



10.

Hard by a riuers fide a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thousand throbs,

And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers found thus tun'd her sobs. 130

Where is (quoth she) this whilom honoured face?
Where the great glorie and the auncient praise,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raife?

Sufficd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds spoile, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred *Hercules* to be assaide,
With feuen heads, budding monstrous crimes anew,
So many *Neroes* and *Caligulaes*
Out of these crooked shores must dayly rayse. 140

II.

Vpon / an hill a bright flame I did see
Wauing aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incense of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fil'd th' ayre farre and nie.

A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way most pleafant notes did sing,
Whilst in the smoake she vnto heauen did stie.

Of this faire fire the scattered rayes forth threw
On cuerie side a thousand shining beames:
When sudden dropping of a siluer dew
(O grieuous chance) gan quẽch those precious flames;

That it which earst so pleasant sent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous sulphure smeld.



12.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Christall gainst the Sunnie beames,
The bottome yeallow, like the golden grayle

That bright *Paſtolus* waſheth with his ſtreames ;
It ſeem'd that Art and Nature had aſſembled
All pleaſure there, for which mans hart could long ; 160



And there a noyſe alluring ſleepe ſoft trembled,
Of manie accords more ſweete than Mermaids ſong :
The ſeates and benches ſhone as yuorie,
And hundred Nymphes fate ſide by ſide about ;

Then from nigh hills with hideous outcrie,
 troop of Satyres in the place did rout,
 Which with their villeine feete the streame did ray,
 Threw down the feats, & droue the Nymphs away.



13.

Much / richer then that vessell seem'd to bee,
 Which did to that sad *Florentine* appeare,
 asting mine eyes farre off, I chaunst to see,

170

Vpon the Latine Coast herselfe to reare :

But suddenly arose a tempest great,
Bearing close enuie to these riches rare,
Which gan assaile this ship with dreadfull threat,
This ship, to which none other might compare.

And finally the storme impetuous
Sunke vp these riches, second vnto none,
Within the gulfes of greedie *Nereus*.

I saw both ship and mariners each one,

180

And all that treasure drowned in the maine :

But I the ship saw after raifd againe.

14.

Long hauing deeply gron'd these visions sad,
I saw a Citie like vnto that same,
Which saw the messenger of tidings glad ;
But that on sand was built the goodly frame :

It seem'd her top the firmament did rayse,
And no lesse rich than faire, right worthie sure
(If ought here worthie) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.

190

Much wondred I to see so faire a wall :
When from the Northerne coast a storme arose,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did against his course oppose,
Into a clowde of dust sperst in the aire
The weake foundations of this Citie faire.

15.

At / length, euen at the time, when *Morpheus*
 Most trulie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
 Wearie to see the heauens still wauering thus,
 I saw *Typhæus* sifter comming neare ;

200



Whose head full brauely with a morion hidd,
 Did seeme to match the Gods in Maiestie.
 She by a riuers bancke that swift downe flidd,
 Ouer all the world did raise a Trophee hie ;

An hundred vanquisht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in shamefull wize ;
Whilst I thus mazed was with great affray,
I saw the heauens in warre against her rize :
Then downe she stricken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyse I wakte in sudden wonder. 210

FINIS. /



The Visions of Petrarch

formerly translated.¹

I.



BEING one day at my window all alone,
So manie² strange things happened³
me to fee,
As much it griueth me to thinke
thereon.
At my right hand⁴ a Hynde⁵ appear'd⁶
to mee,⁷

So faire as mote⁸ the greatest God delite ;⁹
Two eager¹⁰ dogs¹¹ did¹² her pursue in chace,
Of which¹³ the one was blacke,¹⁴ the other white :¹⁵
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht¹⁶ the haunches of that¹⁷ gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short¹⁸ time¹⁹ I spide, 10

¹ Epigrams. '69 ; and so throughout. ² 'many' '69. ³ 'hapned' '69. ⁴ 'hande' '69. ⁵ 'Hinde' '69. ⁶ 'appearde' '69. ⁷ 'me' '69. ⁸ 'mought' '69. ⁹ ' ; ' '69. ¹⁰ 'egre' '69. ¹¹ 'Dogs'

'69. ¹² 'dyd' '69. ¹³ 'whiche' '69. ¹⁴ 'black' '69. ¹⁵ ' ; ' '69. ¹⁶ 'pinchte' '69. ¹⁷ 'this' '69. ¹⁸ 'shorte' '69. ¹⁹ , after 'time' '69.

Vnder a Rocke²⁰ where she alas²¹ opprest,
Fell to the ground,²² and there vntimely dide.



Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie,
Oft makes me wayle²³ so hard²⁴ a deffenie.²⁵

²⁰ 'rocke' '69. ²¹ '(alas)' '69. ²² 'grounde' '69. ²³ 'waile' '69.
²⁴ 'harde' '69. ²⁵ 'deffinie' '69.

2.

After at fea¹ a tall ship² did appeare,³
 Made all of Heben and white Yuorie,⁴



The failles of golde,⁵ of filke the tackle were,
 Milde was the winde, calme seem'd⁶ the sea to bee,⁷

¹ 'fea' '69. ² 'ship' 69. ³ 'appere' '69. ⁴ 'Yuorie' 69. ⁵ 'Golde
 . Silke . . . were:' '69. ⁶ 'feemed' 69. ⁷ ': '69.

The skie⁸ eachwhere did show⁹ full bright and faire;¹⁰
 With rich¹¹ treasures this gay ship fraighted was:¹² 20
 But sudden¹³ storme did so turmoyle the aire,
 And tumbled¹⁴ vp the sea, that she (alas)¹⁵

Strake on a rock,¹⁶ that vnder water lay,¹⁷
¹⁸And perished past all recouerie.

O how great ruth and forrowfull assay,
 Doth vex my spirite with perplexitie,

Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd,
 So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3.

The¹ / heauenly branches did I see arise²
 Out of the³ fresh and lustie⁴ Lawrell⁵ tree, 30
 Amidst⁶ the yong greene⁷ wood:⁸ ⁹of Paradife
 Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:¹⁰

Such¹¹ store of birds¹² therein ythrowded¹³ were,
 Chaunting in shade their fundrie¹⁴ melodie,¹⁵

¹⁶That with their sweetnes I was rauisht nere.
 While on this Lawrell¹⁷ fixed was mine eie,¹⁸

The skie¹⁹ gan euerie²⁰ where to ouercast,
 And darkned was the welkin all about,²¹

⁸ 'skie eche where' '69. ⁹ 'shew' '69. ¹⁰ ',' '69. ¹¹ 'riche' '69. ¹² ',' '69. ¹³ 'fodaine' '69. ¹⁴ 'tombled' '69. ¹⁵ no () '69. ¹⁶ 'rocke' '69. ¹⁷ ',' '69. ¹⁸ This line not given in '69; and after 'lay' reads:—

"O great misfortune, O great grieve I say,
 Thus in one moment to see lost and drownde
 So great riches, as lyke can not be founde."

¹ 'Then' '69. ², after 'arise' '69.

³ 'a' '69. ⁴ 'lusty' '69. ⁵ 'Laurell tree' '69. ⁶ 'Amidde' '69. ⁷ 'grene' '69. ⁸ ',' '69. ⁹ 'Of' '69. ¹⁰, after 'see.' ¹¹ 'fuche' '69. ¹² 'birdes' '69. ¹³ 'ythrowded' '69. ¹⁴ 'fundry' '69. ¹⁵ ',' '69. ¹⁶ 'My sprites were rauisht with these pleasures there' '69. ¹⁷ 'Laurell' '69. ¹⁸ 'eye' '69. ¹⁹ 'sky' '69. ²⁰ 'euery' '69. ²¹ 'about' '69.

When sudden²² flash of heauens fire out braft,²³
 And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,²⁴ 40
 Which makes me much and euer to complaine :²⁵
 For no such shadow shalbe²⁶ had againe.



4.

Within this wood, out of a¹ rocke did rife
 A spring² of water,³ mildly⁴ rumbling downe,

²² 'sodaine' '69. ²³ 'outbraft' '69.
²⁴ ' ' '69. ²⁵ ' '69. ²⁶ 'shal be' '69.

¹ 'the' '69. ² 'Spring' '69. ³ no
 comma '69. ⁴ 'mildely romblyng' '69.

Whereto approached not in anie⁵ wife
 The homely shepheard,⁶ nor the ruder clowne;⁷
 But manie⁸ Mufes, and the Nymphes withall,
 That sweetly⁹ in accord¹⁰ did tune their voyce¹¹
¹²To the soft founding of the waters fall,¹³
¹⁴That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce. 50
 But while¹⁵ herein I tooke my chiefe delight,
 I saw¹⁶ (alas) the gaping earth deuoure
 The spring,¹⁷ the place, and all cleane out of fight,
 Which yet agreeues¹⁸ my hart euen to this houre,
 And wounds my soule with rufull memorie,
 To see fuch pleafures gon fo suddenly.

5.

I faw / a Phœnix in the wood alone,
 With purple wings,¹ and crest of golden hewe;²
 Strange³ bird he was, whereby⁴ I thought anone,
 That of some heauenly wight I had the vewe;⁵ 60
 Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,⁶
 And to the spring,⁷ that late deuoured was.
 What fay I more? each⁸ thing at laft⁹ we fee
 Doth paffe away: the Phœnix there, alas,
 Spyng the tree deftroid,¹⁰ the water dride,
 Himfelfe fmote with his beake, as in difdaine,

⁵ 'any' '69. ⁶ 'Shepherde' '69. . . . houre.' The two closing lines
⁷ 'clowne' '69. ⁸ 'many' '69. not in '69.
⁹ 'sweetely' '69. ¹⁰ 'accorde' '69. ¹ no comma '69. ² 'hew' '69.
¹¹ 'voice' '69. ¹² 'Vnto the gentle' ³ 'straunge birde' '69. ⁴ 'wherby'
¹³ '69. ¹⁴ 'The fight whereof' ⁵ 'vew.' '69. ⁶ no comma '69.
¹⁵ 'I toke herein' '69. ¹⁶ 'fawe' '69. ⁷ *ibid.* ⁸ 'Eche' '69. ⁹ 'length' '69.
¹⁷ 'spring' '69. ¹⁸ 'agreues my heart' ¹⁰ 'defstroyde' '69.

And so forthwith¹¹ in great despight¹² he dide :¹³
¹⁴That yet my heart burnes in exceeding paine, -



For ruth and pitie of so haples plight.
 O let mine eyes no more see fuch a fight.

¹¹ 'forthwith' '69. ¹² 'despite' '69. heart yet burnes in paine' '69 : last
¹³ '.,' '69. ¹⁴ 'For pitie and loue my line not in '69.

6.

At laft so faire a Ladie did I fpie,
That¹ thinking yet on her I burne and quake ;



On hearbs² and flowres³ ſhe walked penſiueſly,⁴
Milde, but yet loue ſhe proudly⁵ did forfake :⁶

¹ 'in thinking on hir' '69. ² 'herbes' '69. ³ 'floures' '69. ⁴ ' '69. ⁵ 'proudely' '69. ⁶ ' '69.

White seem'd⁷ her robes, yet wouen so they were,
 As snow⁸ and golde together had been⁹ wrought.
 Aboue the waft¹⁰ a darke cloude shrouded her,¹¹
 A stinging Serpent by the heele her¹² caught ;¹³
 Wherewith she languisht as the gathered floure,¹⁴
 And well assur'd¹⁵ she mounted vp to ioy. 80
 Alas,¹⁶ on earth so nothing doth endure,¹⁷
 But bitter grieve¹⁸ and sorrowfull annoy:
 Which make this life wretched and miserable,
 Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7.

When / I beheld this tickle trustles state
 Of vaine worlds glorie, flitting too and fro,
 And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
 In restles seas of wretchednes and woe,
 I with I might this weary life forgoe,
 And shortly turne vnto my happie rest, 90
 Where my free spirite might not any moe
 Be vext with fights, that doo her peace molest.

⁷ 'seemed' '69. ⁸ 'snowe' '69. ⁹ 'bene' '69. ¹⁰ 'waite' '69. ¹¹ 'hir' '69.
¹² 'hir' '69. ¹³ comma '69. ¹⁴ ':' '69.
¹⁵ 'assurde' '69. ¹⁶ 'Alas' in '69.
¹⁷ no comma '69. ¹⁸ 'that dothe
 our hearts anoy' '69; and last
 two lines not in '69. Nor is the
 last '7' in '69. The six are thus
 closed :—

'My Song thus now in thy Conclusions,
 Say boldly that these same six visions
 Do yelde vnto thy lorde a sweete request
 Ere it be long within the earth to rest.'

The whole in '69 are printed in
 Italics. In the edn. of the 'Thea-
 trum' Cologne 1572 (4to) the wood-
 cuts are finer and sharper cut than
 in the 1569 English edn.; but same
 designs.

And ye faire Ladie, in whose bounteous brest
All heauenly grace and vertue shrined is,
When ye these rythmes doo read, and vew the rest,
Loath this base world, and thinke of heauens blis :
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet thinke, that death shall spoyle your goodly
features.

FINIS. /



APPENDIX TO "VISIONS."

It is of the common-places of Bibliography that the Bellay "Visions" had been published long before the volume of 'Complaints' (1590-91)—viz., in 1569, in blank verse.

There seems no doubt that Spenser, by his heading of the 'Visions of Petrarch,'—'formerly translated,'—referred to this, book. But there are two difficulties—(1) That the inscription had been more fittingly placed under the "Visions of Bellay"; (2) That the translator claims all as his own work.

The following is the title-page of the "Theatre":—

"A Theatre wherein be represented as wel the miseries and calamities that follow the voluptuous Worldings, As also the greate joyes and plesures which the faithfull do enjoy. An Argument both profitable and delectable to all that sincerely love the word of God. Devifed by S. Iohn vander Noodt. Seene and allowed according to the order appointed. Imprinted at London, by Henry Bynneman, Anno Domini 1569." 12mo. There follow two pages of Latin verses—"In commendationem operis ab Nobiliff. et virtutis Studiosissimo Domino, Ioanne vander Noodt Patricio Antuerpiensi, æditi Carmen;" and "Doctör Gerardus Gooffenius, Medicus, Phyficus, et Poeta Brabant moder. in Zoilum Octastichon." And a Dedication to Queen Elizabeth, dated "At London, your Majesties Citie and seate royal, the 25. of May, 1569;" and signed, "Your Majesties most humble servant *Iean vander Noodt.*"

Next come the six "Visions of Petrarch" (which are entitled "Epigrams") with four additional lines at the end, and then follow the remaining poems, entitled "Sonets"; with wood-cuts illustrative of them.

The prose consists of 107 leaves, entitled "A briefe declaration of the Authour upon his *Visions*, taken out of the holy scriptures, and dyvers Orators, Poetes, Philofophers, and true hiftories. Tranflated out of French into Englishe by Theodore Roest." bl. 1. The following is at once a speci-

men and an explanation of the book proper. "And to sette the vanitie and inconstancie of worldly and transitorie thyngs, the liuelier before your eyes, I haue broughte in here *twentie fightes or vyfions, & caused them to be grauen*, to the ende al men may see that with their eyes, whiche I go aboute to expresse by writing, to the delight and plesure of the eye and eares, according unto the saying of Horace,—

'Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.'

That is to say,—

'He that teacheth pleasantly and well,
Doth in eche poynt all others excell.'

Of which oure visions the learned Poete M. Francisce Petrarche Gentleman of *Florence*, did inuent and write in Tuscan *the fix firste*, after suche tyme as hee had loued honestly the space of xxi yeares a faire, gracious, and a noble Damofell, named Laurette, or (as it plesed him best) Laura, borne of Auinion, who afterward hapned to die, he being in *Italy*, for whose death (to shewe his great grief) he mourned ten yeares together; and, amongest many of his songs and forrowfull lamentations, deuised and made a Ballade or song, containing *the sayd visions; which*, bicause they serue wel to our purpose, *I haue, out of the Brabants speache, turned them into the Englishe tongue*. The first then is: That he being upon a day alone in his window, where he saw as it were in his minde by a vyfion a very faire hind, and also two swift hounds, one white and the other blacke, chafing & pursuing hir so long, that at length they caught and killed hir. Which sight caused him to burst oute into fighes and teares for the piteous destinie thereof: that is, for the appointed time of y^e death of his loue *Laura*, whiche he meant by the faire hinde, as by the hounds white and black he understoode the daye and nyght, meaning the time passing away, and not tarrying for any one.

"Moreover, he saw a faire ship or vessel made of yuorie and Hebene wood, whereunto also he compared his loue *Laura*, to wete, hir white coloured face unto Iuorie, and hir blackishe browes muche lyke vnto the wood of Hebene. The coardes and ropes were of sylke, and the sayles of cloath of golde, whereby are meant not only all hir costely rayement or apparell, but also hir noble and excellent vertues wherewith she was beautified and adorned.

"Againe, he sawe a new bushe oute of a fair Laurell tree, Holly bowes buddying forthe, vnder whose shadowe little smal birdes didde syng, wyth a verye sweete and melodious harmonie: vnderstandyng hereby hir louyng and courteous talke, hir most pleasaunt and sweete song. And by and by he sawe the lytening and tempest to wyther and drie up this faire and goodly

tree. That is, that a burnyng sicknesse came, which tooke awaye the life of this fayre damfelle, his loue Laura.

"The other three Visions followyng, are in maner all one, notyfyng hereby that there is nothyng else in thys worlde but miseries, sorrowes, afflictions, and calamities : And all that man doth stay hym selfe vpon in thys worlde, is nothyng but vayne fanfies, wynde, and smoake. And thus as he hadde passed ouer many a yeare in greate and vnfainayed loue towards hir (duryng hir life time), what with flatterie and what in commendyng of hir beaultie, caused him vpon a sudaine chaunge after hir departure (as it is sayde) so long a time to mourne and to lamente, but confidering with him selfe that there was no comfort, hope or saluation, in worldly loue to be lokod for, turned him selfe to Godwarde, lamenting and sorrowing the rest of hys lyfe, and repented hym of his former life so rudely and vndecently spent.

"The *other ten visions* next ensuing, are described of one Ioachim du Bellay, Gentleman of France ; *the whiche* also, because they serue to our purpose, *I haue translated them out of Dutch into English.*" (fol. 14.)

In our new Life of Spenser (Vol. I.) these claims of the translator will be found critically dealt with, as well as a much fuller account of Van der Noodt than any hitherto (in English). Here and now I reproduce the earlier form (blank verse) of these 'Sonets,' and for the *first time* since their original appearance, give all the sixteen 'wood-cuts' in admirable *fac-simile* in their successive places, only I have transferred them to Spenser's later version. These 'designs' are absolutely necessary to the understanding of the text, and hence I furnish them in all the impressions (not merely in the large paper) :—

SONETS.

IT was the time when rest the gift of Gods
Sweetely sliding into the eyes of men,
Doth drowne in the forgetfulnesse of slepe
The carefull trauailes of the painefull day :
Then didd a ghost appeare before mine eyes,
On that great riuers bank that runnes by Rome,
And calling me then by my propre name,
He bade me vpwarde vnto heauen looke.
He cride to me, and loe (quod he) beholde,
What vnder this great Temple is containde,
Loe all is nought but flying vanitie.
So I knowing the worldes vnstedfastnesse,
Sith onely God furmountes the force of tyme,
In God alone do stay my confidence.

ON hill, a frame an hundred cubites hie
 I sawe, an hundred pillers eke about,
 All of fine Diamant decking the front,
 And fashiond were they all in Dorike wife.
 Of bricke, ne yet of marble was the wall,
 But shining Christall, which from top to base
 Out of deepe vaute threw forth a thousand rayes
 Vpon an hundred steps of purest golde.
 Golde was the parget ; and the fielyng eke
 Did shine all scaly with fine golden plates.
 The floore was Iaspis, and of Emeraude.
 O worldes vainenesse. A sodein earthquake loe,
 Shaking the hill euen from the bottome deepe,
 Threw downe this building to the lowest stone.

THEN did appeare to me a sharped spire
 Of diamant, ten feete eche way in square,
 Iustly proportionde vp vnto his height,
 So hie as mought an Archer reache with fight.
 Vpon the top thereof was set a pot
 Made of the mettall that we honour most.
 And in this golden vessell couched were
 The ashes of a mightie Emperour.
 Vpon foure corners of the base there lay
 To beare the frame, foure great Lions of golde.
 A worthie tombe for such a worthie corps.
 Alas, nought in this worlde but grieve endures.
 A sudden tempest from the heauen, I saw,
 With flushe stroke downe this noble monument.

[flafhe ?]

I SAW raifde up on pillars of Iuorie,
 Whereof the bases were of richeft golde,
 The chapters Alabaster, Christall frises,
 The double front of a triumphall arke.
 On eche side portraide was a victorie.
 With golden wings in habite of a Nymph.
 And set on hie vpon triumphing chaire,
 The auncient glorie of the Romane lordes.
 The worke did shew it selfe not wrought by man
 But rather made by his owne skilfull hande
 That forgeth thunder darts for Ioue his fire.
 Let me no more see faire thing vnder heauen,

Sith I haue seene so faire a thing as this,
With fodaine falling broken all to duft.

THEN I behelde the faire Dodonian tree
Upon feuen hilles throw forth his gladfome shade,
And Conquerers bedecked with his leaues,
Along the bankes of the Italian streame.
There many auncient Trophées were erect,
Many a spoile, and many goodly signes
To shewe the greatnesse of the stately race
That erst descended from the Troian blood.
Rauisht I was to see so rare a thing,
When barbarous villaines, in disordred heape,
Outraged the honour of these noble bowes.
I heard the tronke to grone vnder the wedge.
And since I saw the roote in hie disdaine
Sende forth againe a twinne of forked trees.

I SAW the birde that dares beholde the Sunne,
With feeble flight venture to mount to heauen.
By more and more she gan to trust hir wings,
Still following th' example of hir damme :
I saw hir rife, and with a larger flight
Surmount the toppes euen of the hiest hilles,
And pierce the cloudes, and with hir wings to reache
The place where is the temple of the Gods,
There was she loft, and sodenly I saw
Where tombling through the aire in lompe of fire,
All flaming downe she fell upon the plaine.
I saw hir bodie turned all to duft,
And saw the foule that shunnes the cherefull light
Out of hir ashes as a worme arise.

THEN all astonned with this nightly ghoft,
I saw an hideous body big and strong,
Long was his beard, and fide did hang his hair,
A grisly forehed and Saturnelike face.
Leaning against the belly of a pot
He shed a water, whose outgushing streame
Ran flowing all along the creekie shoare
Where once the Troyan Duke with Turnus fought.

And at his feete a bitch wolfe did giue sucke
 To two yong babes. In his right hand he bare
 The Tree of peace, in left the conquering Palme ;
 His head was garnisht with the Laurel bow.
 Then sodenly the Palme and Oliue fell,
 And faire greene Laurel witherd vp and dide.

HARD by a riuers side, a wailing Nimphe,
 Folding hir armes with thousand sighs to heauē,
 Did tune her plaint to falling riuers sound,
 Renting hir faire visage and golden haire,
 Where is (quod she) this whilome honored face ?
 Where is thy glory and the auncient praise,
 Where all worldes hap was reposed,
 When erst of Gods and man I worshipt was ?
 Alas, suffisde it not that ciuile bate
 Made me the spoile and bootie of the world,
 But this new Hydra mete to be assailde
 Euen by an hundred such as Hercules,
 With seuē springing heds of monftrous crimes,
 So many Neroes and Caligulaes
 Must still bring forth to rule this croked shore.

VPON a hill I saw a kindled flame,
 Mounting like waues with triple point to heauen,
 Which of incense of precious Ceder tree
 With Balmlike odor did perfume the aire.
 A bird all white, well fetherd on her winges
 Hereout did flie up to the throne of Gods,
 And singing with most pleasant melodie
 She climbed vp to heauen in the smoke.
 Of this faire fire the faire disperfed rayes
 Threw forth abroad a thousand shining leames,
 When sodain dropping of a golden shoure
 Gan quench the glystering flame. O greuous chaunge
 That, which erstwhile so pleasaunt scent did yelde,
 Of Sulphure now did breathe corrupted smel.

I SAW a fresh spring rife out of a rocke,
 Clere as Christall against the Sunny beames,
 The bottome yellow like the shining sand,

That golden Pactol driues upon the plaine.
 It feemed that arte and nature strived to ioyn
 There in one place all pleasures of the eye.
 There was to heare a noise alluring slepe
 Of many accordes more swete than Mermaids song,
 The seates and benches shone as Iuorie,
 An hundred Nymphes fate side by side about,
 When from nie hilles a naked rout of Faunes
 With hideous cry affembled on the place,
 Which with their feete vncleane the water fouled,
 Threw down the seats, & droue the Nimphs to flight.

AT length, euen at the time when Morpheus
 Most truely doth appeare vnto our eyes,
 Wearie to see th' inconstance of the heauens :
 I saw the great Typhæus sifter come,
 Hir head full brauely with a morian armed ;
 In maiestie she seemde to matche the Gods.
 And on the shore, harde by a violent streame,
 She raifde a Trophee ouer all the worlde.
 An hundred vanquisht kings gronde at her feete,
 Their armes in shamefull wise bounde at their backes.
 While I was with so dreadfull fight afrayde,
 I saw the heauens warre against her tho,
 And seing hir striken fall with clap of thunder,
 With so great noyse I start in fodaine wonder.

The sixth, eighth, thirteenth, and fourteenth 'Visions of Bellay,' which are in Spenser's translation of 1591, are not in the 'Theatre for Worldlings'; but four others are substituted, of which the writer thus speaks: "And to the end we myght speake more at large of the thing, I have taken *four* visions out of the revelations of S. John, where as the Holy Ghost by S. John setteth him (Antichrist) out in his colours." (fol. 20.)

These I add here, though (*ut supra*) they are doubtfully Spenserian.

I SAW an vgly beaft come from the sea,
 That seuen heads, ten crounes, ten hornes did beare
 Hauing thereon the vile blaspheming name.
 The cruell Leopard she resembled much :
 Feete of a beare, a Lions throte she had.
 The mightie Dragon gaue to hir his power.
 One of hir heads yet there I did espie,

Still freshly bleeding of a grieuous wounde.
 One cride aloude. What one is like (quod he)
 This honoured Dragon, or may him withstande?
 And then came from the sea a sauage beaft,
 With Dragons speche, and shewde his force by fire,
 With wondrous signes to make all wights adore
 The beaft, in setting of hir image up.

I SAW a Woman fitting on a beaft
 Before mine eyes, of Orenge colour hew :
 Horrour and dreadfull name of blasphemie
 Filde hir with pride. And feuen heads I saw ;
 Ten hornes also the stately beaft did beare.
 She seemde with glorie of the scarlet faire,
 And with fine perle and golde pufte vp in heart
 The wine of hooredome in a cup she bare.
 The name of Myfterie writ in her face.
 The bloud of Martyrs dere were hir delite.
 Most fierce and fell this Woman seemde to me.
 An Angell then descending downe from heauen,
 With thondring voice cride out aloude, and sayd,
 Now for a truth great Babylon is fallen.

THEN might I see vpon a white horfe fet
 The faithfull man with flaming countenance,
 His head did shine with crounes fet therupon.
 The worde of God made him a noble name.
 His precious robe I saw embrued with bloud.
 Then saw I from the heauen on horses white,
 A puissant armie come the selfe same way.
 Then cried a shining Angell, as me thought,
 That birdes from aire descending downe on earth
 Should warre upon the kings, and eate their flesh.
 Then did I see the beaft and Kings also
 Ioinyng their force to flea the faithfull man.
 But this fierce hatefull beaft and all hir traine,
 Is pitileffe throwne downe in pit of fire.

I SAW new Earth, new Heauen, sayde Saint John.
 And loe, the sea (quod he) is now no more.

The holy Citie of the Lorde, from hye
Defcendeth garnisht as a loued spoufe.
A voice then sayde, beholde the bright abode
Of God and men. For he shall be their God,
And all their teares he shall wipe cleane away.
His Brightnesse greater was than can be founde.
Square was this Citie, and twelue gates it had.
Eche gate was of an orient perfect pearle,
The houfes golde, the pauement precious stone.
A liuely streame, more cleere than Christall is,
Ranne through the mid, sprong from triumphant feat.
There growes lifes fruite vnto the Churches good."

For the variations between the text of the 'Visions of Petrarch' (as before) in the 4to of 1591, and the earlier text of 1569, see in foot-notes to the poems. They will be found to be of much more moment and importance than Mr. J. P. Collier records. For more, consult our new *Life* in Vol. I., and *Essays*, as before.—G.

END OF VOL. III.









